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ART. I. — 1. *Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third.* By HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, *youngest Son of Sir Robert Walpole.* Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by SIR DENIS LE MARCHANT, Bart. Vols. III. and IV. London: Richard Bentley. 1845. 8vo.

2. *Sir Henry Cavendish's Debates of the House of Commons during the Thirteenth Parliament of Great Britain, commonly called the Unreported Parliament.* Drawn up from the original Manuscripts, by J. WRIGHT, Editor of the Parliamentary History of England. London: Longmans. 2 vols. 8vo. 1841–43.

THE remainder of Walpole's work has appeared since the publication of our last volume. It does not materially differ in character from what went before. Perhaps there may be a little languor perceptible, after the time when the author decided to retire from parliament. Disgusted at finding that he could not make a great man out of General Conway, and weary of following a course of life in which he had long given up all hope of personal success, he determined to withdraw at the close of the twelfth parliament, in 1768. Here, too, his first intention seems to have been to terminate these Memoirs. But his natural fondness for writing having got the better of him, he resumed his work for the purpose of bringing it down to the period of the pacification with Spain in 1771, when, as he says, "not only all the foreign quarrels of the country were terminated, but when the court had surmounted every domestic difficulty,

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had pacified the colonies and Ireland, and had little to disturb them but their own indiscretion." Whether the state of things which he thus describes did or did not last long enough to justify his preference of this as an era over that of "his own dereliction from politics," it is not, perhaps, worth while to inquire. We can scarcely help suspecting that he had more in his mind a correspondence in length of time between his two books of Memoirs. Taken together, they will not be without their value to students of the British annals during a quarter of a century, making twelve years of two successive reigns, although to Americans it is a little provoking that they should stop at the precise moment when, to them at least, the history becomes most interesting.

We left off in our notice at the time when Lord Chatham yet remained at the head of the ministry, though shut up in a state of total seclusion from the world. Some of his good-natured friends, of whom every distinguished man has his share, believed him mad; others, less charitably disposed, averred that he was feigning illness to get rid of a difficult situation. Walpole, after leaning first to one and then to the other hypothesis, now gives us the stories in circulation which favored the idea of his insanity. He was extravagant in buying out neighbours at his country-place of Hayes; he paid no regard to time or cost in procuring and planting trees, causing them to be set even at night by torchlight; he could not bear the noise made by his children, and had a gallery built to shut it off; he had a succession of chickens boiling and roasting every hour, to be ready whenever he should be hungry; and lastly, having sold his favorite country-seat at Hayes when he obtained possession of Burton Pynsent, he soon repented the act and begged its restoration. Such proof as this, even in these days of liberal construction, would scarcely be deemed sufficient to procure the acquittal of a criminal upon the plea of insanity. It is enough, however, to show that the retirement of Lord Chatham from active business was grounded upon real cause. Walpole adds, that "the few reports of the few who had access to him concurred in representing him as sedate, conversable, even cheerful, till any mention was made of politics; then he started, fell into tremblings, and the conversation was broken off." The truth probably is, that his disease had fallen upon his nerves, and any thing that agitated them

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rendered him unfit for useful action. We think this the best and most natural explanation of his singular condition. It will serve, too, to account for the delay which took place in his resignation. He was probably the last person in England to give up the hope that he might recover whilst he remained in office.

In the mean time, the situation of affairs was in the highest degree anomalous. The ministry, which had been formed out of the most heterogeneous materials, remained united only by the *prestige* of Lord Chatham's name. His own few immediate followers, at his express desire, continued at their posts, long after it had fallen away from his principles and had deserted his policy. The reins had fallen into the hands of the Duke of Grafton, an indolent and dissipated nobleman, gratified by the possession of power, but incapable of the labor necessary to retain it. With him were joined, as leaders in the House of Commons, General Conway, unsteady and wavering, though with the best intentions, and Charles Townshend, even more fickle than Conway, with less respectability of character to compensate for that weakness; the one, infirm of purpose from mere want of energy to resist opposition, — the other, vacillating as a weathercock because he neither cared nor knew how to be otherwise. Behind these stood the courtiers, always ready to give to public affairs the aspect of the royal will. The consequence of a combination like this may readily be conjectured. There being nobody to lay down a system of action for the whole administration, each member did pretty much as he liked. No one felt responsible for acts which he did not approve. Neither was there sufficient cohesion to secure even a uniformity of opinion before the world. In the public mind there was no confidence whatever in the stability of such an administration. It seemed almost as if a breath could blow it over. And yet, strange as it may seem, this weak and wavering ministry, with a few unimportant modifications, kept on from month to month for a period nearly three times as long as any of its better constructed predecessors of this reign.

Two circumstances conspired to produce this result; the first, the utter inability of the several factions in opposition to unite upon a common system of measures, or to agree upon a common head; the second, and the more impor-

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tant of the two, the active interposition of the king. The state of things, if not in all respects what he could wish, yet had its attractions for him. It saved him from what he most disliked, the dictation of aristocratic combinations like the Rockingham or Grenville parties, whilst it did not subject him to the sway of a single superior mind such as that of Chatham. George the Third had by this time matured into manhood, had acquired experience of public affairs, and a great share of confidence in the correctness of his own opinions. The influence of Lord Bute, however great over him at the beginning of his reign, had been steadily declining ever since, and was now certainly at an end. His early wish had been to be a king more than in name, and now he was gratified. From 1766 to 1782, the government may with more propriety be styled that of George Guelph than that of the Duke of Grafton or of Lord North. For whatever of unpopularity then, or of discredit since, has attached to the management of affairs, the king ought to be held responsible. His was the persecution of John Wilkes; his the war of the American Revolution. The Duke of Grafton would not have countenanced the one, nor Lord North have favored the other measure, if the power of the court had not overborne their faculty of resistance. This truth, although frequently asserted by the opposition at the time, has not gained full credence until a very late period.

The first act of this new drama was performed through the agency of the brilliant but eccentric Charles Townshend. Notwithstanding Lord Chatham, the nominal premier, had thundered against the Stamp Act, even to the extent of denying *in toto* the power of parliament to tax the Colonies; notwithstanding his friends, Lord Camden, Lord Shelburne, and General Conway, were in leading official situations; notwithstanding every member of the cabinet had decided against the measure; this gentleman, as chancellor of the exchequer, rose in his place, and deliberately proposed to the House of Commons a bill to lay duties on glass, lead, painters' colors, tea, and paper, imported into the American provinces. Not a great while before, he had himself voted to put a stop to this sort of policy by repealing the stamp duty; now, he was in his speech for pushing it even further than he went by his bill. For he gave broad intimations of more action of the same kind in future, by way

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of penalty upon such of the Colonies as might prove refractory or disobedient. These acts, so opposite in character, are both traceable to the same motive, — a motive, it may be remarked, which is the source of much of the political inconsistency of the present day, — the desire to embody the opinion immediately prevailing at a particular moment. Though the ministry disapproved, it was clear that both king and people united to instigate the proceeding. There was in the national mind a predominating sense of discontent with what was deemed to have been a weak concession made to the resistance of the Colonies, and nowhere was this feeling stronger than in the circles of an aristocratic parliament. Even the most liberal of the opposition were not entirely free from it, and its influence is distinctly visible throughout the struggle with America. In good truth, the British people, though possessed of many really estimable qualities, are not remarkable for their suavity of treatment of persons living out of the limits of the fast-anchored isle, and most particularly of those whom they deem in any way their inferiors. They have always shown themselves supercilious to the inhabitants of their colonies. Perhaps in this they only betray the tendency of human nature everywhere, as Walpole rather pointedly remarks in the following passage.

"*Authority never measures liberty downwards.* Rarely is liberty supposed to mean the independence of those below us; it is our own freedom from the yoke of superiors. The peer dreads the king, the commoner the peer, the Americans the parliament. Each American trader thought himself a Brutus, a Hampden, while he wrestled with the House of Commons; yet his poor negroes felt that their master Brutus was a worse tyrant than Nero or Muley Ishmael. Had the parliament of England presumed by one godlike act to declare all the slaves in our colonies freemen, not a patriot in America but would have clamored against the violation of property, and protested that to abolish the power of imposing chains was to impose them. O man! man! dare not to vaunt your virtue, while self-interest lurks in every pore!" — Vol. III., pp. 33, 34.

The feeling explained in this extract construed the remonstrance of the American colonists against the Stamp Act as downright rebellion to constituted authority, and the repeal of the act as a cowardly yielding of principle to violence.

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No one shared more largely in this feeling than the king himself. Thus the two great sources to which Townshend habitually looked as guides to his career united in prompting him to a restoration of the ancient policy. On the other hand, the objections to it were to be found in his own consistency, to which he never paid any regard, and in the dissent of his colleagues in the ministry, whom he was ambitious to supplant. Townshend was a shining but a very flickering light, with aspirations vastly out of proportion to his judgment. In this respect, he differed little from a character of some notoriety for many years in the United States; we mean the late John Randolph of Roanoke. Both of them were extraordinarily gifted with the power of fascinating popular deliberative assemblies, both were impelled by an extravagant ambition for power, without possessing the qualities by which alone it may be wielded with success, and both were utterly regardless alike of individual and of public consistency. A striking illustration of these peculiarities in Townshend will be found in the following account given by Walpole of a speech made by him upon a motion to regulate the dividends of the East India Company; an account which will, in some of its parts, recall Randolph to the recollection of those still living, who ever heard him.

"It was on that day, and on that occasion, that Charles Townshend displayed in a latitude beyond belief the amazing powers of his capacity, and the no less amazing incongruities of his character. He had taken on himself, early in the day, the examination of the Company's conduct; and in a very cool, sensible speech on that occasion, and with a becoming consciousness of his own levity, had told the House that he hoped he had atoned for the inconsideration of his past life by the care he had taken of that business. He had scarce uttered this speech, but, as if to atone for that (however false) atonement, he left the House and went home to dinner, not concerning himself with Dyson's motion that was to follow. As that motion was, however, of a novel nature, it produced suspicion, objection, and difficulties. Conway being pressed, and not caring to be the sole champion of an invidious measure, that was in reality not only in Townshend's province, but which he had had a principal hand in framing, sent for him back to the House. He returned about eight in the evening, half drunk with champagne, and more intoxicated with spirits. He rose to speak without giving himself time to learn, and without caring, what had been in agitation, except that the

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motion had given an alarm. The first thing he did was to call God to witness that he had not been consulted on the motion,—a confession implying that he was not consulted on a business in his own department; and the more marvellous, as the disgrace of which he seemed to complain or boast of was absolutely false. There were sitting round him twelve persons who had been in consultation with him that very morning, and with his assistance had drawn up the motion on his own table, and who were petrified at this most unparalleled effrontery, and causeless want of truth. When he sat down again, Conway asked him softly, how he could affirm so gross a falsehood. He replied carelessly, 'I thought it would be better to say so'; but before he sat down, he had poured forth a torrent of wit, parts, humor, knowledge, absurdity, vanity, and fiction, heightened by all the graces of comedy, the happiness of allusion and quotation, and the buffoonery of farce. To the purpose of the question he said not a syllable. It was a descant on the times, a picture of parties, of their leaders, of their hopes, and defects. It was an encomium and a satire on himself; and while he painted the pretensions of birth, riches, connections, favor, titles; while he affected to praise Lord Rockingham, and that faction, and yet insinuated that nothing but parts like his own were qualified to preside; and while he less covertly arraigned the wild incapacity of Lord Chatham, he excited such murmurs of wonder, admiration, applause, laughter, pity, and scorn, that nothing was so true as the sentence with which he concluded, when speaking of government; he said it was become what he himself had often been called, a weathercock.

"Such was the wit, abundance, and impropriety of this speech, that for some days men could talk or inquire of nothing else. 'Did you hear Charles Townshend's champagne speech?' was the universal question. For myself, I protest it was the most singular pleasure of the kind I ever tasted. The bacchanalian enthusiasm of Pindar flowed in torrents less rapid and less eloquent, and inspires less delight, than Townshend's imagery, which conveyed meaning in every sentence. It was Garrick writing and acting extempore scenes of Congreve. A light circumstance increased the mirth of the audience. In the fervor of speaking, Townshend rubbed off the patch from his eye, which he had represented as grievously cut three days before; no mark was discernible, but to the nearest spectators a scratch so slight, that he might have made, and perhaps had made it himself with a pin. To me the entertainment of the day was complete. He went to supper with us at Mr. Conway's, where, the flood of his gayety not being exhausted, he kept the table in a roar till two in

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the morning, by various sallies and pictures, the last of which was a scene in which he mimicked inimitably his own wife and another great lady with whom he fancied himself in love, and both whose foibles and manner he counterfeited to the life. Mere lassitude closed his lips at last, not the want of wit and new ideas."—Vol. III., pp. 23–27.

The editor has endeavoured to soften the harsher colors of this picture by quoting the memoirs of a contemporary, which deny the drunkenness, and affirm the reality of the wound over the eye as having been caused by a fall out of bed in a fit of epilepsy. We are not sure that by this he mends the matter much for Townshend. Drunkenness can never be made to excuse folly, but it certainly palliates the guilt of premeditated intent. If this gentleman was sober, when he began his speech with a falsehood, continued it in a tone of derision towards his colleagues in the government, whom it was his duty to protect, and closed the evening by turning a female friend as well as the wife of his bosom into ridicule for the amusement of boon companions at a supper-table, shall we think any better of Charles Townshend as a man for that? Whether drunk or sober, there seems scarcely a choice for the benefit of his character. Yet such was the individual who in his day was the idol of the House of Commons, whom Lord Chatham almost commanded to become his chancellor of the exchequer, and whom Burke made the subject of a too favorable pencil in one of his immortal orations. Fortunately, perhaps, for the fame of Townshend, death interposed between him and his highest hopes, and prevented his proving to the world our author's rather sweeping assertion, that he was wanting in "common truth, common sincerity, common honesty, common modesty, common steadiness, common courage, and common sense."

Parliament was dissolved, and with it terminated the political life of our author; but in judging the continuation of these Memoirs, which he admits to have been made more than before from accounts given at second hand, we are much aided by Sir Henry Cavendish's report of debates in the next parliament, yet in course of publication, the title of which work has been prefixed to the present article. This work certainly goes far to corroborate the statements of fact made by him, though of course it leaves his inferences and his judg-

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ments to stand just where they were. The history of the time increases in interest. Rarely had there been in England a more animated canvass for seats in the House of Commons. Wealthy people impaired even their enormous fortunes in the contest; and all for what? The old party lines were thoroughly broken up. There were no public questions of all-absorbing interest to divide the sentiments of the electors. Even the Wilkes fever had abated, upon the removal of its object to the continent. Yet the desire to get into parliament had seldom been more strong. For this there is but a single explanation. The value of a seat was never estimated so exclusively by the standard of selfish advantage. The several factions, struggling for power with nearly equal chances of success, depended mainly upon the number of adherents each could muster in the House of Commons for the share of weight to which they might respectively be entitled in any combination that could be agreed upon. The effect was made visible, through the whole of the parliament, in the tone of all the debates and the character of all its proceedings. Few of its predecessors in later times had shown themselves so arbitrary in temper, or at once so regardless of the people, so obsequious to the crown.

With diffidence, and not until after some hesitation, Lord North consented to take the post of chancellor of the exchequer, and the lead of the House. He was probably the first minister in the reign who had really suited the taste of his master. Not being very ambitious, he excited little or no jealousy; whilst his qualities of steadiness, good-temper, attention to business, and decided courage, in all of which the Duke of Grafton was somewhat deficient, secured the sovereign's confidence. To a man like George the Third, the brilliant and lofty style of Chatham was oppressive, the dry and minute accuracy of George Grenville fatiguing. He wanted a minister to whom he was not afraid of expressing his own wishes, and who would not endlessly argue with him in opposition to their execution. Just such a person was Lord North, conceding when in the closet, in his own office attentive, in his place in parliament ready in debate, and in his tactics daring. It was, however, the courage of indifference and not of calculation. To him it was nothing, that the best orators stormed within and the populace hooted without the walls. Never was minister

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more violently assailed with smaller effect in irritating his temper. His disregard of popularity, perhaps the greatest of his defects as a statesman, whilst it encouraged opposition, made him perhaps the most difficult of men to encounter. How much he made a merit of this is visible in the following speech of his, reported by Sir Henry Cavendish, in which he actually boasts that he had uniformly opposed popular views.

"Upon this system," he says, "I have ever been against popular measures. I supported the cider tax with a view to the ease of the people; and I afterwards opposed the repeal of the tax,—a vote of which I have never repented. In 1765, I was for the American Stamp Act; the propriety of passing which I took very much upon the authority of the right honorable gentleman" (G. Grenville, now in opposition); "and when, in the following year, a bill was brought in for the repeal of that act, I directly opposed it; for I saw the danger of the repeal. And when again, in the year 1767, it was thought necessary to relieve the people from the pressure of taxation, by lessening the revenue to the extent of half a million, I was against that measure also. Then appeared on the public stage a strange phenomenon, an individual grown by the popularity of the times to be a man of consequence. I moved the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes. Every subsequent proceeding against that man I have supported; and I will again vote for his expulsion, if he again attempt to take his seat in this House. In all my memory, therefore, I do not recollect a single popular measure I ever voted for; no, not even the *nullum tempus* bill. I was even against declaring the law in the case of general warrants. I state this to prove that I am not an ambitious man. Men may be popular without being ambitious; but there is rarely an ambitious man who does not try to be popular." — Vol. I., p. 300.

Such was the frank declaration of him upon whom was about to devolve the responsibility of carrying into effect a long series of arbitrary and unpopular measures; and it must be confessed that upon no one could it more fitly fall. But though this temper accommodated itself well to the views of the king, and found a ready response in a servile majority in parliament, it was ill calculated to soothe a rising power in the country which it was neither wise nor statesmanlike utterly to despise. Burke very justly observed at the time, in one of his pamphlets, that "the temper of the people amongst whom he presides ought to be the first study of a

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statesman." It certainly was the last with Lord North. Though the walls of St. Stephens might resound with nightly cheers of a determined ministerial majority, it would have been better for the nation if less opportunity had been given to excite elsewhere shouts of a very different description. It happened that there was one man who had sagacity enough to make his fortune upon this supercilious behaviour. That man was John Wilkes, the person alluded to, singularly enough, in the speech, as having "grown *by the popularity of the times* to be a man of consequence." So little does the speaker, in using this phrase, seem to have been conscious, that the very policy which he was so distinctly enunciating as his own constituted the whole secret of that popularity which made Wilkes a man of consequence enough to brave with success the whole force of ministerial indignation.

John Wilkes appears to us, at this day, rather an ordinary man; a soldier of fortune; a demagogue of not even the first water; much such a person as may be yearly found on a smaller scale warmed into political life by a single ray of popular sunshine, in the United States. He was by many of his contemporaries, both in Europe and America, esteemed as the very impersonation of all that is noble and patriotic in history. A curious illustration of this may be found in a late volume of Mr. Sparks's Library of American Biography. In a note to an interesting memoir of one of the noble spirits of the Revolution, the paymaster-general, William Palfrey, it is stated, that, when making an inventory of his effects left in Boston, he came to an article which he could not appraise; the entry was "One oval plaister of Paris, of John Wilkes, Esq., given me by his sister, *inestimable.*" Such was the belief of the purest patriots of both continents. Yet if we examine the foundation upon which Wilkes could unassisted have built so splendid a reputation, we shall find it utterly insufficient. The son of respectable parents, and not ill educated, he began life by driving from his house, on account of his reckless debauchery, a woman of character and fortune whom he had early married. Though he had stripped her of every thing that he could lay his hands on, he soon found himself needing further means to maintain himself in his profligate career. Following the not very unusual round long ago forcibly depicted by the Roman historian, "*igitur primo pecuniæ, deinde imperii cupido crevit,*" his

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extravagance first brought him to want, and his want next drove him into politics. He attached himself to Lord Temple, one of the most factious of the nobility; and having completed his own ruin by rushing into the expenses of more than one election canvass before he could succeed in gaining a seat in parliament, he then set himself up for office at the hands of every administration, as his only resource. His aim for several years appears to have been to get the post of minister at Constantinople. Had this petition been granted, there can be little doubt that Wilkes would never have been heard of as a patriot. But in order to get this or any other position of consequence in England, one of two things is necessary; strength of aristocratic connection, which Wilkes had not, and could not hope to have, — or else great personal consequence, which, if he did not then possess it, he quickly resolved to acquire by the shortest road. Hence sprung the North Briton, which, catering to the lowest prejudices of the British people, soon made a name for its author by the unexampled boldness with which it assailed the highest characters in the land, — Lord Bute, the princess dowager, and even the sovereign himself.

In our preceding article we have sufficiently alluded to the series of subsequent events by force of which Wilkes actually became the man of consequence he desired to be. In all of them he found the hostility of ministers his most useful assistance. The wish to crush him led to the adoption of a series of measures which in principle put at hazard the personal safety of every private citizen in the kingdom. The judiciary interfered to condemn the use of general warrants in the case of Wilkes, and around the bench rallied the best part of England in his defence. His prosecution for the North Briton, and for the Essay on Woman, his duel and escape to France, his outlawry, and his expulsion from his seat in parliament, followed in quick succession. Then came the change of administration that brought in Lord Chatham and the Duke of Grafton, and the dissolution of parliament. These last events conspired with Wilkes's absence once more to throw him into the shade. He began to feel, that, in his desperate pecuniary circumstances, nothing was so dangerous as being forgotten. The vision of Constantinople was still flitting ever and anon over his imagination, and he once more offered to the administration to rest

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upon this point his alternative of peace or war. "If the ministers do not find employment for me," he writes to his friend Cotes, "I am disposed to find employment for them." Lord Chatham, even though he had fought his battle in the case of general warrants, always treated the man with undisguised contempt, and refused to do any thing for him. Wilkes revenged himself by an abusive pamphlet, and by declaring war upon the Duke of Grafton, who had been most favorable to his claims. In this spirit he came back in the face of his outlawry, lost his election as a representative for the city of London, and, nothing daunted, immediately presented himself to the electors of the adjoining county of Middlesex, and was returned by them to parliament almost by acclamation.

Wilkes was now launched upon a new sea to be troubled by his arts. Sinking under the weight of a prodigious private debt, and with two prosecutions hanging over his head, the issue of which he could not doubt would be adverse to him, his only resource was to be found in provoking persecution. This did not disappoint his expectations. The king fell at once into the snare which he had laid. The Middlesex election and Wilkes's appearance at the Court of King's Bench had been attended with some rioting; but the opening of the first session of the new parliament was made memorable by the military, who shot down some of the mob. George the Third, incensed at the impudence of the man who was setting all London by the ears, pressed upon his unwilling ministers the necessity of immediate, vigorous action. Their inclination appears to have been to delay, in the hope of getting rid of the subject; but to this it was not the interest of Wilkes to consent. By a series of bold measures, highly irritating in their character, but unnecessary now to detail, he succeeded in cutting off from them all possibility of retreat. Urged on by the king, and by the great body of courtiers eager to show their devotion to his will, government at last consented to press the expulsion of Wilkes upon insufficient grounds; and this false step led gradually, by that sort of chain of consequences not unfrequently visible in the moral dispensation of the universe, to a succession of worse ones, until the House of Commons ended by forcing into the seat for Middlesex, in the place of Wilkes, a certain Colonel Luttrell, a person who had no more

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legal right at the moment to represent the electors of that county in parliament than the king himself had.

Thus it was that in his prison, whilst suffering the penalty of the law for his libellous publication of the North Briton, and for his other and worse offence, John Wilkes was once more exalted to the highest pinnacle of popular favor. Ugly as he was, his picture was eagerly bought up by admirers far and near, and little China figures of him, some of which still remain in this vicinity as a reminiscence of those days, were to be found adorning patriot drawing-rooms on both sides of the Atlantic. Even to many of the female sex he became an object of adoration, although his shocking squint, his high cheek-bones, and lank figure by no means presented to their eyes the image of an Antinoüs or Apollo Belvidere. But though he was at no time of his life insensible to their charms, his present situation afforded him advantages of a wholly different kind, which he was not slow to seize. His name and Liberty became the rallying cry of all the patriot party throughout the British dominions. A society was organized in London, denominated Supporters of the Bill of Rights, and designed to sustain the cause of freedom, attacked in his person. Such was the enthusiasm of the moment, that a sum of money, amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars, was subscribed and actually paid in, the greater part of which went to cancel the enormous debts contracted by this man's profligate extravagance in preceding years. Fifteen hundred pounds sterling was contributed to this fund by the single colony of South Carolina. Yet, strange to say, Wilkes himself regarded all this as by no means an adequate compensation for his labors and sacrifices. To him old debts were of very small account in comparison with present expenditures, and he had accordingly the face to ask further from his political friends, that a permanent provision should be added for his future support.

How far a public man can go in drawing money out of the pockets of his admirers for his own benefit, without shocking their principles, we cannot of course pretend to pronounce. Wilkes's last demand very certainly cooled the ardor of the Society of the Bill of Rights, and ultimately caused its dissolution. Yet his popularity continued nearly as great in the city as ever. He became successively an alderman, a sheriff, and lord mayor, from which situation he was fortunate

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enough to slide into the lucrative post of chamberlain. Patriotism with him, as it has been too often before and since, was synonimous with the desire to realize some valuable consideration, and on the whole he must be admitted to have driven no losing trade. If he did not gain the post at Constantinople by supporting government, he at least received a tolerable *quid pro quo* for opposing it. Neither did he suffer his opposition to embarrass him one moment longer than it continued to be profitable. When once established in a permanent situation, he seized an early opportunity to view public affairs in a new light. The city had for some time been torn to pieces by personal quarrels of his instigation. The coalition of Charles Fox and Lord North brought Wilkes very gracefully into the ranks of the king's friends. He was soon after found ready gravely to deplore the excesses of those misguided men who were weakening the bonds of government in France, and with the inimitable assurance which makes so remarkable a feature of his character, when the king one day at a levee alluded to Sergeant Glynn as his friend, a man who had generously fought his hardest battles for him in parliament and in the courts, he could reply to the remark, " Sire, Sergeant Glynn is not my friend. He was a Wilkite ; *I* never was."

Yet, though we must deny to Wilkes all merit for qualities of which in his lifetime he enjoyed the credit, he possessed others which will continue to make him an object of interest for all time. At a moment when the tendency of opinion was to more absolute doctrines in government, when the inrush of the old Tories upon a young and rather arbitrarily disposed sovereign had made the old Whig principles somewhat unfashionable, it required a man of cool daring and unconquerable energy to come forward and wage war in their defence. If Wilkes was wrong in his appeal to the low prejudices of the English against the Scotch, he was unquestionably right in his war upon general warrants, and in his struggle with the House of Commons, both in the case of Colonel Luttrell, and in that of the prosecution of Miller for printing the debates, as well as in his opposition to the impressment of seamen. Whatever we may think of the motives that swayed him, we can scarcely deny to him the merit of compelling the establishment of three great securities of liberty in England. Neither was he, though so great an

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adept in demagogue arts, ill-natured or vindictive in the pursuit of the objects to be gained through those means. His mobs were called off, as soon as they showed symptoms of seriously exceeding their commission, which was merely to make him of importance. So long as they confined themselves to frightening obnoxious members of the nobility out of their coaches, or into illuminations for his success in Middlesex, or to marking the well known symbol, No. 45, upon the soles of a foreign ambassador's shoes, it was all well enough; but when they threatened to go further, and hazard bloodshed and destruction of property, Wilkes always labored, and generally with success, to check them. He had none of the ferocity that marked the track of the French agitators. He always loved his daughter, and carefully provided for his natural children. His disposition was kind and good, even though his principles were nothing. To him, his patriotism was the next best thing to being in favor with government and going to Constantinople. So, in private life, he was always ready to give to his friends more than actually belonged to him. He died leaving a will providing very generously for all his connections, — with the single drawback upon the merit of his action, that his estate proved upon examination to be wholly unequal to his liberality.

We have given more space than we could well spare to this account of Mr. Wilkes, because there is much in the character that we on this side of the Atlantic can be interested in. The race of men who view the doctrines of liberty only as the nearest road to place is prolific in America. It is well for us to examine how such persons figure in history. For the rest, Wilkes was rather too vulgar a hero to excite much of the attention of Walpole, who is at home in tracing the intrigues of a far more commonplace nobility. Yet he treats of him at large, in comparison with the notice he takes of the publications of Junius. The same silence is observable in his gossiping letters, which discuss almost every other event of his times. We subjoin the material passage of the Memoirs, which gives a tolerably just view of the most famous of these papers.

"These many essays towards an insurrection were crowned by the unparalleled remonstrance of Junius to the king, the most daring insult ever offered to a prince but in times of open rebellion, and aggravated by the many truths it contained. Nothing

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could exceed the singularity of this satire, but the impossibility of discovering the author. Three men were especially suspected, Wilkes, Edmund Burke, and William Gerard Hamilton. The desperate hardiness of the author, in attacking men so great, so powerful, and some so brave, was reconcilable only to the situation of Wilkes; but the masterly talents that appeared in those writings were deemed superior to his abilities: yet in many of Junius's letters an inequality was observed; and even in this remonstrance different hands seemed to have been employed. The laborious flow of style, and fertility of matter, made Burke believed the real Junius: yet he had not only constantly and solemnly denied any hand in those performances, but was not a man addicted to bitterness; nor could any one account for such indiscriminate attacks on men of such various descriptions and professions. Hamilton was most generally suspected. He, too, denied it, — but his truth was not renowned. The quick intelligence of facts, and the researches into the arcana of every office, were far more uncommon than the invectives; and men wondered how any one possessed of such talents could have the forbearance to write in a manner so desperate as to prevent his ever receiving personal applause for his writings: the venom was too black not to disgrace even his ashes." — Vol. III., pp. 401, 402.

The prevailing opinion in England seems to be that Sir Philip Francis was the author of these papers. We should be more ready to credit it, if he had never written any thing under his own name. Waiving, however, all endeavour to solve that enigma, let us confine ourselves to a brief examination of the letters themselves. It has become a fashion of modern writers, among whom Lord Brougham has led the way, to depreciate their substance, and even the style in which they are written. There is this marked difference observable between Wilkes and Junius, that while the former used his invective only as an instrument to exalt his own position, the other seems to have concealed his condition only for the purpose of giving full scope to his malignity. The one was an ordinary demagogue impelled by motives easily understood; those of the other remain yet shrouded in mystery. The style of the North Briton is scarcely readable at the present day; that of Junius, like that of Louis de Montalte, still remains in our own opinion unapproached in the language, and even now throws an interest over obsolete disputes. We are aware that several late publications made by the friends of those who were the main objects of his shafts

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have caused something of a reaction in their favor, and have very much weakened the public confidence in the justice of his invective. It is not our design to vindicate him from objections that seem well founded; but reactions seldom have their just limits, and there is danger of their effects in the present instance. After making all the deductions that ought to be claimed, and all the allowances for the exaggeration and want of discrimination of this style of composition, which we should be equally called to make in the Philippics, or the second Oration against Antony, or the speeches against Warren Hastings, there yet remains a substratum of truth and correct public principle at the bottom. The letter to the king, for example, seems to us to be not merely a masterpiece of composition, but to embody much of the early history of this reign in the same shape that later developments now show it to us. And if we concede much to the friends of the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford in condemning the malignant spirit with which he pursued those noblemen, on the other hand we must not deny that a portion of his censure was well merited. Even with respect to Lord Mansfield, where posterity will probably decide that he fails the most, the history of the times will go to show, that, however upright that nobleman may have been as a judge, he was as mischievous a politician as his timidity would let him be. His leanings were all on the side of absolutism, which made him lend to the whole ministerial policy of this period the weight of his authority and the countenance of his name. If, in attempting to counteract so dangerous and so powerful an influence, Junius, as well as a better man, Lord Chatham, occasionally exceeded the bounds of justice to their adversary, something must be pardoned in this case to the spirit of liberty. Their impulses were on the side of popular right, whilst those of the Judge, at least whilst sitting as a peer, betrayed something too much of servility to the crown. The same unfortunate tendency is visible in the course of another great legal authority in the House of Commons, Judge Blackstone. Junius put his shoulder to the wheel at a critical moment, and used all his might to overcome a strong combination against the progress of liberal principles, for which the world owes him a debt, as it does to Wilkes, without stopping to define the purity of his motives, or to decide whether he selected in every particular the most unexceptionable mode of proceeding.

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For it will scarcely be disputed at this day, that the only sure way to George the Third's favor was to exalt the monarch's authority. It was the zeal nurtured by this idea that prompted the series of measures designed to crush Wilkes, and that led to the policy which ended in the American War. Of this last point there is fresh evidence furnished in the appendix to the present Memoirs, from the manuscripts of the Duke of Grafton. It would seem from his statement, that, when the ministry, in 1769, came to the final determination to repeal Charles Townshend's revenue act of 1767, the Duke himself, Lord Camden, Lord Granby, and General Conway, were overruled by a single vote upon the point of making the fatal exception of the duty on teas. Neither was that the sole error that spoiled the project of conciliation with America. It appears, that the famous circular letter of Lord Hillsborough to all the American governors was designed by the cabinet council to have been far more kind and lenient in its tone than it was as it finally appeared. Lord Camden directly charged Lord Hillsborough with an alteration of the letter, as not having been founded upon the original minute of the cabinet council, and as in opposition to its spirit. The correspondence that passed between them on the subject makes part of the appendix to the fourth volume; from which it is tolerably certain, that Lord Hillsborough would hardly have ventured upon so bold a step as that of omitting in his letter the parts of the minute that might be soothing to the colonies, if he had not felt sure of the ear of royalty, and the concurrence of a power strong enough to keep down the complaints of the minority, who very justly felt wronged by the proceeding. The conduct of that minority was, under the circumstances, beyond measure weak. Instead of insisting upon the preservation of better faith, as the condition of retaining office, they submitted in silence, and suffered themselves to be removed one by one from their posts in the king's councils upon other pretences, without producing the slightest shock to the policy which they disapproved.

It may, however, very well be doubted, whether there ever was, at any time, in Great Britain an opportunity presented to stop the breach which was daily growing wider between the mother country and her colonies. From the day that Grenville proposed the Stamp Act, there was no sincere

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disposition either in king or people to retract the policy. Every attempt made at conciliation only served to show, by the ungracious and vacillating manner in which it was done, at once the weakness of timidity and the hollowness of fraud. The repeal of the Stamp Act was clogged with a declaration claiming the rights that were in dispute. That was soon followed by Charles Townshend's revenue bill, which only modified the shape of exercising the authority claimed. Then succeeded a second repeal, with the single exception of the article of tea, sufficient to save the pride of the nation and turn all its wisdom into folly. There was no party in the country sufficiently strong to maintain any system whatever that was not agreeable to the king. There was not more than one statesman who fully comprehended what the true policy should have been, not one who could have executed it if he did. Very few knew any thing about the origin or history of the Colonists, their character, or their resources. They learned from the officers whom they employed that they were a people very troublesome to deal with, fond of money, and inclined to sedition; that was all they wished to know. A regiment or two more was all the remedy necessary. These would traverse the country from one end to the other, to put down this insolent murmuring of a pack of bragging cowards, who resisted the constituted authority, relying for escape from the consequences upon their remoteness from its power, and the consciousness of their own insignificance. Such was the prevailing tone of sentiment in England previously to the American Revolution. The king held it, and from him it descended to the aristocracy and the people. Little wonder can there be that conciliation made such feeble and irregular progress. Even the concessions occasionally made were attended with circumstances of the most ungracious character to the people of the Colonies. Their remonstrances were not listened to; their petitions were refused even a reception. Virginia, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, though admitted to be unequally offenders, were treated alike with sovereign contempt. Their agents met scarcely a decent hearing. Lord Hillsborough treated Dr. Franklin with the most unbounded arrogance, refusing to receive him even on a levee-day. Wedderburn's invective against him in the presence of an approving and applauding Privy Council, upon the hearing of

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the Massachusetts petition, is well known. "What, Sir, will become of this insolent town of Boston," says Mr. Hans Stanley, upon seconding the address, at the opening of parliament in 1768, "when we deprive the inhabitants of the power of sending out their rums and their molasses to the coast of Africa? For they must be treated like aliens; as they have treated us upon this occasion. It is the happiness of the people of Boston, that they are as unable to contend with us, as we are unwilling to contend with them. If this were not the case, the town would soon dwindle into a contemptible village." Lord Barrington, then secretary at war, in the same debate, "called the Americans traitors, worse than traitors, against the crown, — traitors against the legislature of Great Britain. He said the use of troops was to bring rioters to justice." Such are some of the flowers picked up at random out of the Debates now before us. "Where did Trecothick learn English?" once asked Dr. Johnson of Wilkes, supposing the person he referred to was an American. If such was the extent of information of one of the most learned men in England respecting the people of the revolted colonies, at a time when they had been year after year remonstrating and petitioning in tolerably fair English, where is the wonder that the conciliatory policy should have been deemed degrading by the generality of the nation? The author of Taxation no Tyranny knew no way of dealing with "those dictators of sedition," as he styles them, "who oppose the decrees of the general legislature with audacious defiance and acrimonious malignity," but to recommend "the use of such a force as might take away, not only the power, but the hope of resistance." The government, whilst believing itself following his advice, in time discovered that it had only helped to introduce into the family of nations a new one.

The mention of Dr. Johnson reminds us of the brief and caustic notice taken of him by Walpole in the work before us. It is in connection with the publication of another of his political pamphlets, that relating to the quarrel with Spain about the Falkland Islands, which government employed him to write in its defence against the attacks of Junius.

"Our ministers," he says, "triumphing in having avoided a war, set forth an exultation written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, and very abusive on the opposition, the Bill of Rights, Lord Chatham,

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Junius, and the Lord Mayor, with most of their names at length, — the very kind of grievance of which the court complained. With a lumber of learning and some strong parts, Johnson was an odious and mean character. By principle a Jacobite, arrogant, self-sufficient, and overbearing by nature, ungrateful through pride, and of *feminine bigotry*, he had prostituted his pen to party even in a dictionary, and had afterwards, for a pension, contradicted his own definitions. His manners were sordid, supercilious, and brutal; his style ridiculously bombastic and vicious; and in one word, with all the pedantry, he had all the gigantic littleness, of a country schoolmaster." — Vol. IV., p. 297.

Luckily for the Doctor, the pages of Boswell place him so distinctly before posterity, that we know exactly how much and how little of this sketch it is proper to believe. The same good fortune does not always attend distinguished men who are described in these Memoirs, so that we are bound in justice to read what is said of them with the same degree of allowance we know how to make here. It cannot be denied that Walpole has hit a likeness; but it more resembles the exaggeration of caricature than the living man. Mr. Croker observes, that, in reference to the pensions granted to Johnson and to the notorious Dr. Shebbeare, it was drolly said at the time that "the king had pensioned a *She-bear* and a *He-bear*." Very certainly, Dr. Johnson had too much of that animal about him to make himself acceptable to so nice and dainty a gentleman as Horace Walpole. It is one of the singular practical inconsistencies which we so often meet with in life, to find the poor and despised and vulgar and rough author the great stickler for the powers of the crown and the aristocracy, whilst the child of fortune, who revelled from youth to age in the profits of sinecures and pensions to the tune of thirty thousand dollars *per annum*, was the sworn enemy of arbitrary rule, even to the extent of glorying in the execution of Charles the First. Yet in the daily observances of life there was a hundred times more of the republican in Johnson than in Walpole. The peculiarity of the former was a touching internal humility covered up by an arrogant and overbearing outside. That of the latter was unbounded pride, laboriously, but ineffectually, concealed under the artificial habits of good society. If the one was bigoted, yet his heart was open to religious influences that had their beneficial force over his

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life and writings; whilst the other lived and died like the grasshopper of the field, careless, if not unconscious, of the morrow that awaited him. However inclined we may be to find fault with Dr. Johnson, we cannot agree that he was either "an odious or a mean character." Neither are we very well satisfied, in a work professing to review the history of the first twelve years of George the Third, its literature as well as its politics, to find the notice of a man who has written so much and so well upon a great variety of subjects, the author of London and the Vanity of Human Wishes, the compiler of the first good dictionary of the language, the moralist and the critic, confined to an ill-natured paragraph about one of his most indifferent ephemeral political pamphlets.

The same objection, though not in equal degree, may be made to what Walpole has said of Burke. We recollect but little notice taken of any of his writings, excepting two pamphlets, one in reply to the tract entitled The State of the Nation, the other called Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Than this last, perhaps, no more able production to attain its purpose was ever written. The object was to make a platform for the Rockingham Whigs, upon which to stand at a moment when the country was split up into factions, but few of which could assign a higher reason for their policy than that common to all politicians and creditable to none, the being out of, and the desire to get into, office. It has been remarked by a high modern authority in such matters, that the Whig party dates the origin of its renovation from the new foundations laid whilst the Marquis of Rockingham was its acknowledged head. If this be true, the principles upon which it rests were declared in this pamphlet by Edmund Burke. Yet we find, strangely enough, our author vehement in his censure of it, and equally strong in his preference of the reply written by Catherine Macaulay. This judgment has been reversed by posterity. Burke's work is still read by all who wish to form an idea of the philosophy of politics; whilst that of his lady adversary is so entirely sunk in oblivion, that the editor could not find even a single copy of it in any of the public libraries in England. In those particulars in which Walpole finds the most to blame, later evidence shows that Burke was in the right. He alone of all the public men of

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the time seems to have formed a tolerably just view of the extent and duration of Lord Bute's influence; whilst in his disavowal of Wilkes, and his separation from the factions of the city, he manifested a degree of judgment and of principle which is seldom found in a pamphlet written to serve a temporary purpose. The course of remarks upon party associations, and the rules by which every citizen should regulate his conduct in joining with or separating from them, is of universal application, and may be read with as much profit in America at this day as anywhere under the sun. But it bore too hard for the moment upon the conduct of General Conway, the Magnus Apollo of our author, for the latter to squeeze out any favorable judgment of its merit. Whatever may be our opinion of the Marquis of Rockingham, — and we must confess we cannot readily comprehend the cause of the submission paid to him at that, or of the regard shown to his memory at this time, by the English Whigs, — we consider him in every respect superior to Conway, whom Walpole in vain strove to puff up into greatness. He was of that class of men, — a very numerous one in all free countries, and nowhere more so than with us, and, wherever they may be, always deserving of contempt as politicians, — who, with good feelings and correct principles, suffer themselves to be perpetually drawn into measures which they know to be wrong, and into conduct they feel they cannot approve, either by a vacillating temper, never knowing where to make a stand, or by a selfish regard to their own interest, afraid to run the risk of declaring a dissent. We make these remarks in the full consciousness that General Conway lost his post in the army by voting against government in the condemnation of general warrants; a sacrifice which would have been more to his credit, in our opinion, if he had never done any thing afterwards to restore himself.

But the remarks here made upon our author's comments on Johnson and Burke may with justice be extended to his notice of the literature of the time. Of all curious chapters that were ever written, that which forms the sixth of the third volume now seems to us among the most so. What praise of authors who have been entirely forgotten! What slighting notice of those who now stand prominent! What utter neglect of many of the best! Mrs. Macaulay is more elaborately noticed than Dr. Robertson, and but a single

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allusion is made to Hume. Dr. Goldsmith is less praised than Anstey, and Richard Bentley is preferred as a poet to Churchill! A poem called Rodondo, by a Mr. Dalrymple, is spoken of as having uncommon merit; whilst not a word is lisped of Gray, or Samuel Johnson, of Young, or Akenside. Smollett is treated with contempt as the writer of Humphrey Clinker, which he by no means merits; and last of all, Dr. Franklin is praised only for the Farmer's Letters, which he did not write. Such is the sum total of the literature of a period rich in literary men; such, we fear, is too often the character of contemporary criticism. It had been well for the reputation of our author for acuteness and taste, had this chapter never been written. It very materially weakens the ground which, in a former article, we took in his defence.

We have no space left to make more than a passing observation upon the remarkable manner in which Walpole speaks of his niece, Lady Waldegrave, and her relations with the king's younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester. We had always supposed that there was a marriage, and we still believe the peerage-book, notwithstanding the doubts thrown upon it in these volumes. It is difficult precisely to understand the motive for his conduct in this instance. That Walpole's pride was flattered by the connection is tolerably manifest in his letters; yet it is equally certain, that, from fear of being suspected of instigating the ambition of his niece, he interfered at the outset to prevent it. He says, indeed, that his "father's obligations to the royal family forbade him to endeavour to place a natural daughter of his house so near the throne"; but we are at a loss to understand why this scruple should be pushed so far as to stand in the way of the acknowledgment of an honorable marriage, after it was decided upon, without his privity. Yet he continues his ambiguous language even to the last, as if it was not displeasing to him to record the doubtful position in which the lady was placed by the king's refusal to acknowledge her. For the rest, the match was a brilliant one only in point of rank. The Duke of Gloucester was naturally dull. His character, however, was respectable, which can scarcely be said for the king's two other brothers, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, or for the sister who was queen of Denmark. The education of princes is too often little more

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than the assiduous cultivation of their vices. How far the princess dowager was to blame for the errors of her children we will not take it upon us to say. Her own life was by no means a fortunate one. Married under the expectation of ascending the British throne, she was suddenly deprived of all those prospects by her husband's death before he could come to the crown. The rest of her days were passed with a stigma resting upon her character, which made her name a byword of reproach throughout the nation while she lived, and which has left a cloud over her memory to this day. With her death, which took place early in 1772, the present volumes terminate; of course, the American War is not embraced in the period of which they treat.

On the whole, Walpole's contribution to the history of Great Britain will not be without its value; but whoever reads it must make great allowances for his habitual acrimony, and for his bitter personal enmities, the offspring of his prejudices and his passions. The character of no individual, male or female, should be estimated by his unsupported testimony. With much truth that will be found confirmed by the relations of others, there is enough of error proved to have been committed by him to render his narrative alone, even though guarded by the labors of both his editors, by no means a perfectly safe guide.

Art. II. — *Michelet's History of France.* Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S. New York: Appleton & Co. Vol. I. 1846. 8vo.

Every student of history knows that a few periods only are worthy of careful and continued attention; if these are well understood, the times between them are also; but if they remain in darkness, the whole tale of the world's doings remains a puzzle and a mystery. And this is equally true, whether we read for mere amusement, or to learn the principles of national growth, or to become acquainted with the heroes and the monsters of our race. Hampdens and Washingtons appear at such epochs; and at such also come into view the Mirabeaus, the Robespierres, and the Benedict Ar-

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nolds, to show us how vast a depth of evil lies in us. But in studying such periods, we are apt to fall into the error of dwelling chiefly upon the rapid and violent changes which close them, rather than upon the quiet, mighty agencies which brought those changes to pass. Among all the histories of the French Revolution that have been written, we do not know of one which clearly, fully, and vividly traces, from the time of Louis the Fourteenth, those influences which caused the final outburst, and also those which gave to that outburst its peculiar character. Even the development of the causes of our own Revolution has not been attempted, independent of the various colonial affairs which had little or no connection with it. It is usual, indeed, to preface the account of any great change by a view of things before the change took place; and occasionally by a statement of all that has happened since man was created; or even, as in the case of Professor Rafinesque's Annals, prefixed to Marshall's History of Kentucky, by a suggestion of various matters which took place long before Adam was fashioned from clay; but in most such cases, the introduction is hurried, vague, and unimpressive. We may notice, as examples of what we mean, the account drawn up by Scott, and that given by Alison, of France before the meeting of the States General in 1789. But the error of which we speak as common among historical students is especially seen, we think, in the almost total neglect of the period in which the feudal yielded to the monarchical spirit, and when, though without volcano-bursts, the religious, moral, social, political, and industrial state of Western Europe underwent so vast a change. To speak of that period as a whole, except in the most general, and therefore most useless manner, would evidently be beyond the limits of a review; but we may, perhaps, turn the thoughts and inquiries of some of our readers to the era in question, by an account of one who bore a leading, though unconscious, part in changing the government of baronial force and priestly rule for that of regal law. We refer to Louis the Ninth, St. Louis, the champion of the Church, who yet undermined her power; the respecter of all feudal rights and obligations, who nevertheless destroyed the life of feudalism.

Louis was born April 25, 1215. It was in the midst of the war against the Albigenses. A week before his birth,

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his father, prince of France, followed by bishops, counts, and knights innumerable, reached Lyons on his way to Languedoc, through which devoted land he marched unresisted, levelling, as he went, the walls of Toulouse and Narbonne. Six weeks after the birth of St. Louis, John of England met his barons at Runnymede, and grudgingly gave them their Magna Charta. Seven months after his birth, Innocent the Third, under whom the theocracy founded by Hildebrand attained its height, met the fourth Lateran Council, the most numerous of the ancient assemblies of the Western Church, and among whose seventy canons was that which for the first time made confession obligatory. When Louis had lived through thirteen months, his father, who had passed to England, claiming its crown, was feasting among the barons of John, and listening to the shouts of welcome sent up by the citizens of London. A few months more, and the little boy, scarce two years old, was but learning his earliest prayers at the knees of Blanche of Castile when his father's reverses began; and Blanche heard that her husband was worsted in England, and condemned at Rome. The old, unscrupulous Philip Augustus dared not aid his suffering son, so hard did the priests threaten; but the young, devout, priest-led Blanche was not to be led or driven, when all that was dear to her was at stake; she gathered her knights, provided her vessels, and sent her reinforcements to the aid of her lord; but, alas! even then English seamen were to be feared, and Blanche's little fleet was defeated, and the prince was obliged to surrender.

And now had Louis reached his ninth year; gentle, thoughtful, and filled with a sense of duty, such as rarely falls to the share of human beings, and especially to those of regal education, the little boy grew up under the influence of his mother's devotional, but independent spirit. In July of that year, 1223, his grandfather Philip died, and the claimant of the English throne, under the name of Louis the Lion, became monarch of France, and our young saint his heir-apparent. Louis the Lion was by no means worthy of his name, which was, in truth, not given him from any supposed resemblance to the king of beasts, nor even through flattery, but was bestowed upon him just before his death, to help in the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy. He was weak in body, mind, and soul, and far more truly priest-ridden than

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either his wife or son, though far less pious than either. And yet in him were united for the first time the races of Capet and Charlemagne; and as the streets of Paris after his consecration, hung as they were with the richest cloths and most beautiful garlands, resounded to the songs of Troubadours and the music of the dancers, men felt they knew not what strange hope of a king who should be one indeed; not a suzerain only, but a sovereign; a follower of the great Charles, as well as his descendant; a monarch who would curb the cruel power of the barons, and enable the honest and industrious to live in peace. Alas for their hopes! The first request made by his barons to the new king was for a discharge of all the debts which they owed the Jews, the money-lenders, and their request was granted. For three years Louis the Lion reigned, quarrelling with and conquering the English and the Albigeois; and died, at length, of a fever resulting from the fatigues and exposures of his last campaign against the heretics of the South. St. Louis was not yet quite twelve years old. It did not require much sagacity to foresee that a regency of nine years would try the value and strength of those additions which Philip Augustus and his predecessors had made to the kingly power. The claims of the late monarchs were by no means pleasing to the turbulent feudal nobles, and Louis and Blanche saw no less plainly than the barons that the minority of their son would be a time of contest. The last acts of the expiring king, with a view to the future, were to bind all about him by an oath to obey and consecrate his son as their monarch, and to confide him to the care of his mother.

Blanche was at Paris when she heard of the death of her husband. She felt strong in her self-confidence that it was necessary not only that she should have the education of her son in her hands, but also that she should have the regency of the kingdom; and yet the fact that she was a Spaniard was as much against her as her sex, in the eyes of the French nobility; so that she knew her chance of being what she wished was small, unless secured by management. On two men of influence she believed she could rely, the papal legate, and Thibaud, Count of Champagne. The latter was one of the most noted men of the day, as well as the most powerful vassal of the crown. A poet, a knight, a gallant, and a determined upholder of his feudal rights, he had quar-

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relled with the late king, nay, was even by the lovers of scandal in later times openly accused of having procured his death, and yet was looked to by his widow as one in whom she might trust for support. It is hard to say why this was so. The students of Paris, who in after days hated Thibaud and Blanche both, attributed it to a criminal passion; but the tale is clearly unsupported. It may have been that the queen knew the vanity and the weakness of the count, and felt sure that he would desert the barons as soon as he could serve his own purposes better by doing so. Certain it is, that he was weak enough to make men think him wicked. He had already, before the king's death, bound himself to Peter Mauclerc of Brittany, the Count de la Marche, step-father of Henry the Third of England, and others, to uphold the rights of the feudal vassals against the growing power of the crown. He was not present at the consecration of the young king; indeed, the king's uncle, Philip the Rude, threatened to have the gates of Rheims shut in his face if he appeared before them, so insulting had been his conduct to the late monarch; and he was regarded as the chief of the malcontents. He even went so far as to collect men and arms, as if he intended open rebellion. Then, suddenly, to the astonishment of all but the queen, Thibaud left the party of the nobles, and at Tours, in February, 1227, did homage to the king, and became his true subject and defender. And he needed a defender; Philip the Rude probably meant to make himself regent at a fitting opportunity, and with him upon the one hand, and Philip "the evil clerk" of Brittany upon the other, poor Blanche and her young saint would have been close beset. By her alliance with the Count of Champagne, therefore, she secured a powerful friend, and only drove into open enmity a secret foe. The discontented nobles, finding themselves thus weakened by the desertion of Thibaud, resolved upon seizing the person of the young king, and withdrawing him from his mother's influence; and in an attempt which they made to do so they might have succeeded, had not the burghers of Paris, who justly dreaded the power of the great lords, flocked out to Montlhery, where Louis then was, with arms in their hands, and borne him with shouts and songs to his capital. It was an incident to affect the mind of a child like Louis; his barons, his peers, were seeking to imprison him, to tear

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him from the mother whom he so much loved and reverenced, and the common people rose and became his deliverers.

From that time Blanche remained in substance, if not in name, the regent of the kingdom ; and woman and foreigner as she was, she ruled it as no native-born man-monarch had ever done. But she did not govern without opposition. The whole baronial power stood antagonist to her and her supporter, Thibaud. Against him they warred, on the pretence that he was the murderer of Louis the Lion ; and in 1229 they ravaged his county of Champagne, and raised up a counter claimant to all his estates. In 1230, worn out and defeated, he was forced to take refuge in Paris, and to bind himself to go upon the crusade, as a kind of expiation for his alleged, but never proved or acknowledged, crime of king-killing. He was a strange man, this Troubadour count, and the influence of Blanche over him was also strange. Before his defeat above referred to, the barons had tried to bribe him back to their party, and old Peter, the priest-hater of Brittany, had agreed to give him, as a third wife, his daughter. Thibaud entered into an agreement to rejoin them. The marriage-day was fixed, the bride was decked, the priest ready, when the groom, already on his way to the altar, received a note from Blanche requiring him to abandon the plan and break off the proposed alliance ; and, without a moment's hesitation, he obeyed. But though the regent had the Duke of Brittany and all his friends in the North to contend with, she was by no means unobservant of the opportunity which offered itself in the South to add greatly to the royal power ; and after forwarding the persecutions in Languedoc, through 1228, she succeeded, by a treaty made the following April, in securing to the crown the ultimate possession of that beautiful land. Raymond the Seventh, by the terms of that treaty, gave up his kingdom, and his daughter paid to the crown twenty thousand marks of silver, broke down the walls and filled the ditches which defended Toulouse, destroyed the fortifications of thirty other towns and strongholds, bound his subjects by oath to take arms against him if he shrunk from the conditions of the treaty, and bound himself to do battle with the Count de Foix and others, his old friends and allies. The volume of the history of Languedoc closes with the seventh Raymond.

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Nor was Blanche, while thus successful in the South, less fortunate in her contest with Peter the Breton, whom, in 1231, she brought to terms, and so closed her civil wars, having placed the monarchy of France on a firmer basis than it had rested upon for two centuries and a half; for to be unresisted under a woman-regent was more than to be bowed to under Philip Augustus. From that time until 1236, when Louis reached his twenty-first year, the internal history of the kingdom is nearly a blank.

And with the majority of St. Louis little or no change took place in the affairs of France, although there commenced a more general stir in those of Europe at large. It was the midst of the contest between the second Frederick of Germany, and Honorius the Third, Gregory the Ninth, and Innocent the Fourth. The second of these prelates then occupied the papal throne, a stern, fearless old man of ninety years, whom reverses could not vanquish, but only kill, — a worthy opponent of the strong-minded monarch of Germany. In 1227, within six months after the time of his elevation to the papacy, Gregory had excommunicated Frederick, because he did not depart, as was expected, on the crusade; in 1228, the monarch was denounced anew, because, unforgiven, he dared to set sail for the Holy Land, and fight for the Holy Sepulchre. The Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonic knights were called on to oppose this wilful champion of Christendom. Jerusalem, because he obtained possession of it, was laid under an interdict, and the fearless emperor was forced to crown himself, no priest daring even to say mass. Returning to Italy, Frederick wrung a repeal of the excommunication from Gregory by force of arms; but the bitter blood was not sweetened. In 1239, the pope again launched his thunderbolt, and the war of extermination went on, until the successes of his antagonist laid the worn head of the Church, now ninety-four years old, upon his bed of death, in 1241.

Meanwhile, in 1237, came Baldwin, the Latin claimant of the throne of Constantinople, with the true Crown of Thorns in its casket under his arm, asking for money to aid him in recovering his kingdom. For a time he contrived to obtain assistance from certain Venetian money-lenders, with whom he placed the relic as collateral security; but he was not satisfied to leave it thus, and wished to prevail upon some

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pious monarch to purchase his treasure. France already possessed one undoubted original of the same relic; but Blanche and Louis were given to the feelings of the times, and the young king readily agreed to the proposition of the displaced emperor. One difficulty at first, however, seemed insurmountable;— to deal in relics, by the rules of the Church, was simony. But there were clever heads and hair-splitting advocates then, no less than now, and it was soon seen that all trouble would be avoided by this simple contrivance. Baldwin should present the Crown to his pious friend Louis as a free gift and gage of love; while the French monarch, not to be outdone in generosity, should, out of pure affection, bestow upon the somewhat needy emperor such a sum of money as would be a fair equivalent. In December, 1238, two Dominicans started with full purses for Constantinople,* there to exchange presents; and, returning after six months' absence, met, in the heat of August, the pious king of France dressed in a simple tunic, or shirt, and barefooted, walking out from Paris to receive and carry upon his own shoulders the inestimable gift of Baldwin to the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was a sight to be noted, and most characteristic of the day, that procession of bishops and nobles, common people and children, all uncovered and with bare feet, chanting litanies as they followed their saintly king, with his long locks and bended head, bearing, in company with his brother Robert, the chest of the Sacred Crown.

But soon affairs of wider interest and a more stirring character than the reception of relics, and the building of chapels to contain them, were presented to the mind of the son of Blanche. In 1227, Genghiz Khan died; before 1237, all Europe was troubled by the fear of the new swarm from Central Asia, which was fast inundating Russia, Poland, Hungary, and already with angry murmurs hovered on the confines of the Empire. The Saracens, most exposed to the devouring hosts of Tartars, sent embassies to Christendom to ask aid against a common foe; the Old Man of the Mountain by his messengers offered fraternity to the rulers of France and England. On all sides was great trembling, but from none came signs of success to the West. Frederick called on his fellow-monarchs to aid him; but they were

* Or Venice; see Gibbon.

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deaf; and his old enemy, the pope, never ceased to denounce and condemn him. The politicians of England and France refused any help to the Saracens, or the Christians of the East; as to the infidels, they said, "Let the dogs worry and kill one another"; for their brethren they could afford to pray, but by no means to fight, and day by day the Tartar hordes came on. But as yet the sound of their coming was distant. Blanche, indeed, heard it, and wept, lest all the faithful were to be borne from the earth. "Courage, my mother," said her son; "if we conquer, we drive these wretches to perdition; if the victory is theirs, they but open heaven's gates for us."

Other sounds, and nearer, of trouble and confusion drew, for a time, the thoughts of Louis from the enemies of his faith. The old feudal spirit was dormant, not dead, and Louis was called upon to renew the contest which his mother had waged during his boyhood. It was in the spring or summer of 1241 that Louis invited his nobles of the West to meet him at Saumur in Anjou, where he wished to present to them his brother Alphonso, who had married the daughter of Raymond the Seventh, and whom the king proposed to invest with the counties of Poitou and Auvergne. The monarch was not unaware of the feeling which prevailed among the Western barons in favor of the claims of England to that portion of his dominions. Philip Augustus had gained by force or diplomacy much of that country to the French crown; and the English affirmed, that, when Louis the Lion was caught in their island, as in a mouse-trap, in 1217, he had sworn, as one condition of his release, to restore all his father's conquests in Poitou and thereabouts. When, therefore, the Lion's son met at Saumur old Peter the priest-hater of Brittany, with his heir, and the Count de la Marche, whose wife was mother to the king of England, with others of doubtful sentiments, we may be assured that he looked round upon his guests, as they sat solemn in their silks and cloths of gold, with some uneasiness. Not that Louis was a coward; no braver heart ever beat; but he said to himself, as he looked forward to the prospect of a civil war to grow out of the investiture he proposed to make, — "Perhaps my father took that oath of restitution, and I am bringing on bloodshed by upholding injustice." Sad and doubting, the conscientious king sat in the midst of

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his black-browed peers. The feasting at Saumur was over at length, and all took horse for Poictiers, where his brother was to receive his counties, and the homage of his vassals. Among these vassals was Hugh de la Marche, and he, like Louis, rode sad and doubting. But by degrees his doubts cleared up, and he determined on flat rebellion. Too weak to come to blows at once, but resolved never to acknowledge Alphonso as his suzerain, and in due time to assert the alleged rights of the English monarch, he left Louis, assembled his followers, and, stationing himself at his château of Lusignan, offered no violence, but effectually prevented, by his show of force, the king's return from Poictiers to Paris. Louis the Saint found himself trapped, as his father had been in England; one by one, all his nobles left him; and after a fortnight's forced stay at Poictiers, he was obliged to make terms of some kind with his vassal, in order to get home again. It was clear that feudalism was not yet dead.

Had any doubt as to that fact remained, however, it would have been impossible to question it after the following Christmas. At that epoch, Alphonso, young and hopeful, Count of Poitou and Auvergne, and in his wife's right presumptive heir to the beautiful domains of Toulouse, called together his vassals at his capital, Poictiers, to hold high festival, and complete the solemn act of feudal investiture. From far and near men and women flocked to the ancient capital of the Pictones; its crooked, steep streets were filled with vine-dressers from the borders of the Vienne, with nobles and squires, dames and damsels, clerks and monks. The great cathedral, which had been two centuries in progress, and was nearly completed, echoed the solemn music of the season; in the Gothic castle all was preparing for feast and merriment. Alphonso received, as they arrived, knight and baron, and to each assigned his dwelling, already prepared at the expense of the new count, who was to pay all costs. And among the rest came Hugh de la Marche and Isabel his wife, mother of England's weak monarch; they, too, were welcome, — especially so, perhaps, as their coming seemed to promise all harmony, and with due honor and ceremonious respect were they received. Gloomy still, but in no degree doubting, was the great vassal of Alphonso. Since his secession, after the meeting at Saumur, he had employed his time well. Silently messengers had passed from

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him to England, — to Navarre, over which Blanche's friend, the Troubadour Count Thibaud of Champagne was then king, — to Toulouse, where Raymond sat in smothered anger, ready enough to war against his daughter's husband or any one else, — and over the Pyrenees, through the autumn-snows, to the kings of Aragon and Castile. Bonds holding them all together, in opposition to the king of France, had been silently knit while the leaves were falling; and now, when the bare branches glittered like silver with the hoar-frost, the lord of La Marche had come to defy his superior in the first flush of his pride, and before the face of all his vassals. The day for rendering the act of homage was at hand; — "To-morrow, and the ceremony which assures me my rank and counties is complete"; — so thought Alphonso, as he passed from group to group in the public place by the castle. But why these groups gathering toward nightfall in these short December days? If Alphonso asked that question within himself, a quick reply came from without. Hugh de la Marche stands before him, a page holding his battle-horse; near by, Isabel sits upon her palfrey, amid armed retainers. "I have been deceived," says the haughty vassal, in his most arrogant tone; "never, never, I swear to you, will I hold myself your man. Against all right you have usurped this county of Poitou, the birthright of Richard of Cornwall, who has been fighting for you in Palestine while you have been robbing him here." Turning on his heel without more words, he sprang into his saddle, struck the spurs into his steed, and, rejoining his wife, rode toward the southern gate. Alphonso stood stupefied; he was recalled to his senses by the bursting of flames from the house where the rebel had been lodged; he had fired it in the moment of departure. The young noble saw in the conflagration a symbol of coming war. War, indeed, was already declared by the act of the Count de la Marche.

That war occupied the next year. We need not enter into its details, although it was the last of the feudal wars; it is enough to say that Hugh de la Marche was forced on his knees to beg forgiveness; that Henry, the Incapable, of England, was utterly worsted, and nearly taken prisoner; and that the Spanish kings attended to their own affairs, leaving their neighbour Raymond to shift for himself, which he did, by submission. The gentle French monarch dealt

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with his rebels as leniently when conquered, as he had vigorously when in arms. From Raymond he required only adherence to Blanche's treaty of 1229; and when his lords wished him to put to death De la Marche's son, who was taken prisoner while commanding at Fontenay, his answer was, "No; he has done no wrong in obeying his father." There is another anecdote of this war worthy of remembrance. Richard of Cornwall, brother to Henry the Third, and son of Isabella of La Marche, had done good service to some French knights in Palestine. During the reverses of Henry, he sent his brother, dressed in his Palestine pilgrim's dress, and with a staff in place of a sword, to ask of Louis a cessation of hostilities. When the French knights, many of whom had been in the Holy Land, heard that Cornwall was thus approaching their camp, the memory of his gallantry came strongly on their hearts; and in the truest spirit of chivalry, they went out to the verge of the English lines, and received as an honored guest the brother and son of their leading enemies, formed an escort for him, and brought him to the throne of their monarch. He, too, forgot the foe in the crusader, took the prince by the hand, treated him as a brother, and granted the armistice requested.

St. Louis, as we have said, by this war of 1242 finished those contests of the crown with its vassals which had been going on since the time of his ancestor, Louis the Fat. But it was not by warfare that he was to aid in breaking down the strongholds of feudalism. The vassals might have been beaten time and again, and yet the *spirit* of feudalism, still surviving, would have raised up new champions to contend against the crown. St. Louis struck at the spirit of the Middle Age, and therein insured the downfall of its forms and whole embodiment. He fought the last battles against feudalism, because, by a surer means than battling, he took, and unconsciously, the life-blood from the opposition to the royal authority. Unconsciously, we say; he did not look on the old order of things as evil, and try to introduce a better; he did not selfishly contend for the extension of his own power; he was neither a great reformer, nor a (so-called) wise king. He undermined feudalism, because he hated injustice; he warred with the Middle Age, because he could not tolerate its disregard of human rights; and he

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paved the way for Philip-le-Bel's struggle with the papacy, because he looked upon religion and the church as instruments for man's salvation, not as tools for worldly aggrandizement. He is, perhaps, the only monarch on record who failed in most of what he undertook of active enterprise, who was under the control of the prejudices of his age, who was a true conservative, who never dreamed of effecting great social changes, — and who yet, by his mere virtues, his sense of duty, his power of conscience, made the mightiest and most vital reforms.

One of these reforms was the abolition of the trial by combat. Soon after the Poitou war, when poor old De la Marche, his gray locks bowed to the dust, was moaning his folly and his fortune, one of his vassals, who had sworn deadly enmity to him, accused the old man of unknown felonies, and dared him to the combat. His son wished to fight in his stead; but the ungenerous Alphonso insisted upon the appearance of his ancient enemy and insulter, in person. Against this sentence there was one cry of protest, and Louis, whose attention was called to the matter, interfered, and forbade the contest.

But though the king, as we have said, was the conqueror in his Poitou campaign, he returned from that region an invalid. A great part of his army had been made unwell by want of proper food, by foul air, and impure water. The king himself passed from one phase of disease to another, until at length, in November, 1244, a dysentery settled upon him. Sick, and each day more sick, — from mouth to mouth, from town to town, the sad news spread. The churches echoed with the prayers and vows of priests and people, pleading for their king; for their noble, just, sympathizing king. Around Pontoise, where the sufferer lay, were knots of country folks, and of Parisians who had walked out so far, — all busy with the same sad questioning. No good news for them; sick, and each day more sick, — so the word goes. And at last they say he is dead. Men look heavenward; where is there hope for them now, unless in heaven? Then comes a rumor that the tale was not true, and the monarch lives. Again comes a rumor that he is not only living, but has assumed the cross. How was it? Let us see what Joinville relates, and imagine the little points he omits. The sickness grew ever worse, he tells us,

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and no hope was left. Just breathing, the good king lay, wasted in body, resigned and fearless in soul. In his clear, calm mind he revolved, as we guess, the progress of the infidel arms, the neglect and deadness of Christendom on behalf of the land of Jesus. In his sick chamber, in subdued tones, they talked of the Tartar conquests, and of the barbarities of the Karismians in Palestine; — the sick man heard, but spoke not. They spoke to him, and he could not answer; scarce any pulse, scarce any breath; his kind eyes closed! so he lies, sinking away. Blanche, his mother, and Margaret, his wife, worn with watching and weeping, have left him to the two hired nurse-women. One of them from time to time bends over him; more and more deathlike grows his calm countenance; the smile of the departing soul hovering there, not yet fixed. "Does he live still?" reverently asks the other waiting-woman. The more eager of the two, who has been impatiently watching for the moment of death, listens, touches his wrist, holds a morsel of down to his nostrils, clasps her hands, and with upturned eyes answers, "Alas! it is all over." Her companion springs to the bedside, holds back the sheet with which the first would have covered his face, and tries in her turn to discover how life and death stand within him; patiently she listens, and patiently she presses his arm, — stands a moment, her pallid lips parted, then cries with swimming lids, "He lives, and *will* live to confound the enemies of the Lord." His vital power, just at the ebb, begins to swell again as he heard, in his living-death trance, her glad cry, her bold prophecy; his heart beats stronger, his lungs play again; by and by his voice comes, and his first words are, "Bring me the red cross." The last of the crusaders assumes the badge of his Master!

It is not our purpose to follow Louis either in his first or second crusade. If the great work of his life was not to be done by fighting at home, still less was it to be accomplished by battles in Egypt or Tunis. His mission was other and greater than he dreamed of, and his service to Christendom was wholly unlike that which he proposed to himself. Of his Eastern labors and sufferings we can give but the leading dates, with here and there an anecdote worthy of recollection, as illustrating either the character of the man or of his times. In November, 1244, he took the cross; but it was

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June of 1248 before he was able to leave Paris to embark upon his cherished undertaking. During the interval, he labored unceasingly to rouse all Europe to the necessity of union on behalf of the Holy Land, and in opposition to the infidels, who threatened, unless met by united Christendom, to plant their horse-tails upon the cathedrals of Paris and of Rome. He even, by what we should call a trick, enlisted his nobles as crusaders, and the act is worthy of notice as illustrating the moral tone of the age; for, be it remembered, it was the act of one of the most truthful and conscientious of men. At Christmas it was usual for the king to give to the gentles in his service new dresses. Louis invited his followers to meet him on that day at an early mass before it was yet light. They came willingly, and each as he entered received a dress at the door, given in the king's name, and which he was requested to wear at the ceremony. All of course complied. On bended knees, with bowed heads, around the altar, they listened to the services of the church, in the dim waxen twilight. By and by the rays of the morning struggled through the darkness and the censer-smoke, and for the first time friend looked toward, and smiled on, friend. And in all faces there was surprise; some looked blank, some fearful, some merry; what meant all this dumb show? It meant this. On each shoulder stood, indelible, the red cross. And as the secret became evident, and they awoke to the truth, that, with their new cloaks, the pious monarch had bound them to the crusade, anger, grief, trouble, joy, and wonder, in varied combinations, spoke from the silent faces of the group of courtiers, in the midst of whom stood silently the grave, calm, kindly king.

But of all the efforts which Louis was called on to make in order to bring about the desired union of Christendom, the most difficult and the least successful was his attempt to reconcile the emperor of Germany, who was a kind of royal Luther, with the unforgiving Innocent the Fourth, who, after a long vacancy of the papal throne, had succeeded to Gregory the Ninth. Innocent was a man of capacity and immense stubbornness. The contest between pope and emperor was such that nothing but death could end it; they had been friends, but now were foes; and what enmity so deadly as that between old comrades? In December, 1250, Frederick died; and the head of the church, then at Lyons,

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whither he had been driven in the struggle, returned to Rome, singing hymns of joy, and at once proclaimed a crusade, not against Turks or Tartars, but against the successor of his ancient enemy.

Meanwhile, in France, all was made ready for the departure of the champions of the cross. But their chief was destined to be yet farther tried. With ceaseless sighs and prayers, his mother and wife beset him, telling him his mind was disturbed at the moment he took the vow to go to Palestine, and that he was no more bound thereby. Gently the pious king replied to their urgency; but still they urged their suit that he would stay, and brought the bishop of Paris to support their pleas. "It may be so," said Louis mildly. Hope glowed in their affectionate, unheroic eyes. "I was not in a state to act wisely, you say." "You were not, surely." "Behold, then, I tear my cross from my shoulder." They leaped for joy. "And am I now well? Can I judge wisely now?" "Most wisely, beloved son and lord." "Well, then,"—and we may think the unruffled monarch could scarce suppress a smile, though his peace-loving eyes kindled with the hope of yet warring for God,—"well, then, I now resume the cross;—and no food shall pass my lips till I am bound anew sworn soldier of my Lord."

On the twenty-fifth of August, 1248, the devoted crusader embarked for Cyprus. Having passed the winter there, on the fifth of June, 1249, he landed in Egypt, which was to be conquered before Palestine could be safely attacked. On the seventh of June, Damietta was entered, and there the French slept and feasted, wasting time, strength, and money, until the twentieth of the following November. Then came the march southward; the encampment upon the Nile; the terrors of the Greek fire; the skirmishes which covered the plain with dead; the air heavy with putridity and pestilence; the putrid water; the fish fat with the flesh of the dead; sickness, weakness, retreat, defeat, captivity. On the sixth of April, 1250, Louis and his followers were prisoners to the Mussulmans; Louis might have saved himself, but would not quit his followers; he had been faithful thus far, and would be till death. And when he had procured his freedom, he would not yet leave the East for his own land. He thought of the prisoners in the hands of the

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Mamelukes, he remembered the Christians of the Holy Land, and determined to remain where he could best serve the suffering. On the eighth of May, 1250, Louis was a freeman, and it was not until the twenty-fifth of April, 1254, that he set sail to return to his native shores, where Blanche, who had been regent during his absence, had some months since yielded up her breath.

On the seventh of September, he entered Paris, sad and worn. All met him with joy and honor, but with eyes abased he walked without a smile through the streets of his capital. Ten years had passed, and what had been done? Poor king! bowed with self-reproaches, he little knew that during those ten years he had done, though none saw it, and he knew nothing of it, a vast work, — a work to make his reign ever memorable; he had founded a throne in the hearts of his subjects, and had made himself, through their affections, omnipotent as the leader of the great crusade against the abuses of the Middle Age. Every wounded knight that had come from Egypt, every freed captive, every soldier that retired from service, had told with enthusiasm of the sanctity and the humanity of their king. A knight, a devotee, a kind and just man, he met at one point or another the wishes and prejudices of every class; but especially, by his sympathy with the masses, and his readiness to consider their generally neglected welfare and rights, he won upon the body of his people, and laid the foundation for that strong feeling which not only led at last to his canonization, but made every ordinance of his life at once bind them as subjects, and control them as the word of a true hero. The shepherd-crusade of 1251, which had degenerated into a mere rabble-swarm of thieves and rogues, began in a love for the captive monarch; and the feeling which prompted that hasty and evil movement, a feeling in favor of Louis, as a contrast, if not an antagonist, to the proud, luxurious, and selfish prelates and nobles, continued after his return from captivity. And scarce had he landed, before he began that course of legislation which continued until once more he embarked upon the crusade.

In captivity, under suffering, treated with imperfect justice, and at the mercy of tyrannical masters, we may easily believe that Louis had revolved in his mind once and again the injustice done in his own realm, and to his own people.

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In his lonely hours of distress and sickness, how natural was it for such a soul to conceive of a complete revisal and reform in those judicial processes which he was conscious wrought so much wrong; and especially, to so true a soul, how natural the determination to begin by righting the wrongs done by himself and his ancestors! True and noble soul, indeed! full of prejudices, and superstitions, and errors, it may be; — but how free from the mass of those errors and evils which beset the men who then breathed, walked, wept, laughed, and did work in the world! Where shall we look among rulers for a parallel in point of disinterested heroism, unless to our own Washington?

In his first legislative action, Louis proposed to himself these objects, — to put an end to judicial partiality, to prevent needless and oppressive imprisonment for debt, to stop unfounded criminal prosecutions, and to mitigate the horrors of legalized torture. In connection with these general topics, he made laws to bear oppressively upon the Jews, to punish prostitution and gambling, and to diminish intemperance. And it is worthy of remark, that this last point was to be attained by forbidding innkeepers to sell to any others than travellers, — a measure now (six hundred years later) under discussion in some parts of our Union, with a view to the same end.

But the wish which this rare monarch had to recompense all who had been wronged by himself and forefathers was the uppermost wish of his soul. He felt that to do justice himself was the surest way to make others willing to do it. Commissioners were sent into every province of the kingdom to examine each alleged case of royal injustice, and with power in most instances to make instant restitution. He himself went forth to hear and judge in the neighbourhood of his capital, and as far north as Normandy. The points which weighed mainly, however, on the mind of Louis were not the private wrongs which were to be set aright, but those international difficulties whence grew ceaseless war in Christendom, the victories of the infidels, and scandal to the name of the Prince of Peace. France was embroiled on the one hand with England, on the other with Aragon. Neither of these powers was sufficiently strong to wring any thing from her; and as to the justice of the matters, both were *Oregon questions*, — each party in the

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contest honestly conceived itself to have a clear claim to the disputed territory. Here, then, was a case for heathen patriotism to struggle with Christian justice in the mind of the stronger monarch. It may be they did struggle, but not long. The self-forgetting crusader looked on justice and generosity as nobler virtues than mere heathen patriotism; he saw, with his heart and conscience, if not his mind, that whoso begins by loving his country more than right will end by loving himself more than his country. With England and with Aragon, during the year 1258, he concluded treaties, in opposition to swarms of wise, selfish advisers, whereby peace and concession were substituted for obstinacy and war.

Such were the first acts of our crusader, when he came to his home once more. Can we wonder that men already, in their speechless hearts, canonized him? And when, a little after, it was again noised abroad that the king lay deadly ill, and every hour's news were listened for with faces ready to weep, or beam with joy, — how heart-touching to hear men tell one another at the street-corners, and in the butchers' shops, and by the dusty road-side, or in the crisp harvest-field, — how the dear king had called his young heir, now sixteen, to his bedside, and had said to him, — "Fair son, I pray you to make the people of your kingdom love you; for I would rather a Scotchman from Scotland should come and govern the people of my realm well and justly, than that you, child of my loins, should rule them in evil." Poor Louis! he rose from his sick-bed; but his son lay down in his stead, and rose no more.

And as he grew yet older, the spirit of generosity grew stronger daily in his bosom. He would have no hand in the affairs of Europe, save to act, wherever he could, as peacemaker. Many occasions occured where all urged him to profit by power and a show of right, a naked legal title, to possess himself of valuable fiefs; but Louis shook his head sorrowfully and sternly, and did as his inmost soul told him the law of God directed. And with all this, we say again, he had no spark of radicalism in him; nay, he was eminently conservative. He reverenced the old feudal customs, and never, by direct means, warred against them. He wrought in opposition to the *infinite* evils of feudalism, its *God*-antagonism, — not against its *conventional* mischiefs, its

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impolicy, and awkward semiorganization. When his friend Joinville, in 1248, would not take the oath taken by those who held directly from the crown, because his immediate lord was the Count of Champagne, Louis may have smiled at the feudal foolery of his faithful follower, but deemed him none the less a friend. Many reformers are like the wolf, which tears the cast-off coat of the flying victim, and loses its prey; Louis, like all heart-directed Christian laborers for humanity, struck at the living fugitive, not the dead garment that was left behind.

And how did he strike? We have already referred to his earlier laws on behalf of right; let us now look farther.

Feudalism rested on physical force. Its gospel was given in three words, — "Might makes right." Upon this idea all feudal relations depended, all feudal laws (if we may use such a word) were founded. In a double sense, it was a system of *feuds*. Its legislation rested on arbitrary will; its judicial proceedings on strong limbs, able to work out the judgments of God; its executive functions were confided to men-at-arms. The despotism of baronial ignorance and obstinacy, the judicial combat, and private warfare, formed the three divisions of feudal, legal, and political science. Against these Louis the Ninth labored. His clear soul knew that the determinations of the church, from the time of Hildebrand and earlier, against these things were not mere ecclesiastical censures, but were expressions of the deepest feelings of man's nature. And though the church in practice had fallen far short of the theory of her great leaders on this and countless other points, — though in her bosom, too, were despots, tempters of God, and lovers of blood, — the great truth which lay in the action of those leaders was evident to the seeing eyes of the just monarch of France. In October, 1245, before he went upon his sad Egyptian pilgrimage, he had issued an ordinance, the purpose of which was to counteract the old Germanic, barbarian, and so feudal, feeling, that a wrong done one was not to be revenged by injury to the wrong-doer, but must be washed out by vengeance taken on his innocent kindred. He that slew his brother's murderer did but take the place of the hangman or headsman; he must slay one who did not deserve slaying, and so place himself on an equality with the offender. This, within limits, Louis forbade; if a man must have blood, he should

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take the blood of the wrong-doer. Next came a law by which either party liable to be involved in a private warfare might, by going to a feudal superior, prevent the resort to force; the other party, in short, was bound to keep the peace, and if he did not keep it, he was hung. But these steps, though large ones, were not enough to satisfy the conscientious lawmaker; and in January, 1257, by the advice and consent of his council, he utterly forbade all private warfare whatsoever. True, his prohibition did not stop it entirely and at once; but from the moment he promulgated this last edict, we may be sure that all who reverenced its author, all who loved quiet, all who saw the evils of overruling physical force, all who recognized the immense moral mischief of the old system, united in upholding the ordinance of Louis, and founding the reign of modern law. The husbandman whose corn-fields were trampled to mire, the merchant whose goods roving bands of armed men seized by the way, the mechanic whose shop was searched for arms and accoutrements, the priest who was insulted by the lawless soldiery, the newly seen law-student whose scraps from the Pandects were torn from him by unlettered squires, — all the lower, all the middle, and a large part of the female half of the higher class, — were agreed upon the vital question, "Shall this private redress of wrongs continue?" With one voice they answered, "No"; and though for more than a century the baronial power withstood king, commons, and women, it each day grew weaker, and drew nearer to its last death-struggle.

But the use of force in the executive department was a less evil, and a more manageable one, than its use in courts of justice; and for a plain reason; an all-prevailing superstition sanctioned the latter; the judicial combat was an appeal to God, and in those "ages of faith," the masses — not the church — smiled on every such appeal. Nor was it superstition and popular feeling alone which upheld the judgment by force of arms; the interest of the armed aristocracy was no less urgent in its support. So long as a good lance, a trusty steed, and a strong arm could insure a man God's voice in his favor, — that is, so long as might could make right, — all who were trained to the battle-field as their true sphere feared nothing; they dared in any cause meet any one in battle, and the combat was a reference of

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all questions to strength and skill. How many lonely nights of prayer, meditation, and heart-sick doubt the kindly Louis spent in Egypt, Syria, and France, considering, with full eyes and damp brow, how he might cure the evil, he was conscious of, not even the faithful Joinville can reveal to us; they will be numbered in the last day, at the footstool of the Great King. All that we learn is this, that in 1260, not arbitrarily, but as before, by advice and consent of a parliament or council, he forbade peremptorily all use of the "battles of justice" within his own feudal domains, ordaining in their place proof by witnesses. Especially he forbade the battles between a party to the trial and his judge, which in those old feudal times of force served instead of writs of error and bills of exceptions; and in room thereof, he ordered an appeal or reference of the whole proceedings to the king's own tribunal. These two steps, — the substitution of witnesses in place of an appeal to God by battle between parties, and the creation of an appeal to himself, when either party was dissatisfied with his judge, instead of another call to Heaven, — these two steps, although for the time confined to his own domains, did more to destroy that form of organized barbarism which we call feudalism, than all the contests and victories of Louis the Fat and Philip Augustus. Any baron with a bull's or boar's head could guess who was victor in a listed field; but when he was set down to read papers (leaving out of view the probability that he could not read at all, and must employ a scribe or lawyer to read for him), — when, we say, this Front-de-bœuf was set down to read documents, weigh evidence, split hairs, and logically work out conclusions, his patience could nowise bear the trial, and he was glad enough, like the worthy Mr. Nupkins in Pickwick, to refer the whole matter to a Mr. Jinks, a legist, a lawyer, an antibaron, who strove week by week and hour by hour to effect the great work of modern days, — the subordination of physical, brute force to intellectual, human acumen. Will the hour ever come, when both these shall yield to the power of divine goodness?

Nor was the appeal to the king's court less important than the use of testimony in place of swords and lances. It did, indeed, far more than any thing else to increase the power of the throne, and especially its moral power, its position in the eyes of mankind. We say, more than any thing else; but

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in this we regard the right to declare a case to be a "royal case" as a form of appeal. There had been for some reigns back a growing disposition to refer certain questions to the king's tribunals, as being regal, not baronial, questions. Louis the Ninth gave to this disposition distinct form and value, and, under the influence of the baron-hating legists, he so ordained, in conformity with the Roman law, that, under given circumstances, almost any case might be referred to his tribunal. This, of course, gave to the king's judgment-seat and to him more of influence than any other step ever taken had done. It was, in substance, an appeal of the people from the nobles to the king, and it threw at once the balance of power into the royal hands.

And how did he use this power? Less like a king than a father. Under the oak-trees at Vincennes behold him sitting, — his learned counsellors, Pierre de Fontaines and Geoffroy de Vellettes, near by, — waiting rather to arbitrate than judge between those who came to his tribunal. How patiently he listens! How anxiously he examines all proofs! How kindly he points out the middle way, overlooked by both disputants, which will conduct to justice! Can we still wonder that such a man, in such times, was soon to become a saint in the estimation of men? But neither he, nor any other mortal, could perform the whole duty required; and it became necessary to make the occasional sitting of the king's council or parliament, which exercised certain judicial functions, permanent; and to change its composition, by diminishing the feudal and increasing the legal or legist element. Thus everywhere, in the barons' courts, the king's court, and the central parliament, the Roman, legal, organized element began to predominate over the German, feudal, barbaric tendencies, and the foundation-stones of modern society were laid.

But the just soul of Louis and the prejudices of his Romanized counsellors were not arrayed against the old Teutonic barbarism alone, with its endless private wars and judicial duels; they stood equally opposed to the extravagant claims of the Roman hierarchy. Rome had commenced the work of uniting Christendom; had labored, and effectually, against the democracy of nobles, the feudal system; the crusades were the fruit, as chivalry was the flower, of the union between the German element and the church. But

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in destroying in some respects feudal disintegration, Rome had left it in other respects untouched; her strength lay in the disagreements of kings and nobles; and where she produced union, it was always in subjection, not to Christianity, but to the Western church. The great plans of Hildebrand hinged upon the ultimate omnipotence on earth of the see of St. Peter; all temporal power must bow to spiritual, and at the head of all spiritual powers in this world was the successor of the great Apostle of the keys. Against this first form of modern unity there had been struggles numberless; — one familiar to all English readers is the contest of Henry Plantagenet and Thomas à Becket; — but the first calm, deliberate, consistent opposition to the centralizing power of the great see was that offered by its truest friend and most honest ally, Louis of France. From 1260 to 1268, step by step was taken by the defender of the liberties of the Gallican church, until, in the year last named, he published his "Pragmatic Sanction," his response, by advice of his wise men, to the voice of the nation, the Magna Charta of the freedom of the church of France, upon whose vague articles the champions of that freedom could write commentaries, and found claims, innumerable. The provisions of this charter are nowise remarkable; the fifth protects France to some extent against the exactions of Rome; but otherwise there was nothing in the Pragmatic Sanction of 1268 which the popes had not time and again countenanced. And yet this ordinance of Louis has been the sheet-anchor of that Gallic independence in ecclesiastical matters which, we suspect, will yet shake off Papacy for Catholicism, and demonstrate that there may be a church free, on the one hand, from sectarianism, on the other, from despotism.

But the legislation of Louis did not stop with antagonism to the feudal system and to the unauthorized claims of the church; it provided for another great grievance of the Middle Age, that lying and unequal system of coinage which was a poison to honest industry and commercial intercourse. Eighty barons struck money as they pleased, and changed their coinage as the fit took them, or interest prompted. In each barony that coin only was current which the lord had his clipping from. And as alterations of the money were of incalculable evil, and the subjects of each coiner prayed for permanence in the value of each class of pieces, the

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lords wisely — as the world goes — took pay from the sufferers as a bribe not to vary the standard, and then — in the same spirit of wisdom — varied it as they pleased, and sweated their pounds very nearly to ounces. These things, evil and unjust, did not escape the eye of our conscientious king. As early as 1247, he began his changes by shutting out foreign coin, and making the royal coin everywhere receivable, and everywhere the standard. Having once assumed this ground, he had only to preserve the king's coin at one unvaried value, and all others were forced to bring their moneys to the same value, or they were driven from the market. By these simple means did the good monarch and his long-headed advisers — a sound heart working by a hundred keen wits — cause, for a time at least, uniformity where had been diversity, make it for the interest of the knavish to become honest, and ultimately secure the general prevalence of the issue from the regal mint, as men found that it never changed, while the baronial money-moulders were for ever striving to overreach their neighbour burghers and the thick-headed Flemish merchants. The old gospel had been, as we have said, "Might makes right"; the new commercial glad tidings were fast growing in favor, — the saying, that "Honesty is the best policy." Through thick world-vapors the sun of Christianity comes slowly up.

But among the laws of Louis bearing upon commercial interests were many which would not suit our liberal, free-thinking, free-trade age. His first reforms included, as we have seen, provisions against the Jews; and in after days, Christian-Jews as well, Lombards and others, came under his condemnation. Why? Partly because of the old Jewish provision against usury; partly because Aristotle and the philosophy of the Middle Age forbade the fertility of money; and partly, also, because, in the days of St. Louis, money was not so used by most of those who paid usury as to make it a fair subject of usury. The Jews and Lombards, when money first took its modern omnipotent position, and could no longer be come at by the strong hand, *were* mostly usurers in the worst sense, and wrung "the forfeit of the bond," though it were the pound of flesh, from the panting, dying debtor, who had at first borrowed but as a means of staving off some earlier leech, some other Shylock.

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However, while the feeling of our day will and must protest against Louis's strong provisions in opposition to usury, it is entitled to record its vote in favor of the general tendency of his commercial regulations. They were calculated to raise the trading, and ultimately the laboring classes, to their true position in the eyes of the public; they were incomplete, perhaps evil; but surely they were a step beyond the old iron feudalism; and if our age be, as we claim, in advance of the Middle Age, then was the legislation of St. Louis superior to that of his predecessors. Philip Augustus had done much to break down the baronial power; but in doing this, he warred as chief of the barons, and nothing that he did was calculated any more to abolish the woes and wrongs of feudalism than the subjection of the barons of conquered England by William the Victor and Henry Plantagenet. Louis, on the other hand, unconsciously, through sheer love of right, and aided, urged on, guided, by those who had whetted their intellects on the Pandects and the history of Roman despotism, sapped the foundations of Teutonic law and Papal unity, — two things which he reverenced; — and laid the basis of modern despotism, — a thing he dreamt not of, and would have hated. England was saved from this eddy of absolutism against individualism, partly by the strong hold which the early Norman monarchs had over the nobles in the midst of a conquered but unquiet people, and partly by the formation of a middle, Cedric-the-Saxon class, which were neither Robin-Hood outlaws, and so short-lived, nor easy Athelstanes, with bull-necks bowed for the yoke. England withstood the transition from feudal lawlessness to modern, industrial law, by the power of her country gentry, and their offspring in the cities and boroughs, — all of good, substantial German make; France — impulsive, mercurial, Celtic, Romanized France — gave up Teuton barbaric freedom, and put on the straight-jacket of revived imperial rule, as easily as her Gallic ancestors had bent to the sword of Cæsar. Rome conquered Gaul, but never Germany; the lawyers of the time of Louis the Ninth — the spiritual progeny of ancient Rome — reconquered the dwellers in the Gallic provinces, but were repulsed by the tough Teutonic Hampdens and Cromwells of the isle of Hengist and Horsa.

And now the great work of Louis was completed; the

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barons were conquered, the people protected, quiet prevailed through the kingdom, the national church was secured in her liberties. The invalid of Egypt, the sojourner of Syria, had realized his dreams and purposes of good to his own subjects, and once again the early vision of his manhood, the recovery of Palestine, haunted his slumbering and his waking hours. And from that land, so dear to him, came news of greater and greater terror and interest to the Christian world; the Mamelukes were exterminating its inhabitants. In 1267, the king of France convened his nobles at Paris. He sent to Joinville to be present; but the worthy seneschal excused himself, on the ground that he had an ague; the king, however, would not listen to excuses, and assuring him he had physicians who could cure any ague, prevailed on his old comrade to appear at the capital, though why he was summoned he knew not. On the twenty-fifth of May, however, all was explained. In the great hall of the Louvre, Louis, bearing the Crown of Thorns in his reverent hands, met his nobles, and announced to them his purposes. Weak almost to fainting, too weak to sit a horse or ride even in a carriage, worn to a shade by fasts, penances, and vigils, — but with an eye expressive of the undaunted and tireless soul that upheld him, he, first of all, resumed the cross; then his three sons bound themselves to the crusade; and then, unable to resist so firm and self-forgetting a spirit, lords and knights, many a one. But though all admired the disinterested heroism of Louis, not a few blamed his rashness. The pope tried to dissuade him; Joinville opposed him; his councillors pointed out the danger to his kingdom; his family wept at the prospect of his loss; his clergy grumbled at the idea of increased taxes. But the hero of the cross had not taken his resolve rashly, and no slight obstacles could stop him; he felt his end drawing near, and his heart ached to beat its last in the service of Jesus. Through three years, calmly, consistently, and with a prescience that he should not return, he prepared all within and without his kingdom for his departure; provided for his children; began his paper of instructions to his successor; and named those who were to act as regents. At length the appointed time came; with bare feet he made his last visits to Notre Dame, to the tomb of St. Denis, assumed the staff and wallet of the pilgrim, and bowed before the holy relics in adoration.

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On the sixteenth of March, 1270, he left Paris for the seashore; on the first of July, he sailed from France. The sad, sad story of this his last earthly doing need not be here repeated. Led, we scarce know why, to sail to Tunis; without wishing it, involved in an unjust and useless war with the Moors; delayed by the tardiness of his able but abominable brother, Charles of Anjou; and seeing daily his army melt away beneath the heat of the climate, thirst, hunger, pestilence, and the Moorish arrows, — it was but too certain that the last of the crusaders was drawing near his end. From his resting-place, the castle of Carthage, Louis could look out upon the burning sands of the shore, the molten sea, the sky of burnished brass; he could watch the southern winds sweep the sharp dust of the desert into the camp of his followers; could behold the African horsemen hovering around his devoted troops, destroying every straggler. Leaning with his thin, feeble hands upon the battlements, he looked toward the bay where floated the ship in which his favorite son lay sick, stricken by the plague which was consuming so many; which even then had fastened upon the king's own blood. With tearful, anxious, yet patient and confiding eyes, he watched the vessel just moving in the roll of the bay under that August sun, and prayed to God and Jesus that his son might live, and his brother quickly come. His prayer was not granted; on the third of August, the Count of Nevers died; on the eleventh, his death was told to his father; on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the fleet of Charles of Anjou had not yet appeared. Meanwhile the poison in the veins of the monarch had through twenty-one days been working, and none yet knew whether he would live or die. From his sick-bed he had sent messages of comfort and resignation to the sick around him; on his bed of weakness and pain he had finished those advices to his successor which should be engraved in adamant, and given to every king and king's son to grow better by. "Hold to justice," such are some of his words, — "be inflexible and true, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, and sustain the cause of the poor until justice be done him. If any one has to do with thee, be for him and against thyself. Beware of beginning war, ... and if it be begun, spare the church and the innocent. Appease all quarrels that thou canst. Procure good officers, and

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see that they do their duty. Keep thy expenses within bounds."

So passed the closing hours of the French king. During the night of the twenty-fourth of August, he asked to be taken from his bed, and laid, unworthy sinner that he was, on a bed of ashes. His request was complied with; and so he lay, his hands crossed, his eyes fixed upon the suffering form of his Saviour, until some three hours after the next midday. Those who sat by, and saw how breath failed him, drew the curtains of the window to admit the slight breeze that curled the waters of the bay, and looked out, carelessly, into the August afternoon. Afar off, a fleet was just coming in sight, the long-expected fleet of Anjou. With beating hearts they knelt and told the royal invalid on his couch of ashes; but his ear was deaf, his eye lifeless, his jaw fallen.

Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is! And issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint, for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men! Truly a saint; not faultless, — neither was Peter; not intellectually omnipotent, — neither was John; not an overturner, — he would render Cæsar's dues to Cæsar, God's to God. We have said he was no radical; perhaps we erred; there is no truly radical, root-reaching reform that does not flow from the infinite in man's heart and conscience; the finite, in his mind, is much, but always superficial, not radical. Glory to Louis the Ninth! glory to all who have reformed as their Master did, from the centre outward! Let him be Saint Louis, the Holy Louis, the divinely enlightened Louis! And let us of Protestantism weep that it is so hard for us to raise our true and noble men, our heroes and earthly saviours, our Eliots, Hampdens, and Cromwells, Washingtons and Jays, into saints also, for ever to be revered.

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ART. III. — *The Vision; or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of* DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 587.

WE rejoice to see an American edition of Cary's Dante, which, in its general execution, leaves little to be desired by the lovers of the poet. It is about thirty years since Mr. Cary gave to the public his translation of Dante, and to him the English reader is indebted for the first complete and nearly adequate idea of the great Italian. The translators who preceded him either tried their skill only on small fragments of the poem, or utterly failed in transferring its spirit to the English. The translator's task is always a delicate one; a poet alone can translate a poet; and even then, with the best abilities he can bring to the task, the finer effluence of the poetry is apt to escape. Words in the original may be highly poetical, made so by associations which have grown to them and given them a hue, like the weather-stains on the marble pillars of old temples, — while the corresponding words in the other language may be only simple and prosaic terms. Whether the translator confine himself closely to his master, as Cary does for the most part, — or departs widely from his author, and supplies an obscurity or a defect of language by a liberal paraphrase, as Coleridge occasionally does in his version of Wallenstein, — the translation, in either case, is but an approximation to the original.

Whatever difficulties there may be in rightly estimating foreign poets, from peculiarity of dialect, national characteristics, or the temper of their times, are to be found in full force with respect to Dante. We read him slowly, by piecemeal, and fritter away our interest by dwelling upon details, instead of swelling the mind to comprehend the one grand whole. We are studying grammar, not poetry; the Italian language, the old Italian, nervous, knotty, and involved, instead of the Divina Commedia. We are examining an immense cathedral with a microscope; and though even then we must often admire the polish of the marbles and the beauty of the mosaics, we may oftener be troubled, because this buttress is too rough and that pillar too big, this angel's cheeks too fat, and that sculptured saint too lean.

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After all, we must throw away our microscope and stand off, if we would see the whole and not merely the parts. We must watch the light playing upon its lofty spires, we must walk through its silent aisles, we must sit down and meditate in its sombre recesses, if we would bring our souls into harmony with the mighty structure. For the remedy of all the difficulties which for a long time prevented the great poet of Italy from being justly appreciated by English readers, we are greatly indebted to Mr. Cary, whose fourth edition, prepared but a short time before his recent death, is now before us. We trust no apology is needed for making it the occasion, after so long a silence on the topic, of bringing again before our readers one of the "all Etruscan three" and his great work. Besides the prominent interest which the poet himself inspires, many reasons might be adduced to show, that a consideration of his genius and the circumstances under which it was developed is no unfruitful work for the student of English literature. One is, that Italy was at that time, and for years afterward, the great fountain of learning and refinement. It was at the head of Christendom. Italian poetry, also, became familiar at an early period to the English, and exerted a marked influence upon their literature. Almost every English poet, from Chaucer to Dryden, drew something from the Italian, or from events in Italian history. We might add, as a third and more particular reason, that Dante, of all poets, shows most entirely the spirit of his age and of the preceding ages, gave the strongest impulse to other poets, and especially that he and Milton have at the same time such near affinities and such marked diversities.

The biography of Dante is brief and meagre. He was born in Florence, in May, 1265, and died at Ravenna, in July or September, 1321, seven years before the birth of Chaucer, and more than seventy before the Canterbury Tales were written. His family was ancient and honorable; his education complete, according to the idea of his times; his accomplishments liberal and manly. He studied at the Universities of Bologna and Padua, and, it is said, urged by his eagerness for learning, travelled to Paris, and even to Oxford. While yet in his boyhood, he became acquainted with Beatrice Portinari, a beautiful Florentine of his own rank, and but a year younger than himself. In his own graceful and elevating language, he tells us how they saw each other, how

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he loved her, how they were parted, and how she died at the age of twenty four, and became a saint in heaven. As the poet grew in years and learning, he acquired fame in battle and honor as a magistrate and ambassador. At the age of thirty-five he became chief of the priors, and seems to have been an active and energetic member of the government. He proposed some of the most vigorous measures for healing the wounds of the state, and at the time of his sentence of exile was ambassador to the pope.

The times in which he lived were peculiarly turbulent and perilous. Men's passions both for good and evil, the contests of freedom and tyranny, were fierce and uncontrolled. The Italian republics were in the full enjoyment of their irregular and vehement liberty. Great cities had grown up in all the north of Italy, and each city had its dependent surrounding territory, its prince or its nobles, and its factions. The great contest between the Church and the Emperor, a contest begun by Hildebrand two centuries before, was not yet laid to rest. Italy fought against Germany and Germany against Italy, and with varied success. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were periods of almost ceaseless conflicts, either between the two great parties of the North and the South, or between factions which were rife in every town, and only kept in abeyance by the pressure of a great and common danger. Frederick Barbarossa had ravaged Italy, but he could not subdue it. In 1162, he razed Milan to the ground; in 1167, it was rebuilt by all the cities in the League of Lombardy, a league of all parties for the defence of the common liberty against a common enemy. Innocent the Third had reasserted the power of the church with all the vigor of Gregory the Seventh, and lent the might of his spiritual forces to whatever prince would in turn augment the authority of the pope.

In the midst of these complicated and long-continued distractions, had grown up the great maritime powers of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa. Their fleets were united in every part of the Great Sea to chastise the Turks and the pirates, — or, delivered from the fear of those barbarous foes, fought with equal fury among themselves for supremacy. Venice had already consolidated her vigorous aristocracy; her merchants were princes. "Genoa la superba," around its splendid gulf, had built up palaces, which are now, after six

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centuries, the admiration of travellers, as they were then. She had humbled the power of Pisa by a terrible victory, and compelled Venice to sue for peace. She maintained military and mercantile colonies at St. Jean d'Acre in the Holy Land, at Pera opposite to Constantinople, and at Caffa in the Black Sea. Architecture had begun to flourish. Pisa was celebrated for its "profusion of marble, its patrician towers, and its grave magnificence"; and in one "sacred corner" there stood then, as now, its Leaning Tower, its Cathedral, its Baptistery, and its Campo Santo. The stately Palazzo Vecchio at Florence had been built, and the churches of St. Croce and St. Maria were begun; it is curious to add, they are not finished yet. With the genius of Casella, Cimabue, and Giotto, began a new era for music, painting, and sculpture, and Andrea de' Pisa had cast those bronze doors for the Baptistery at Florence which Michel Angelo used to say were worthy to be the gates of paradise. The cities, according to Sismondi, were surrounded with walls, and paved with flat stones, while the inhabitants of Paris could not stir out of their houses without plunging into the mud.

It was also an age not undistinguished by great men; the age of Roger Bacon, of Albertus Magnus, of Bonaventura, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, of Thomas the Rhymer and Marco Polo, of Sir William Wallace and Edward the First. It was an age of immense activity, of power, and wealth, and splendor, but not of justice or freedom. Not only did city fight against city with the fury of insanity, where all true policy would have taught them to combine for mutual assistance and support; but every city was torn by the fiercest factions. Every street was the scene of a battle. The Coliseum, the tombs of Adrian, and Augustus, and Cecilia Metella, the arches and the temples of Rome, were turned into fortresses. The sombre architecture of the old palaces, with their lower stories of solid masonry, and the few loopholes grated with iron, show to the modern that a man's house was then literally his castle. The most bitter and cruel factions were those of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. Through circumstances which we need not turn aside to detail, the names of two German families became the rallying words of parties which for three hundred years were relentless in their hatred. The Guelphs were general-

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ly in favor of the freedom of the Italian cities, and as generally had the church on their side. The Ghibelines sympathized for the most part with the German emperor. Powerful families of both these factions inhabited every city, and it required but a slight circumstance to fan into a flame the latent fire of controversy. The picture which Bulwer gives in his Rienzi, of the strife between the Colonna and Orsini, had probably a thousand counterparts. Success oscillated from one side to the other, and the fierceness of each party could be measured only by that of its rival. On this troubled theatre was Dante to act his part, to bear his sorrows, to exhibit his greatness. Disappointments less keen and sufferings less severe would have left him a more joyous life, but the vast capacities of his spirit might have remained to us for ever unrevealed.

Of all the cities of Italy, Florence was dignified by the most learned men, and by the greatest love of justice and of freedom. According to Sismondi, its judicial institutions were the first which offered any guaranty to the citizen. Yet Florence was torn by fierce party spirit. Only five years before Dante was born, the Ghibelines entirely expelled the Guelphs from its precincts, and would have razed the city to the ground, had not their leader, Farinata degli Uberti, a man of equal military skill, honor, and eloquence, protested against the barbarity. A more bitter strife still, and one pregnant with sorrow for the poet, sprang from an obscurer source. A powerful Guelph family, the Cancelliari, was divided into two branches, the Bianchi and Neri, or Whites and Blacks. Between these branches had arisen a quarrel marked with singular bitterness and atrocity even for that fierce age. All Tuscany became at last involved in the strife, and for a moment the names of Guelph and Ghibeline were forgotten in the watchwords of the new factions. Dante joined the Bianchi; the Neri were successful, and the greatest citizen of Florence, with six hundred other persons, was driven into exile, his possessions given up to pillage or confiscated, and he was sentenced, if taken, to be burnt.* Thenceforth there was no more hope for him in this world, for banishment was more bitter than death. He made several efforts to recover his standing in Florence, but

* For the terms of this decree, see Tiraboschi, Vol. V., part 2, p. 481.

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without effect. For twenty-one years he found no permanent home, living at Arezzo, at Padua, at Verona, at Ravenna, or wandering as an exile through almost every part of Italy. It is said that the Florentines, after sixteen years of the poet's banishment had passed away, gave him leave to return, on the dishonorable condition of paying a fine and making a public avowal of his offence; — gave *him* leave, for whose bones their children begged again and again, through the powerful intervention of Pope Leo the Tenth, and the eloquent lips of Michel Angelo, and begged in vain. These conditions by no means suited the lofty spirit of Dante. He would eagerly come as a loyal and loving citizen, — as a criminal and a slave, never. At Ravenna, where he found his last and most liberal patron, the drama of his melancholy life drew towards its last scene.

On the fourteenth of September, 1321, according to the best authorities, on the day when the Roman church celebrates the exaltation of the Holy Cross, chagrined at the failure of an embassy to Venice on behalf of his patron, and worn out with sorrow and disappointment, wrapped in the coarse garb of a friar, he lay down to die. From before his eyes this vain world was passing away. No requiems were sung; no crowds hurried through the streets to inquire how it fared with the great poet. Italy knew not her true glory; she had not begun to scatter her incense. Alone, an exile, in the palace of a friend, Guido Novello da Polenta, but not in Florence, he sunk to rest. He was ushered into that world of whose mysteries he had sung. He went to take up his abode, if hope is a true prophet,

> "With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
> Hymns devout and holy psalms
> Singing everlastingly."

After he was dead, the robe and cowl of the monk were exchanged for the vestments of the poet. His obsequies were worthily solemnized, and the mortal remains of him whom Florence had despised and vainly tried to dishonor were quietly and affectionately laid in their sepulchre, by one whose name the lovers of the poet will not let die; and the city where they repose shall attract reverent pilgrims from all lands, shall be one of the holy places of the imagination for evermore.

Among the minor works of Dante is a treatise *De Monar-*

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chia, in which he defends the emperor against the pope, — and two books *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, which contain a criticism on poetry, particularly the vernacular poetry of Italy. These works are in Latin. Besides these, he wrote in Italian the *Vita Nuova*, containing an account of his attachment to Beatrice, and the *Convito*, which explains at length the sense of some of his Canzoni. His sonnets have been excellently translated by Mr. Lyell. But his great work was the Divina Commedia, talked of by all, praised by the many, read and loved by the few. To this we shall chiefly confine our remarks.

One cannot read half a canto of Dante without feeling that his poem was the great and serious labor of his life; as earnest an intellectual labor, one would think, as was ever performed. By literary men, scholars, and poets, we frequently understand fine gentlemen, merry of heart and jovial in intercourse, living at their ease, quiet and happy. But Dante was neither quiet nor happy. There was no trifling upon his lips, and little gayety in his heart. His comedy was more serious than the tragedy of most men. In his laughter there are tears: —

> "Seldom he smiled; and smiled in such a sort
> As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at any thing."

What would be humor in others is, in him, concentrated to sarcasm and bitterness. His earnestness and intensity as much inform every page of his work, as Milton's sublimity does the Paradise Lost. What a sombre world he lived in! How many shadows overhung his pathway! How deep a gloom darkened the sky of Tuscany! How many of the sharp stings of faction pierced his bosom! His spirit was withdrawn from the world; he lived among men, but not of them, — forced, from very lack of sympathy, to withdraw within himself, — with a high ideal before him of the glory and power of Italy, but with no means of realizing it, — looking out from the "loopholes of retreat," upon a degraded state, upon a degraded religion! He saw the church administered by vicious prelates; now cringing to a foreign power, now herself playing the tyrant. And Italy, that beautiful land, unrivalled in arts, in learning, in refinement, the mistress of the Great Sea, the spiritual mistress of the world, instead of growing great by harmonious counsels, rent all in pieces by the most selfish factions.

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"Ah, slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!
Vessel without a pilot in loud storm!
Lady no longer of fair provinces,
But brothel-house impure! . . . . .
. . . . . While now thy living ones
In thee abide not without war; and one
Malicious gnaws another; ay, of those
Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.
Seek, wretched one! around thy sea-coasts wide;
Then homeward to thy bosom turn; and mark,
If any part of thee sweet peace enjoy."

Purgatory, Canto VI., l. 76.

Emphatic words, nearly as true now as then; which might have suggested some stanzas to Byron, had any thing more been necessary to awaken the sorrow and indignation of the fiery poet, than to dwell in constant sight of so much beauty and so much oppression.

But Dante wrote as no foreigner can write, with the sorrow and bitterness of a disappointed and injured son. He knew what it was to fall from honor to ignominy. Florence, "*parvi mater amoris*," whom yet with all her faults he loved with true filial affection, cast him forth from her walls. He learned how hard are those steps which lead to a patron's door; he ate the most bitter bread, the bread of charity, doled out with reluctant hands.

The sadness with which he speaks of this banishment is very touching and very beautiful.

"Alas," said he, "had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly; suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age, and in which, with her good-will, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving, on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that

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springs out of sad poverty ; and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form ; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt." — *Life of Dante.*

It is easy to see why his poem could not have been to him merely a pleasant recreation. It was the sorrowful music of a melancholy heart. Melancholy — not ill-nature, but a certain sadness and depression, from an intense view of life, its complicated relations and destiny — is, as we have been told, an attribute of every profound poetical genius. How otherwise, in a world like ours, would the poet be capable of that comprehensive sympathy which is his peculiar glory ? How could he awaken those profound affections and passions which lend their life and power to tragedy ? How present vividly before us those awful catastrophes, which few only are actually called to suffer, but which many imagine they see hanging before them in the dimness of the future ? A profound insight into the soul, a sense of its immense capacities, its wants, its aspirations, its disappointments, its sins, its mysterious destiny, — this must sometimes press upon the mind with an almost insupportable weight. But the great poet sees all this as by intuition, — sees it magnified and rendered intense by a domineering imagination, and feels it with that superior sympathy which is given him for his greater glory and his greater pain. It is this deeper sympathy with the melancholy phases of life, combined with a loftier enthusiasm and a more sustained power of thought, which forms one characteristic of the epic or tragic poet as distinguished from the comic ; and which assign him not only a different, but a more exalted sphere. Lacking this appreciation of the sorrows of humanity, the poet may revel in wit and humor, may produce his unequalled comedy or scorching satire, but there is a broader and richer field which he can never enter ; there are " glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain " to which he can never attain.

It is a part of the poet's mission to give an intense and musical expression to the feelings and sentiments of the common heart of humanity ; to catch from the world all its sombre and its gay hues, and to reflect them with different forms and wider significance ; and in proportion to the universality

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of his genius will be his power of developing the most various phases of human experience. We count in units those who have been equally at home in the grave and the lively, — in the grandeur of lofty thought and quiet contemplation, and in the beauty of simple and artless melodies; but every poet who makes large excursions through the domain of thought and feeling must make trial of that inheritance of sorrow, of which, from his very nature, he must partake more largely than his fellows.

Homer, so full of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, does not shut his eyes to its miseries. He shows us the hearts which it lacerates, the homes which it makes desolate, the household gods which it destroys. He leads us in with old gray-headed Priam, that we may hear the pleading of a father for the dead body of his son, and see the tears of the divine Achilles. How profoundly mournful are many of the pages of Milton! a spirit of sorrow broods over his whole work. Spenser is continually turning one's view aside from the brighter scenes, by some picture which disposes us to contemplation, and, before we are aware, solemn thoughts come stealing over the mind, as they would if we were walking alone in a great cathedral. Even Chaucer, with all his gayety, now and then tinges his pictures with hues more dark and foreboding; the beautiful freshness of the morning is sometimes overshadowed. And in the great dramatists, in their great master, above all, how much is there which suits the temper of grief, — expressions which supply just the word to the craving and desolate affections, to say nothing of the awful tragedies which almost crush the soul that yields to them without restraint!

But that which, in most great poets, is comparatively a subordinate, though essential characteristic, is, with Dante, one of the most prominent. He does not dally and play with sorrow as those do who have never experienced it, and who therefore covet some semblance of it as a relief from the tedium of uninterrupted enjoyment.

"Nothing so dainty sweet as lonely melancholy"

is a choice line of Beaumont and Fletcher;* but Dante never could have uttered it. His sorrow is seen, not in the fine things which he says about it, but in the whole tenor of his

* *The Nice Valour*, Act III., Scene 3.

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thoughts, the indwelling spirit of the Divine Comedy. It gave birth to those words of mingled scorn and sadness which made him feared while he was loved. It drew those solemn lines upon his face, which give so much expression and truth to the rudest image of him which the Italian stamps in glass or cuts in lava. The face of Dante is very noticeable. Coleridge once said, that all men of genius have something feminine in their expression. Whether it be so of all, we do not affirm; but over the countenance of Dante is cast a veil of softness and delicacy which attempers its sternness, covers, and, if we may so speak, drives inward, the sorrow which it cannot conceal.

We trust there is no need of our venturing on that most unsatisfactory of all things, the abstract of a poem, in order to make our few remarks intelligible to our readers. Of the three portions of the Divina Commedia, the Inferno has been generally considered the most powerful, as exhibiting the fresh and unwasted strength of the poet. There is, indeed, in it more of the terrible energy of his genius, more that smites the soul as with a thunderbolt; but some of the finest passages are in the other two parts, particularly in the Purgatory. The Paradise is, to our mind, too full of learning, and mysteries, and subtile discussions, for the highest poetic effect. Still, the tone of each part is so different from that of the others, and all are so manifestly necessary to complete the idea of Dante, that the objector should be cautious. We are not sure but we should return oftener to the Purgatory than to either of the other parts, the air of it is so serene. We emerge into it from all the horrors of the Inferno. The murky vapors no longer stifle us. We again behold the mild stars, and breathe freely in the clear air, and listen to the sweet words of penitence and hope.

One cannot fail to notice, on the most careless reading, the intensity of thought and feeling which pervades the whole poem. The images burn into one's heart; the woe wraps itself about the soul; yet the poet is not so great, not so terrible, as to be beyond our affections. He draws us to him by his exquisite tenderness, and by his tears makes us weep. A remarkable characteristic of Dante is his distinct delineation of character. Indeed, he does not seem to delineate so much as to create. He speaks the word, and there stand the figures, every lineament sharp and clear, every hue

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and expression indelible. They are struck out, as a medallion is, by one blow of the hammer. Capaneus, who lies under the burning shower which he scorns to notice, is a compact image of Milton's Satan.

" Such as I was
When living, dead such now I am. If Jove
Weary his workmen out, from whom in ire
He snatched the lightnings that at my last day
Transfixed me, if the rest he weary out,
At their black smithy laboring by turns,
In Mongibello, while he cries aloud,
' Help, help, good Mulciber ! ' as erst he cried
In the Phlegræan warfare ; and the bolts
Launch he, full aimed at me, with all his might ;
He never should enjoy a sweet revenge."

Inferno, Canto XIV.

For quiet beauty of picture, nothing can exceed those emblems graven on the rocks in Purgatory. One is David, who

" Onward came
With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise,
Israel's sweet harper ; in that hap he seemed
Less, and yet more, than kingly. Opposite,
At a great palace, from the lattice forth
Looked Michol, like a lady full of scorn
And sorrow."

Another is Trajan : —

" A widow at his bridle stood, attired
In tears and mourning. Round about them trooped
Full throng of knights ; and overhead in gold
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind."

Purgatory, Canto X.

The eye of the poet is clear and quick for the myriad forms of nature, the lowest and most familiar, as well as the most majestic and terrible. As an example, look at the twenty-second canto of the Inferno, where the peculators are immersed in the lake of boiling pitch.

" As dolphins that, in sign
To mariners, heave high their arched backs,
That, thence forewarned, they may advise to save
Their threatened vessel ; so, at intervals,

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To ease the pain, his back some sinner showed,
Then hid more nimbly than the lightning-glance."
Inferno, Canto XXII.

Every boy who has watched a frog-pond can see the truth of what follows.

"E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
Their feet and of the trunk all else concealed,
Thus on each part the sinners stood; but soon
As Barbariccia was at hand, so they
Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet
My heart doth stagger, one that waited thus,
As it befalls that oft one frog remains,
While the next springs away; and Graffiacan,
Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized
His clotted locks, and dragged him sprawling up,
That he appeared to me an otter." — *Ib.*

Observe, too, the picture which follows. The sinner thus drawn out for new torments, by some craft, got away, and hurried to the lake of pitch. The two demons pursued, but he dived down and escaped, while they turned back enraged.

"E'en thus the waterfowl, when she perceives
The falcon near, dives instant down, while he,
Enraged and spent, retires. That mockery
In Calcabrina fury stirred, who flew
After him, with desire of strife inflamed;
And — for the barterer had 'scaped — so turned
His talons on his comrade. O'er the dike
In grapple close they joined; but the other proved
A goshawk able to rend well his foe;
And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat
Was umpire soon between them; but in vain
To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued
Their pennons." — *Ib.*

For extreme vividness of picture, which the dullest imagination cannot help visibly portraying, we might turn to the burning tombs, square and massive, the lids half raised, in which heretics met their fate; to the vermilion towers of the city of Dis; to the split and cleft bodies of the schismatics; to the evil councillors, each "swathed in confining fire," little columns of flame, every one enveloping a sinner, as the blaze of a candle does the wick, so that these moving cones of fire, roaring and waving, filled the whole valley. And, indeed, where should we stop?

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The true poetic sagacity in the use of his materials, in determining how far to venture on ground so new and so sacred, is exhibited throughout the poem, although it is very true that his boldness would not be sanctioned in our day. There is one passage in the Paradise where we think the poet shows at once his reverence and his good sense. We mean that in which he is admitted to contemplate the brightness of the Divine Majesty. One would think that he might have committed the fault of certain poets in bringing the Deity down to our form of human speech; or the grosser fault of some distinguished painters, of making some visible representation of the Eternal, Invisible Spirit; but he does not. Borne up by the prayers of Beatrice, St. Bernard, the Virgin, and all the saints, he ventured to look upward: —

> "Thenceforward, what I saw
> Was not for words to speak, nor memory's self
> To stand against such outrage on her skill.
> As one who, from a dream awakened, straight
> All he hath seen forgets, yet still retains
> Impression of the feeling in his dream,
> E'en such am I; for all the vision dies,
> As 't were, away; and yet the sense of sweet,
> That sprang from it, still trickles in my heart.
> Thus in the sun-thaw is the snow unsealed;
> Thus in the winds on flitting leaves was lost
> The Sibyl's sentence." — *Paradise*, Canto XXXIII.

If it be asked why Dante chose such a theme, and especially why, in executing his task, he dwelt so much on the terrible, why he accumulated those grotesque and hideous descriptions of physical suffering, with an ingenuity and invention never excelled, nor perhaps equalled, the answer seems to us not difficult. For a portion of the spirit of his poem, the poet is indebted to his age, — for a portion, to his own genius. Both harmonized in producing the Divine Comedy. We say, then, in reply to the question, such was the spirit of the age, and such was the peculiar genius of the poet. The age was strictly theological and ecclesiastical; learning, art, science, government, society, bore the clear impress of the church. For it philosophers wrote, art was revived, science was allowed so far, and only so far, as seemed not to conflict with ecclesiastical dogmas, while kings and queens thought it their highest honor to

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be styled "defenders of the faith." Now the spirit of these ideas, the very soul of the Middle Ages, is embodied in the poem.

It was not an age of merciful laws nor of mild punishments. Men were put to death for small offences, — they were immured in dungeons, — they were tortured, — they were burnt alive, without a suspicion being excited of cruelty, or of any thing but justice. Less vividness of detail, then, in the poem, less of physical suffering and more of inward and spiritual, would not have suited the rough civilization of the times. What is the pervading idea of the Divine Comedy, but that the future, the limitless future, is determined by the fleeting present; that time is enveloped by eternity; — the idea of man's destiny as extending infinitely beyond the present life, — of the utter impossibility of his fulfilling the purposes of his being in his threescore years and ten? This idea binds together in vigorous unity the three parts of the poem. Perhaps this is one reason why Dante introduces men of every clime and every age, heathen as well as Christian, so as to show the universality of religious sanctions. What is the Inferno, but a clear, condensed, terrible assertion of retribution? Retribution is heard in every wail of every gloomy circle. What is the Purgatory, but a call to repentance, a cry for pity and forgiveness? Though false in theology, it had a lesson in it which would touch every heart, — sorrow for sin, — the possibility of pardon, — expiation. Words of encouragement float on the charmed air; hosannas are wafted to them as if from the open portals of heaven; passages of Scripture are uttered by unseen visitants.

We turn to the pilgrim's account of his entrance into the gate of Purgatory.

> "Attentively I turned,
> Listening the thunder that first issued forth;
> And 'We praise thee, O God!' methought I heard,
> In accents blended with sweet melody.
> The strain came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound
> Of choral voices, that in solemn chant
> With organ mingle, and now high and clear
> Come swelling, now float indistinct away."
>
> *Purgatory*, Canto IX.

The souls go on weeping; they are crushed, and grovel on the earth; but they complain not; still there is hope for

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them. Five hundred years one had been there, and ages must pass before he would be purified, but he complained not; he was directing his way, however slow and sorrowful, to the "waters of peace." And when a soul *was* released, the whole mountain shook for joy.

What is the Paradise but the consummation of all good, — the triumph of infinite compassion, — the joy of redeemed, released, eternally happy spirits? They have endured the trial, and are reaping the reward in the company of the wisest and best of earth, and under guidance of the highest in heaven.

We have said that the genius of the poet suggests a still further explanation of the origin and character of the poem. We may say of him, as the profoundest of our poets said of the earliest of our novelists: — "The energies of his soul were melancholy powers, and their path lay along the dusky dwelling-places of superstition, and fear, and death, and woe." He must have felt both the vanity and the grandeur of life; must, at any rate, have had those thoughts that "wander through eternity." He had tried to satisfy himself with the earth, and the earth had frowned upon him. He sought, with how much eagerness we know, to repose his soul, and reap his civic honors, in the city of his birth and of his love. To her he clung, a loving child, and would have found his honor and happiness in contributing to her prosperity and wisely administering her laws; but the harsh mother sternly shook him from her, and bade him elsewhere seek his fortune and his fame. To what, then, should he turn his thoughts, but to that world where the decisions of time are so often reversed, and the weary and disappointed soul may find rest?

Besides this, we know, that, in certain states of mental distress, the mind seeks relief in scenes of outward violence and danger. It demands the excitement without to allay the fever within. Men rush into battle to appease the anguish of their souls. So Shakspeare represents Lear as talking with the tempest, and finding something congenial and soothing in the pelting of the rain and the roaring of the wind. Byron, we know, loved to ride on horseback in the storm; it suited his humor. Grief instinctively seeks and finds relief in some outward manifestation of itself. It is only a sorrow which utterly crushes the heart, that is silent and tearless. Homer represents the divine Achilles as refresh-

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ing his soul with tears. "For," says Hegel,* "even in tears lies consolation. Man, when entirely absorbed in his sorrow, demands at least the outward manifestation of this inward pain. But the expression of these feelings by means of words, pictures, tones, and forms is still more softening; and therefore it was a good custom of the ancients to have female mourners at deaths and burials, as it brought grief into contemplation in its external form; or, more especially, as it showed the mourner his own grief expressed by others. For thus the whole subject of his sorrow would be brought under his view, and he would be compelled, by its frequent repetition, to reflect upon it, and so would be relieved. Thus abundant tears and many words have always been found the surest means of throwing off the overwhelming weight of sorrow, or at least of relieving the oppressed heart."

May there not have been some powers like these at work in Dante? He was disappointed, dishonored, impoverished, exiled; his domestic life was unhappy; for years he went about with corroding anxiety at his heart; his only inheritance was sorrow. Did he not find, in depicting the gloomy scenes of the Inferno, — those circles after circles of sorrow and woe,— some assuaging of his continual melancholy? Did not these living and fiery pictures fit well the temper of his grief, and really comfort him? There was depth in his sorrow as in his love; neither played upon the surface of his affections, but went through and through him. His laboring heart yearned to utter itself; it must do so, or he must die; and what he believed and felt so intensely he must speak with corresponding vehemence. Under the influence, too, of heavy misfortune, or in the anticipation of dreaded calamities, the mind is sometimes remarkably clear; conventional reserve is gone; the false coverings of things are stripped off; the recesses of the heart are disclosed. We are not sure but that there was a still deeper cause in the experience of the poet. Nothing great and original in literature can be produced but from one's own profound and often painful experience. Your "honest, fair, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight-forward, clockwork, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright

* We quote from a translated fragment of his Æsthetics.

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kind of people" (as the author of Salmagundi calls them) have no materials in their spiritual storehouse for the beautiful or sublime structures of art. For these another sort of life is required. No such "salubrious" man was Dante. His was a soul that had warfare. He had engaged in spiritual conflicts. For him, too, there was a future world of terrible and endless sorrow, or of unspeakable felicity. He dwelt in the depths. He uttered his voice *de profundis.* Such a mind is not to be envied, but to be looked at with wonder, and reverence, and sympathy; for it was sent to this earth, not for its own enjoyment, but to give utterance to the universal hopes and fears of men, to bear a part in the great changes of society, to mark one of its epochs, to give a name and glory to a great people. Several passages in the poem, such as the marks for the seven sins drawn by the angel on his forehead as he entered Purgatory, — his rebuke by Beatrice, and subsequent repentance, — his apparently overwhelming sense of the divine justice, as well as the whole tone of both the Inferno and the Purgatory, make it seem more than possible that he had felt a deep self-condemnation, and had sought for expiation and pardon. This may have somewhat affected the style of the poem. He might perhaps have said, as Bunyan did, "I could have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than I have seemed to do; but I dare not. God did not play, in tempting of me; neither did I play, when I sank as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play, in relating of them."

Dante was a stern, just man. One cannot but admire the intrepidity, the audacity even, with which he attacks the reigning vices and crimes of the day. Neither power, nor rank, nor the church itself, shielded the criminal. Nobles and kings, monks, priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes, the very successors of St. Peter, who once held in their hands the keys which opened and shut the kingdom of heaven, work out their penance, or suffer their endless punishment, in his scheme of justice. To consider the poem, as some once did, to be merely a covert method of taking revenge on his enemies, is not within the limits of the slenderest probability. Such littleness of spirit could not produce so grand a work. He may, indeed, for aught we know, have imposed some

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pains and penalties upon his relentless persecutors, as Da Vinci is said to have made Judas, in his great picture, the exact counterpart of the obnoxious prior, — and as Michel Angelo immortalized one of his troublesome enemies by putting his face on the body of a devil. He may occasionally have done something like this, for he was a man, — a man who had suffered many and grievous wrongs; but who can imagine such a vindictive spirit carried through his immortal work? Besides, some of his own kith and kin are found in the dreary rounds. His great-grandfather had been in purgatory a hundred years. His teacher Brunetto fared still worse; and Francesca, the daughter of his friend, poor Francesca, who, perhaps, as Carlyle finely says, "may have sat upon the poet's knee as a bright, innocent little child," she too is "whirled away in the racking winds for ever, for ever." Dante was no coarse, vulgar, selfish man, pitifully to obtrude his private animosities into such a solemn and grand subject. We are sure of it. He had loved too deeply, had suffered too keenly, to do so. Those who imagine it have, we conceive, entirely misunderstood his noble nature; forgotten his intense patriotism, his Italian spirit, his extreme sensibility, his great wrongs through those who had wronged his country, and the recent and exciting nature of the events. The moral tone of the poem is as remarkable as any part of it. The immoralities of the age have no reflection here. Some of the scenes may be incongruous, but as a whole it is decidedly Christian. There are a few, comparatively very few, examples of grossness; but no sentence or verse, we believe not one, which offends the strictest moral purity. The same is said to be true of the Jerusalem Delivered. We fear as much cannot be said of Chaucer, or Spenser, or our old dramatists, much as we love them, while in grossness they exceed the great Italian a thousand-fold.

This great poem sprang into sudden and permanent fame, almost immediately after the death of its author. Men were anxious not only to read, but to understand it. Its dark allegories, its recondite and multifarious learning, its obscure allusions to individuals, who were often to be detected only by "their place of residence, their office, or heraldic insignia, their peculiarity of feature, or public actions," — these all demanded explanations. The stars and the blanks must be taken out, and the true name inserted. Milan, Bologna,

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Venice, Pisa, and Vicenza appointed commentators at the public expense. Fifty years after the death of the poet, Florence began to perceive her ancient severity and folly, and appointed Boccaccio, "the bard of prose," to deliver discourses on her banished son. According to the too often repeated example of republics, honor and sympathy were lavished, all too late to cheer him, who, living, would have been comforted by a far more meagre tribute.

The causes of the great and sudden glory of the dead poet are found both in the nature of his subject, and in the power with which he treated it. In the first place, he most happily seized upon the belief of the times. The dogmas of the church were dominant and undisputed throughout Christendom. Purgatory was as real as heaven and hell, and all three had an intense reality both for the common and the educated mind. Few could pass directly from this world to the abodes of the blessed, for very few had kept their "garments so unspotted from the world" as to need no future purification. In the worlds of pain were their fathers, their sons. They themselves, perhaps, were travelling thither. The low wailing which startled them in their dreams, — did it not come from their suffering kinsfolk? Voices and sounds heard in the dark night, — were they not inarticulate supplications for prayer? Every day men were shut up in purgatory for their sins; every day they were delivered from the fire through the intervention of the church. There was an institution then on earth which reached its arms into the invisible world, which held the keys of heaven in its own hands. There were saints in heaven of one's own kin and family, who but yesterday were here, and now, mighty with God in heaven, the just and proper objects of human prayer. There were men in hell, excommunicated and sent there by the terrible authority of an incensed pontiff. The future world was bound to the present by ties the most awful. Hence, to write of that world, and to write with the vividness of the great Italian, was to give the solemnity of truth even to the fiction, and to threats and predictions the sanctity of prophecy. He individualized and rendered definite and particular what the church, in all her teachings, affirmed in general. The monk proclaimed to the listening assembly the terrible retribution which awaited the incorrigible, — the unquenchable fire, the undying worm; but the poet uncovered the abyss beneath

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their very feet, and bade them look upon the flaming sepulchres, the lake of burning pitch, the rivers of blood, the frozen seas, the vermilion towers of the city of Dis. Purgatory was no longer to be an indistinct region, for he had shown them the mount rising far away in the distant ocean, with its top almost touching the heavens. And the abodes of the blessed, — they saw them every day, every night. The mild stars which cheered the wayfarer or guided the mariner, the queen of evening, the king of day, were made more beautiful, and were looked upon with a human sympathy, because they were the actual dwelling-places of all that was pure, and good, and great.

The extreme vividness of the poet's descriptions and details touched the curiosity of every Italian. Although necessarily didactic, he borrows the vivacity of the drama, and not so much tells us what took place, as leads us with him, bids us open our ears and hear, and our eyes and see. One might almost make a map of his travels, from the hour when Virgil meets him in the "gloomy wood," to the time when St. Bernard makes in his behalf the last and greatest request; and the whole "vision," even to the thirty-third canto of the Paradise, be a sort of splendid road-book through those unexplored regions. We should not be much surprised to learn that he was interrogated by some of his countrymen for further information, just as Sir Thomas More is said to have been respecting his Utopia. There is an air of common life thrown over even his grandest scenes, which makes them seem natural and true. No metaphor or comparison is out of place with him. Whatever illustration will make the scene more vivid and distinct, how homely soever it be, he does not hesitate to use, because he is writing not to be admired, but to be understood and felt. Hence, he calls in all the aids of memory, of sights and sounds, of common life as well as of learning. His quick eye saw every thing, his ready wit appropriated all to his service. Pigs scampering away from the sty, meat boiling up in the pot, the shepherd with his flock, the "eastern sky all roseate," — images repulsive, or full of beauty and gracefulness, are chosen with equal freedom, when they suit his purpose of presenting a distinct picture.

Charon, "that grim ferryman that poets write of," could not have been portrayed with more vividness by Michel Angelo; —"an old man, hoary white with eld," with "shaggy

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cheeks, and eyes of burning coal." Cerberus, the cruel triple-headed monster, is more distinct than in Virgil.

> "His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,
> His belly large, and clawed the hands with which
> He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs
> Piecemeal disparts." — *Inferno*, Canto VI.

It is needless to multiply examples of what is so evident. "Michel Angelo," says Coleridge, "is said to have made a design for every page of the Divine Comedy."

Another cause of the rapid and wide-spread fame of the poem is, no doubt, to be found in the individual interest inspired by the poet's narration, and the proximity of many events which are commemorated to Dante's own time. He is no fictitious being who is describing fictitious joys and woes. He invokes no Muse to make revelations, but only to help him remember and tell what he saw. He details the battles and wanderings of no fabulous Achilles or Æneas; but he himself, Dante Alighieri, sometime citizen and magistrate of the renowned city Florence, had gone bodily through the gloomy kingdom of despair, and up even to the tenth heaven. He makes your flesh creep on your bones, and your blood curdle and freeze; yet not as a romancer would, but as one who should depict the carnage of a terrible battle, or the tortures of the Inquisition. He was not relating amusing or fearful stories, but telling in plain language what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. Marco Polo, just returned to Venice from Tartary and China, had travelled far and seen wonderful things, but not so wonderful as these, for "*he* was the man who had been in hell"; and Marco Polo could not narrate the marvels of China and Japan with more gravity, and with an air of more sober verity, than he did the events of *his* pilgrimage, albeit he told them in the language of poetry. He himself had read the gloomy inscription on the dusky portal of the world of sorrow. He had been ferried "over the livid lake." He had climbed up the shaggy back of Lucifer. Not a score of years had passed since those walked the earth and did business with their fellows, who now were frozen in seas of ice, or burning in molten pitch, or praising God in heaven, — and he had seen them there. He had actually seen Farinata degli Uberti rising up in his burning sepulchre,

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"but changing not his countenance stern,
Nor moving the neck, nor bending his ribbed side,"

as if "in high scorn he held e'en hell"; and close beside him, "peering forth from the unclosed jaw," "leaning upon his knees upraised," Cavalcante Cavalcanti. And who was Farinata, but a distinguished general and statesman, by whom, only five years before Dante's birth, Florence itself had been taken, and by whose nobleness it had been saved from destruction? And who was Cavalcante, but a distinguished Florentine, — and both of them as well known to the contemporaries of the poet as Jefferson and Burr are to us? The Ugolino whom he interrupted in his horrid repast was the very one who, when Dante was twenty-four years old, had been starved to death with his children, "unshrived by priest or friar," in the vaults of that tower at Pisa which ever after was called the Tower of Famine. And Beatrice, who led him through Paradise, was the very Beatrice, known to half Florence, who was the early and sole idol of his heart.

It is generally thought necessary to lay the scenes of a poem in a distant age, so that the imagination shall not be shackled, and the broad light of actual fact shall not dispel the splendid illusions of our poetic dreams. But Dante derived an advantage from the very familiarity and publicity of his personages, in respect to the vivid reality of the impression; while his plan did not compel him to dwell long upon an individual, allowed him to seize those few events in his life which were capable of being presented with poetic effect, and at any moment, by commanding the presence of some ancient hero or martyr, he could temper the broad daylight of familiar facts with the sombre and mingling shadows of evening. The power of the imagination is none the less real because we know that the scenes portrayed by it are fictitious. The Mysteries of Udolpho would be no more agitating, if we were assured that every part of the story was as true as Hume's History, or a great deal truer. We might learn from it different lessons; we might form different opinions of the virtues and vices of the age; but, if any thing, we should be less startled, because the "Mysteries" would be in a great measure dissipated; there would be less room for the monstrous and shapeless images of terror to stalk abroad in the dim wilight; the power of the narration does not depend upon its truth or falsity, but on the heartiness of the

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assent which we yield to the demand on our sensibilities. The imagination requires congruity, and not absolute fact; and we demand of the poet that he should be an artist, a *poet*, and not a historian, or biographer, or annalist. This mighty power of the imagination Dante brought to bear upon the most solemn realities. We know the strong tendency of the mind to form some picture of the future state, — to render definite those dim and vague phantoms which oppress a guilty soul, as well as the visions of joy which comfort the penitent. The poet satisfied those strong yearnings of the common heart. He interpreted its feelings; its dumb voice spake; its blind eye saw. Henceforth, the picture of the eternal world, whether portrayed by the painter, or half conceived by the vulgar and common fancy, must be formed according to the pattern shown by the sombre genius of the exiled Florentine.

In the profound and various intellect and the ever-sympathizing heart of the poet are to be found the great causes of the lasting honor of the poem. It is a creation of his genius, not a mechanical aggregation. An inward light guided him on to immortality. We can see, even now, that serious face, that placid, introverted eye, that hollow cheek, that lip which *would* curl, that chin which *would* quiver, under the concentrated bitterness, not of envy and malignity, but of disappointment and distress. The actors in the busy and turbulent scenes of his day have been dead these six hundred years. The republics have been in their graves almost as long. The great families which reaped the honors of the state, and with their deadly feuds made every town the scene of intestine war, have become extinct, and the age itself is, to the common reader, almost fabulous; but the Divine Comedy is still the great poem of Italy. Still must men wonder at, and admire, and love that mighty and sorrowful spirit, to whom, for wise ends, it was given to sing of hell, and purgatory, and paradise. Perhaps without him Milton would never, with more perfect art and a purer theology, have attempted a loftier, if not more touching, theme. But for him, Michel Angelo, a sombre and kindred genius, might never have left the record of his thoughts and feelings in the sublimest and most awful scene that the pencil ever portrayed.

We may seem, in our brief review, to have been indiscrim-

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inate in our praise, and to have forgotten our duty as critics. In truth, we have not been careful to pick out the foibles and faults, where there is so much to command our enthusiasm and love. It would not be difficult to speak of the grotesqueness and occasional grossness of the Inferno; to condemn the mingling of Christian truth with heathen fiction; to revive some old charge of ill-nature in the poet. We might doubtless have found traces of obstinate pride, of fiery temper, of sarcastic wit. All these he had by nature; and what wonder, if, in his adverse lot, they sometimes got the better of him? But we have not time for such criticism, and it would do our hearts little good to engage in it. The faults in temper, in taste, in art, in morals (if there are any), have long since, for all practical effect, sunk to the bottom, while the beautiful and the good are borne on the full current by our doors, for our blessing. Some, we know, do not see these beautiful and good gifts. The waters are to them always turbid, and the stream itself is neither wide nor deep. That in the poet which is earthy they detect, with the true sagacity of earth-worms; that which is divine they see not. They compare him with others only to find a deficiency. He is not so simple and natural as Homer, not so polished as Virgil, not so sublime as Milton, not so universal and healthful as Shakspeare. It may be not; but let us love him for what he has, not neglect him for what he has not. All men of genius have not the same gifts, nor the same glory. We may forget that in him which reminds us of the earth, dust, and ashes of our humanity, and cling to that which savors of the ethereal, as a unique and immortal possession. By looking coldly or carelessly upon him, it is ourselves that we injure, and not him. He who has been growing great with the reverence of centuries, and is yet a modern, will receive little injury in his fame by our censure; but we may lose much by our lack of sympathy. If we look in Dante for choice phrases, and delicate words, and the gems of the lyric, we shall most likely be disappointed; for these are not his peculiarity. He had in a measure to form his language. He found it rude, amorphous; he stamped upon it an immortal signature of genius. He doubted whether he should not write in Latin. Happily, he did not; but we must not be surprised, if, with all the plainness and directness of thought, his expressions are many times inverted and obscure. But

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let us look for the intense feeling, the affluent imagination, the brilliant and varied fancy, the endless invention, and the great spirit which broods over and informs the whole, and we cannot be mistaken or disappointed. What, of all the products of the *thought* of his time, has come down to us, comparable to his poem? Something of the form and spirit of every great poet, as we have said, belongs to his own age and nation. We cannot relish Homer, or Sophocles, just as the Greeks did who heard the Iliad chanted at their festivals, and saw the Œdipus Tyrannus at the theatre, because the spirit of ancient art is diverse from that of the modern. Not even Chaucer or Spenser seem to us just as they did to their contemporaries. We cannot so inwrap ourselves in antiquity, that our thoughts, our sentiments, our spirit shall be ancient. Something of the spirit of every great poet is eternal. He unlocks the fountains of tears or of joy, which are peculiar to no nation, to no age. The glories of Achilles, and the sorrows of Priam, are not the property of time. Homer and Sophocles, Chaucer and Spenser, are our friends. They are not antiquated, — their hearts are not; and, with all the great brotherhood of poets, they are linked to us by the golden chain of sympathies and affections. A great poet *is* the greatest of gifts to any people. He remains ever with us to inspire and instruct. He opens to us new worlds; of our dim imaginings makes clear and palpable realities; gives us new sources of pleasure; draws us up from pursuits whose end is our present physical comfort, to clearer, calmer, more lofty and spiritual joys and hopes. There are hopes which take hold on eternity, fears which chill the heart, passions which scorch and wither the soul, and no words to give them utterance. There they lie in the common heart, — dim, unrecognized, half-formed. The all-sympathizing poet, by a magic word, unlocks the imprisoned sympathies and bids them be free. To our dull eyes the earth is a desert, or a field for common toil; but he touches our eyes, and earth and sky are apparelled in glory. We remember our forgotten dreams. We think again of our nature and our destiny.

> "Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

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" The appointed aim of art," says Hegel, " is to awake and give vitality to all slumbering feelings, affections, and passions; to fill and expand the heart, and to make man, whether developed or undeveloped, feel in every fibre of his being *all* that human nature can endure, experience, and bring forth in her inmost and most secret recesses; *all* that has power to move and arouse the heart of man in its profoundest depths, manifold capabilities, and various phases; to garner up for our enjoyment whatever, in the exercise of thought and imagination, the mind discovers of high and intrinsic merit, the grandeur of the lofty, the eternal, and the true, and present it to our feeling and contemplation. In like manner, to make pain and sorrow, and even vice and wrong, become clear to us; to bring the heart into immediate acquaintance with the awful and the terrible, as well as with the joyous and pleasurable; and, lastly, to lead the fancy to hover gently, dreamily, on the wings of imagination, and entice her to revel in the seductive witchery of its voluptuous emotion and contemplation. Art should employ this manifold richness of its subject-matter to supply, on the one hand, the deficiencies of our actual experience of external life, and, on the other hand, to excite in us those passions which shall cause the actual events of life to move us more deeply, and awaken our susceptibility for receiving impressions of all kinds."—*Æsthetik*, B. I.

Those who are gifted with the highest power of art come not often. The song of Dante for these five hundred years has been touching the hearts of men, and it is as fresh as at the beginning. When shall its melody die away, " be lost in silence and forgot" ?

We might dwell much more minutely on the lessons, some of them very practical, to be drawn from this poem, and inquire how far it exhibits the learning of the age, the astrology, astronomy, natural philosophy, and theology; how far, remarkable as it is for historical accuracy, it gives the true public spirit of the times, and the general belief and practice of the Roman church; or, in literature, how far the genius of the poet tended to awaken that of Petrarch and Boccaccio (both of whom were born before he died), and hastened that revival of learning, so efficient ultimately in breaking the chains of the Popish hierarchy; and, paramount to all, might we dwell on the abundant lessons which those ill-governed states transmit to us. But these and kindred topics would draw us much beyond any reasonable limits.

The ashes of Dante still rest at Ravenna. The urn which

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once contained them, and on which was engraved the memorial which he himself penned, —

> " Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris,
> Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris," —

that urn is gone, and a rich tomb has taken its place. His cenotaph is to be seen in Santa Croce, the august mausoleum of the greatest and best Florentines, — of Galileo, Michel Angelo, Machiavelli, and Alfieri; and his name and fame are among the very richest legacies which the turbulent days of the republics have left, not to Italy alone, but to the world.

ART. IV. — *Despatches of Lord Stanley, Colonial Secretary, to Sir William Colebrooke, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and to Lord Falkland, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia,* March 30th, and September 17th, 1845. Published by Authority in the Royal Gazettes of those Colonies.

OF the maritime powers of modern Europe, there is scarcely one that does not owe much of its commercial prosperity to its fisheries. Some fugitives from the wrath of the monster Attila fled to the isles of the Adriatic, where of necessity they adopted the avocation of fishermen. By this employment steadily continued, Venice in a few centuries became renowned for her wealth, commerce, and naval strength. The origin of the republic was annually celebrated for a long period; and the omission or refusal of a Doge to provide the customary banquet, and to submit to the fishermen's embrace, allowed by his predecessors on this national festival, made the name of Contarini hateful, and wellnigh caused the subversion of all legal restraint and the overthrow of the ruling family. Genoa, too, grew rich and powerful by a similar course of industry, and, not content with her own limited fishing-grounds, undertook the conquest of others; usurping the fisheries of the regions of the Bosphorus, she captured and for a while awed into submission their rightful owners.

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That Wilfred, an exile from York who sought refuge in Sussex, taught his countrymen the art of taking and preserving sea-fish, and thus furnished England with her first seamen, is believed to be a fact sufficiently attested. We hear also of the time when London possessed but a single quay or wharf, and when the fishermen for whose accommodation it was erected paid a half-penny toll for every boat-load landed upon it. This rude beginning of maritime enterprise was soon succeeded by more considerable efforts, and the present emporium of the world is indebted for much of its commercial greatness to the early and rapid increase of nets, lines, and busses.

Amsterdam, from a village of herring-catchers, cabins, and curing-sheds, rose, by the skill of the inmates of these frail structures, by the fame of their commodities in foreign countries, and by the immense consumption of them at home, to unexampled affluence and grandeur; and the saying everywhere current two centuries ago, that "Amsterdam is founded on herring-bones, and Dutchmen's bodies are built of pickled herrings," was hardly more than a quaint expression of historic truth. The islands and portions of continent separated from each other by deep and boisterous channels, which compose the kingdom of Denmark, compelled the Danes to communicate with different parts of their country by sea; and their barren soil as imperatively obliged them to resort to fishing for support. Extending their voyages, at length, from their own coasts to Greenland and Iceland, the skill and wealth thus acquired enabled them to add the ports of Copenhagen, Altona, and Kiel to the great marts of Europe. Of France we may remark, that her fishermen laid the foundations of her marine; and chief among her early offensive operations upon the ocean was the armament fitted out by this class of her people, under the royal sanction, to relieve themselves from the real or fancied oppressions of their English competitors, while employed on the waters common to the subjects of both crowns in the pursuit of fish. As the Norwegians were the oldest, so were the Biscayans the first, regular whale-fishers known in modern history; and to the latter belongs also the singular merit of making the earliest voyages to the American seas in search of the cod and the walrus.

These preliminary observations may be of some service

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in enabling our readers to estimate aright the vital importance of our own fisheries, a subject upon which we now enter. In a former number of this work,* we spoke of the manner of taking and curing several of the kinds of sea-fish which are usually found in our markets and in our list of exports. Our aim is now to arouse the public mind from its apathy in respect to this branch of our national industry, and to show the cause of the paralysis and decay with which it is menaced. Once there was no theme which so quickly moved the hearts of the people as this; but were a member of congress now to rise in his place and declare, as did Fisher Ames, that "the catching of cod-fish is a momentous concern," few would believe the assertion, and many would smile at it. We shall endeavour, however, to demonstrate the justice of this remark, and to record in these pages some of the reasons for extending protection and encouragement to the American fisheries. In the course of the discussion, the state-papers named at the head of this article will be attended to, and, as we trust, in a proper spirit.

The origin of the first settlements in America may be traced with great probability to the same causes which produced the maritime greatness of the European nations of which we have spoken. That our seas contained several kinds of fish of repute in Europe, and in great demand there, on account of the rigid observance of the rules of the Roman church, was made known by the voyage of Cabot, even before Columbus had set foot upon the western continent. Indeed, the earliest essays at colonization were directed to places in the vicinity of the fishing-grounds, and were designed to render this branch of business more steady and profitable. This was the object of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in forming a colony at Newfoundland, under the first charter which passed the great seal of England; and the same is true of a second endeavour on that island under another patent, in which Lord Bacon was concerned. For this reason, also, did Calvert plant his colony of "Avalon," expend a large sum upon it, and visit it in person, before his successful effort of settling the more genial region of Maryland. The designs of those who, under the auspices of the lord chief justice of England, attempted to found the first colony in

* *N. A. Review*, July, 1843.

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New England, thirteen years before the arrival of the Pilgrims, were very similar; and so were those of Mason, a former governor of Newfoundland, in projecting the settlement of New Hampshire; and of Gorges, in acquiring and peopling his palatinate of Maine. And we find reason to believe that the fisheries had a much greater bearing on the colonization of Massachusetts than our historians allow.

The *whole* truth as to the motives which induced the settlers of Plymouth to come to New England has not been told. In Holland, we think, they were neglected, if not unkindly treated. It cannot be disputed, that, during their sojourn there, they became poor and unhappy; that the Dutch fishery was in its palmiest state; that a mania for fishing upon the coasts of America prevailed both in England and France; that about four hundred vessels annually visited Newfoundland; that Gosnold, Pring, Waymouth, Sir Samuel Argal, Sir George Somers, Harlow, Rocroft, and Smith had visited Maine or Massachusetts, or both; and that accounts of the country had been published in London by the associates of Gosnold and Waymouth. Smith had given to the world a work of greater pretensions, which he "writ with his owne hand." English fishing-vessels had frequented the same coast for some years, and had carried home the same general representations that were made by the more distinguished voyagers already mentioned. These representations were, that New England possessed the most valuable fishing-grounds yet discovered in the New World. Gosnold's chroniclers and Smith labor this point, and repeat it even to tediousness. Comparisons are instituted between these grounds and those of Newfoundland; and all the details respecting the necessary wood, iron, pitch, tar, nets, leads, salt, hooks and lines, and articles of provision, are given with great minuteness. Smith perceives that he must excuse himself to his readers, and thus apologizes: — "But because I speak so much of fishing, if any take me for such a devout fisher as I dream of naught else, they mistake me."

In reading these accounts, the idea has more than once occurred to us, that, for some reason or other, the writers owed Newfoundland a sort of spite, and were determined to write that island *down*, and to write their favorite region *up*. "If Newfoundland," argues the father of Virginia, "doth yearly freight near eight hundred sail of ships with a *silly*,

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lean, skinny poor-john, and cor-fish," and the adventurers there "can gain, though they draw meat, drink, and clothes," and all the necessary gear and outfits, from "second, third, fourth, or fifth hand, and from so many parts of the world, ere they come together to be used in this voyage"; and if "Holland, Portugale, Spaniard, French, or other, do much better than they," — why doubt of success in going to New England, "where there is victual to feed us, wood of all sorts to build boats, ships, or barques, the fish at our doors, pitch, tar, masts, and yards"? "Of all the four parts of the world that I have yet seen," he observes, "not inhabited, could I have but the means to transport a colony, I should rather live here than anywhere." Gosnold urges the same considerations. Once plant New England with "Christian people and religion," he says, that country where there are "tunneys, anchoves, bonits, salmons, lobsters, oysters having pearl, and infinite other sorts of fish, which are more plentiful *than in any parts of the known world*," where "salt is reported to be found, but if not, where it can be made to sufficiently serve all fishing," and the merchants who "are diligent inquisitors after gains will soon remove their trade from Newfoundland unto us."

The question arises, Did the Pilgrims know all this? We think they did. Accounts of Gosnold's voyage had been published eighteen, and of Waymouth's, fifteen years, and had attracted attention. As regards the writings of Smith, we have his own declaration, that his books and maps were in their possession. It is certain that Weston,* an English merchant engaged in the fisheries, and who, soon after the settlement of Plymouth, attempted to found a rival colony at Weymouth, had much influence in directing their affairs, and in selecting the place to which they should remove from Holland. He made them an advance in money, engaged to provide vessels for their voyage, and advised them to come to that part of America with which he kept up an intercourse, "as for other reasons, *so chiefly* for the hope of present profit to be made by fishing." But we have more certain evidence than even this. Edward Winslow, one of the most distinguished of their number, and who succeeded

* Weston himself came to New England to correct the irregularities of the fishermen he had sent over, a few years after the arrival of the Pilgrims.

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Bradford as their governor, wrote A Brief Narrative of the *true* Grounds and Causes of the first Planting of New England,* in which he speaks of an interview between their agents, who went over from Leyden to England in 1618, and King James; and he says, that, upon the monarch's asking "what profits might arise" in the region which they had fixed upon, the answer was given in a single word, — "fishing." This seems to place the matter beyond controversy; and we may add, that, in their articles of agreement with those who assisted them with means to embark, they stipulated to provide fishermen, and to employ them on their arrival, and purchased a vessel for this end; and that, after reaching Cape Cod, they explored the neighbouring waters in order to fix upon the most advantageous site for carrying out the object stated to James by their delegates. Smith, in a work published fifteen years after that from which we have quoted, and eleven years after the coming of the Pilgrims, evidently plumes himself upon the idea, that he had been an efficient instrument in directing their emigration to the land which he had praised so much, and had striven so hard to people. He seems to take satisfaction in saying, that the "well disposed Brownists, as they are termed," were in a prosperous condition, having erected "a saltworke, wherewith they preserve all the fish they take," and "freighted [in 1624] a ship of an hundred and four score ton, living so well they desire nothing but more company."

A controversy prevailed, at the very period of the embarkation of the Pilgrims, respecting the rights of fishing in the American seas. Noblemen and gentlemen of the court, under patents from the crown, claimed to possess every fishing-ground between Newfoundland and the capes of the Delaware, and actually issued their proclamations, and sent over officers to enforce their claims and to exact toll from all who came to fish within the limits of their charter. The debates in parliament, when the nature and effects of this monopoly were stated there, were exciting in the extreme. Coke, the giant of the law, and Gorges, the active agent

* Of Winslow's answer to Gorton's attack, to which the "Brief Narrative" is appended, no original copy is supposed to be in America. Mr. Ellis, of Charlestown, made a copy of the Narrative from a printed volume in the British Museum, for the Rev. Mr. Young; and it is to be found in his highly valuable Chronicles of the Pilgrims.

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of his associate patentees, spoke with surpassing ability; the first, in behalf of "free fishing with all its incidents," and the other, to preserve unimpaired the odious rights conferred by the monarch. The result of this controversy will be alluded to in another place; we mention it here to show how entirely absorbed were all classes of men in one idea as to the sources of wealth in the newly discovered hemisphere. We conclude with observing, that all inquiry into the rise of Massachusetts proper may be dispensed with, since the settlement of that Colony is to be traced directly to the planting of Plymouth, and to the erection of fishing-stages at Cape Ann under the superintendence of Conant.*

If, then, our fisheries should be dear to us because of the hallowed names connected with their origin, so, in the second place, ought we to preserve them because of the great efforts which have been required to extend and perpetuate them. Nothing is more certain than that, in the wars between England and France, which continued at intervals for nearly a century and a half, almost from the beginning to the close of our colonial existence, the great *American* questions between the two powers related to the fishing-grounds of our seas. These were the prizes played for. The soil and climate of the territory in dispute were deemed cold and inhospitable; and it was not until the close of our Revolution, when those among us who had opposed that most memorable event were — unhappily for themselves, and unwisely for us — banished to Canada and Nova Scotia, that any considerable settlements were made in the interior of either of those dearly bought colonies.† In the efforts to

* In a former article on our fisheries (*North American Review*, July, 1843), the writer ventured to say a very few words upon the topic here discussed at some length. No annalist, as far as he is aware, has adopted his views. He feels bound to remark, therefore, that his conclusions have not been hastily adopted, but are the result of long and patient inquiry. To prevent all misapprehension as to the extent of the argument, it is proper to state, also, that the course of reasoning in the text applies to the emigration of the Pilgrims *from Holland*. The causes which drove them originally *from England* are not meant to be embraced in the discussion. The views submitted come to this; that, when the fathers of New England were thinking of a place to which to remove from Holland, their choice was determined on the grounds and upon the inducements here stated.

† Upper Canada was a wilderness until the Loyalists went there; and the inhabitants of Nova Scotia consisted almost entirely of fishermen who had emigrated from New England, and of the remnant of French who had escaped the edict of violent removal.

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wrest them and their dependencies from the crown of France, the Colonists bore their full share, and their exertions were generally acknowledged and rewarded.

Forbidden to manufacture by the policy of the day and of all European countries having colonies, confined in their maritime pursuits by the particular policy of the British Navigation Act, and yet compelled by the necessity of their position to earn their bread upon the sea, our fathers imperatively demanded large and free fishing-grounds. They could not *subsist* without them. The French proceeded step by step to molest, capture, and plunder their vessels, tear down their "stages," and drive them from the shores to the open sea; and their ships of war, and the proclamations of their colonial magistrates, warned them to visit no waters easterly of the ancient "Sagadahock," now called the Kennebec. The affray of Argal, at an island on the coast of Maine, seven years before the arrival of the Pilgrims, while upon a fishing voyage, in which a Jesuit father was slain, slowly led to a more extended and bloody strife, to which the sagacious men of succeeding generations saw there could be no end until the whole coast between the St. Croix and Newfoundland should be placed under the British flag. Whatever were the motives of England, in listening to the representations of Phips in the time of William and Mary, and to other colonists of rank or influence in the succeeding reigns, our gratitude is due to her that she *did* listen to and second their plans. And we record this expression of grateful feeling the more readily, because it will become our duty to examine her present pretensions to deprive us of a part of the rights thus acquired jointly by her arms and our own, and which, upon the most interesting occasion in American history, it was determined should for ever remain to us unimpaired.

Thirdly, we cannot continue our commerce as at present, nor extend it as we increase the number and value of our exports, unless we also protect and enlarge our means of raising seamen. Lately it has been urged by respectable authority, that "fishermen are neither seamen, nor do they form a considerable part of those required in the merchant service." In reply to this, we shall first give the opinions of eminent statesmen, and then our own. "The fisheries and the Mississippi," said Gouverneur Morris, in the Convention for

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framing the Constitution of the United States, "are the two great objects of the union." When the Constitution was before the Convention of Virginia for adoption or rejection, Mr. Grayson repeated the remark. "It is well known," he observed, "that the Newfoundland fisheries and the Mississippi are balances for one another." In the assembly of South Carolina, convened for the same important purpose, Mr. Lowndes said, that "the navy, so necessary, was to come from the Northern, and not from the Southern, States." "The taking of fish on the Banks," said Fisher Ames, in the first Congress, "is a very momentous concern; it forms a nursery for seamen, and this will be the source from which we are to derive maritime importance." So thought Mr. Gerry. "It is well known," he declared, "to be the best nursery for seamen; the United States has no other; and it never can be the intention of gentlemen to leave the navigation of the Union to the mercy of foreign powers."

This was no theory, no mere speculation; one hundred and fifty years of experience had shown the truth of these averments. Nor has the lapse of time changed the aspect of affairs, or opened to us new sources for supplying ourselves with native seamen. We regard it as strictly true, to say, that, without our fishermen, we could hardly have manned a frigate, or captured one, during the war of 1812. Marblehead alone furnished more men for the public service than some whole States. At the close of the Revolution, there were in that town more than thirteen hundred widows and fatherless children; in 1815, more than five hundred of her citizens were released from a single British prison. The men of Marblehead, and of other places engaged in the same pursuits, were in almost every national or private armed ship that bore our flag. We are certain that they composed a large part of the crew of "Old Ironsides" in her two earliest victories; and we believe that the number was not much diminished, when that favorite ship passed into the hands of Stewart, and won her last battle.

At present, it is affirmed, the official tables show that the number of our fishermen in the national service is small. We admit it; and were it not so, and did we not fear further decrease, our labor might be spared. It is hard first to wound an important service, and then to accuse it of inefficiency; to fill our merchant-vessels with foreign seamen,

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and then tauntingly to show figures to prove how contemptible the fisheries are as a means of supply. And such a course, unkind at any time, is doubly so at a moment when the British colonists have prevailed upon the parent country to inflict a blow from without. But we contend, that official statistics — erroneous or unsatisfactory quite often — do not, in this matter, convey the whole truth. The truth is, that hundreds, nay thousands, who first learned seamanship in *pinkies*, *pogies*, and *jiggers*, or in the larger class of vessels that visit Labrador and the Banks, have abandoned such craft, and are now either masters, mates, or seamen of merchant-vessels. Many others, retired wholly from the sea, are to be found quietly settled as traders in the small towns along the seaboard, or to be met with daily on change in our principal cities.

The reasons for these changes are obvious. The more ambitious and intelligent seek to better their condition, while all perceive that their employment is of but questionable repute, that their rewards are at best uncertain, that war drives them from the fishing-grounds and compels them to enter either the national or privateer service, or to remain on shore idle and in want. The opinion is also prevalent, that the government is growing more and more careless of their interests, and that the recent and pertinaciously continued attempt to abolish the system of bounties will, at no distant day, be successful. It was once said of these men, at a similar crisis, — "If, instead of the protection of government, we extend to them oppression, I tremble for the consequences."

In the fourth place, the powers and skill of our statesmen have been severely tasked to retain the rights of fishing which, as colonists, we aided the mother country to win; and we should value our fisheries on that account. Lord North's famous bill, in opposing which Fox made the first exhibition of his surpassing ability as an orator, at the opening of the Revolution, deprived us of all participation in these rights, and England was prepared at the peace to insist that the interdiction should be perpetual. The advice of the leading Loyalists who had fled to the parent land is to be clearly seen in this; while the fact, that the Whigs themselves were divided upon the question, and that France was supposed to be intriguing to second the views of England so far

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as the fisheries were concerned, made the subject one of infinite perplexity. We have traced the proceedings of Congress, when engaged in discussing the conditions of separation, and the instructions to our ambassadors abroad; and we have found New England and the Middle States voting to insist upon the retention of the fisheries as an *ultimatum*, and Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas voting against it. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut stood alone upon propositions of deep moment to this vital branch of industry.

On the theatre of negotiation abroad, our commissioners, embarrassed on every hand, were driven to the expedient of disobeying the directions of Congress, and proceeding upon their own responsibility. The relative merit of each of these distinguished men, in securing the rights in question, has been a matter of some discussion; and Franklin* has been charged openly and frequently with criminal lukewarmness. We are satisfied that there is no ground for the accusation, and that all did their duty and the whole of it. And yet, upon Mr. Adams, as a resident of Massachusetts, and as better acquainted with the importance of the fisheries than his associates, the principal labor of meeting the British arguments appears to have devolved. We can, in truth, imagine no bolder course of argument than he adopted. After remarking, that his suspicions, and those of Mr. Jay, as to the disposition of France, were probably groundless or highly exaggerated, we condense his principal observations.

"Mr. Jay," so he records in his journal, "told me that our allies did not play fair. They were endeavouring to deprive us of the fishery, the western lands, and the navigation of the Mississippi. *They would even bargain with the English to deprive us of them.*"

Again, in noting a conference with the British commissioners, he says, that

"the affair of the fishery was somewhat altered. They could not admit us to dry on the shores of Nova Scotia, nor to fish within three leagues of the coast of Cape Breton. I could not

* Mr. Jay, expressly and by letter, relieves Franklin from this imputation, and commends his zeal. The philosopher has also been defended at length in this work. Vol. XXX., p. 19.

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help observing, that these ideas appeared to me to *come piping hot from Versailles.*"

On another occasion, and when a "whole day had been spent in discussions about the fishery and the Tories," in reply to a proposition from the opposing mission, to leave out of the treaty the word "*right*," and insert instead thereof the term "*liberty*," he rose, and in the direct and vehement manner which characterized him through life, thus spoke: —

"Gentlemen, is there, or can there be, a clearer *right?* In former treaties, that of Utrecht, and that of Paris, France and England have claimed the *right*, and used the *word*. When God Almighty made the banks of Newfoundland at three hundred leagues' distance from the people of America, and six hundred leagues' distance from those of France and England, did he not give as good a *right* to the former as to the latter? If Heaven in the creation gave a *right*, it is ours at least as much as yours. If occupation, use, and possession give a *right*, we have it as clearly as you. If *war*, *and blood*, *and treasure* give a *right*, ours is as good as yours. We," continued he, "have constantly been fighting in Canada, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia, for the defence of this fishery, and have expended beyond all proportion more than you; — if, then, the *right* cannot be denied, why should it not be acknowledged and put out of dispute? Why should we leave room for illiterate fishermen to wrangle and chicane?"

Mr. Fitzherbert, a member of the British commission, confessed that the reasons of Mr. Adams were good. "The argument," said he, "is in your favor; but Oswald's instructions are such, that I do not see how he can agree with us." Nor was there an agreement, until Mr. Adams pushed "the argument" to the point of an *ultimatum*. Finding, that, if the treaty contained any provision on the subject, it must be in the form presented by our commission, the British mission endeavoured to waive the point altogether in the provisional, and leave the question to be adjusted in the definitive, treaty that was to follow. This drew from Mr. Adams the declaration, — "I will never put my hand to *any* articles, without satisfaction about the fishery. Congress, three or four years ago, when they did me the honor to give me a commission to make a treaty of commerce with Great Britain, gave me positive instructions not to make any such treaty, without an article acknowledging our right to the fishery; and I am happy that Mr. Laurens is now present, who, I believe, was

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in Congress at the time, and must remember it." Mr. Laurens confirmed the statement, and Mr. Jay followed with the remark, that "it could not be a peace, it would only be an insidious truce," without the stipulation contended for; and thus the *right*, so courageously maintained, was acknowledged.

No less arduous were the duties which devolved on the American commissioners in closing the war of 1812. On the one hand, they were expected to arrange conditions of peace, and yet were instructed, in terms which admitted of no discretion, to break off their consultations and return home, rather than allow the subject of surrendering the fisheries to come under discussion; on the other hand, the British plenipotentiaries met them with the doctrine, that the privileges were entirely destroyed by hostilities. "These gentlemen," said the venerable ex-president Adams, "after commencing the negotiations with the loftiest pretensions of conquest, finally settled down into the determination to keep Moose Island * and the fisheries to themselves. This was the object of their deepest solicitude. Their efforts to obtain our acquiescence in their pretension, that the fishing liberties had been forfeited by the war, were unwearied. They presented it to us in every form that ingenuity could devise. It was the first stumbling-block, and the last obstacle, to the conclusion of the treaty."

It is a singular circumstance, that, at Ghent as at Paris, there should be an accusation of defection against an American minister. Mr. Russell, the delinquent in the later case, less fortunate than Franklin, found no colleague to vouch for the manliness of his course; and the fact, that he adopted the British argument as to the effects of the war to terminate our privileges, as well as the opinion that the fisheries themselves were of decreasing value, rests upon his own published statements. In these views he stood alone. Mr. Adams suggested to his associates, and Mr. Clay embodied in a proposition to be presented to the British commissioners, the principle, that we held our rights of fishing by the same tenure as we did our independence; that, unlike another class of trea-

* The former name of Eastport. This town was captured in July, 1814, and retained for more than three years after the peace. On the 30th of June, 1818, it was surrendered to the United States with imposing forms and ceremonies.

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ties, the treaty of 1783 is to be regarded as perpetual, and of the nature of a deed, in which the fisheries are an appurtenant of the soil conveyed or parted with; and that therefore no stipulation was necessary or desirable to secure the perpetuity of the appendage, more than of the territory itself. In other words, if we must contract anew for fishing-grounds, so must we also obtain a new title to our territories. This, as we understand it, is the substance of the proposition itself, and of the various discussions of which, from time to time, it formed the basis. The position was impregnable. The arguments founded upon this ground were not answered by the British mission, in 1814, nor by the ministry, during the negotiations which terminated in the convention of 1818. They are unanswerable. But it is not to be denied that the present difficulties are attributable to the war. Had the two nations remained at peace, — as they ought to have done, — there could have been no pretence of forfeiture; there would have been no compromise in 1818 between the British doctrine and our own; and, of course, no ambiguous instrument on which Lord Stanley could assume to shut us out of bays that our vessels have visited ever since they were won from France. And since England has not renounced the pretension that was assented to by Mr. Russell, it may be worthy the consideration of our statesmen whether the principle may not be revived, on the recurrence of relations similar to those which first caused its assertion. The consequences of wars no one is wise enough to foresee; the questions which they really adjust, how few! the questions which they open for future generations, how many!

We pass now to a topic of great intricacy, and one that runs through a long course of years. We allude to the origin, the past division, and present state, of the rights of fishing in the seas of America. Under another head, we stated that these rights, for a great extent of our coast, were once claimed by a private company. Fortunately, the fellow-subjects of these claimants refused to pay them tribute. The quarrel which ensued between them and the crown on the one side, and the commons on the other, was memorable as one of those which James bequeathed to his son Charles, and which in the end sent that monarch to the block. The company was vanquished; every Englishman thenceforward might go upon whatever fishing-ground choice led him. The charter

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and patents that now passed the seal, in all cases, we incline to believe, provided for free fishing. Such was the provision in the charters granted by Charles, and by William and Mary, to Massachusetts; in that to Gorges, of Maine; in that to Calvert, of Maryland; and in that to the company of Lord Bacon, at Newfoundland. Such, also, were the conditions of the charter of Rhode Island. And though the first patent of Plymouth, which was held in trust by Pearce, and that of the Pemaquid Company, of Maine, contained provisions less liberal, there was no such thing as exclusion of any, when all felt that natural rights were stronger than parchment interdictions; and, practically, every fishery was free. But whalers, that finally became pioneers of civilization, light, and truth in the Pacific, that now pass unquestioned on every ocean, then sailed under royal charters, claimed the exclusive use of certain seas, went armed, and fought each other. Strifes between rival companies of rival nations, and between patentees of the same country, — of England, for example, — were not uncommon. And so, too, the contest between the Dutch and English, as to the right of taking herrings on the coasts of England, was still continued, and were terminated only after long and warm negotiations, by the agreement of Holland to pay an annual tribute.*

On the American coast, collisions between Englishmen and the English colonists had, indeed, come to an end; but the voyages of Aubert, De Mont, Champlain, and Cartier had given rise to the claims of France; and the ill-advised treaty of St. Germain, after the marriage of Charles with a French princess, so strengthened the pretensions of that nation, and so interfered with the English colonial charters, that, until France lost her last sheet of water in America, there was no quiet, no enjoyment, either by Englishmen or American colonists, of the fishing-grounds which lie between Newfoundland and the present eastern boundary of the United States; though upon the final cession of Nova Scotia to England, in 1713, many questions of jurisdiction and of territorial limits were adjusted. The treaties of Breda, in 1667, of London, in 1686, and of Ryswick, in 1697, settled nothing, but unsettled every thing. They contain no provisions pertinent to our inquiries, though each professed to adjust and terminate one

* The Dutch fished by *indulgence* generally, even while the two cabinets were in dispute as to the nature of the tenure.

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or more controversies in America. In the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, we find the first division of the fishing-grounds. The French, the English, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese had occupied them, and had been in dispute about them; but there had been no definite rights assigned to either, nor had any one of the European powers made them a subject of definite treaty stipulation.

England, it should be observed, assumed to hold Newfoundland through the discovery by Cabot, and the possession by Gilbert, though the subjects of France had first cast lines in its waters, and though that crown had acquired rights to considerable portions of it by conquest. These rights the French monarch reluctantly yielded, retaining, upon the uncertain tenure of treaty arrangement, the liberty of erecting huts and stages for fishing along the eastern coast between Cape Bonavista and the northern point, and from that point along the western shore to Point Riche. France kept Canada and its appendages entire. To England was allotted Nova Scotia and the whole of its rich fisheries. But certain boundaries were left undefined, and the question which the treaty of Utrecht raised, "What *is* Nova Scotia?" has not been answered to this hour; its ancient boundaries were never run, its "north-west angle" was never found.

Reference to the smallest map will indicate with sufficient accuracy the bays and seas over which the American Colonists and the English were required to pass, in order to reach, under this partition, their distant fishing-grounds; and it will be seen that the French occupied a position which enabled them to annoy and interrupt their rivals. A new division was indispensable. The entire extinction of the French power was attempted, and the attempt was successful. The rights of Spain had never been acknowledged as considerable, but at the peace of 1763 she renounced every pretension she might have had; and France, by the treaty of that year, yielded up her entire possessions. The British flag could float of right, therefore, upon every sea, bay, and inlet, between the Mississippi and the north pole.

The Portuguese had voluntarily retired; the Spanish fishery was extinct by agreement; but the French could still pursue an extensive business on a treaty basis. They were to continue to fish between Cape Bonavista and Point Riche, at Newfoundland, and were to enjoy common rights in the

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Gulf of St. Lawrence three leagues from *its* and *all* shores, and outside of that gulf, but not within fifteen leagues of the island of Cape Breton. Besides these ample privileges, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon were to be held in fee as a shelter for French fishermen, on condition, however, that no fortresses should be built, no buildings other than "for the conveniency of the fishery" be erected, and no force greater than "a guard of fifty men for the police" be kept thereon. Provisions so liberal, and especially the new liberties that were granted, were held in parliament to be highly injurious to the British interests. Mr. Pitt attacked the treaty which embodied them with great power, and the unscrupulous Junius boldly charged the minister who negotiated it with receiving French bribes. On this division, after 1763, England consolidated her reserved rights, formally declared the fishing-grounds free to all her subjects, and placed them under proper supervision. Those of Labrador, from the river St. John to Hudson's strait, with those of Anticosti and the Magdalen islands, were put under the care of the governor of Newfoundland; while those in the vicinity of Nova Scotia were annexed to that government.

At the peace of 1783, there was still another division, which underwent a searching scrutiny in parliament. France, by the change then made, gave up the part of the eastern coast of Newfoundland already mentioned, in exchange for the whole of the western shore, terminating on the south at Cape Ray; and by the removal of the prohibitions as to fortifications, &c., at St. Pierre and Miquelon, obtained a right to use these islands according to her pleasure. Practical men are of the opinion, that she gained nothing by this arrangement; and her privileges, thus again renewed, in comparison with those of England, hardly admit of clear definition. They were equal, perhaps, to her wants, and that their enjoyment might be perfect, the British government, soon after, and in 1788, directed that all establishments of their own people within the limits assigned should be relinquished. These privileges exist at the present time. A strong effort was made by British subjects in Newfoundland, at the pacification in 1815, to put an end to them; but the ministry, more liberally disposed, continued them.

We have now to state and define our own rights, both past and yet existing. It was hoped by the Whigs, — a portion

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of them, at least, — that, with the aid of France, the two nations might wrest the fishing-grounds from England; and a plan of division of these grounds was matured, which looked to the total exclusion of all who might remain British subjects at the close of the Revolutionary war. This plan was transmitted to the French court, and our minister there was instructed to impress upon the ministry its importance, and its almost certain success. With all our zeal for the fishing interests, we can hardly commend our fathers for claiming so large a share for themselves as this notable scheme devised; and we smile at their proposition to give to France but one half of Newfoundland, while we were to keep the other, and the whole of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and thus acquire "two states." Although no results followed, the spirit which conceived and was prepared to execute so grand an enterprise, additional to the main purposes of the strife with the mother country, is to be placed in strong contrast with the indifference manifested now about preserving our rights in the domains which it was thus designed to conquer.

According to the treaty of 1783, we could *take* fish in any bay, creek, harbour, or indentation, and in all places in the sea, and upon all the banks and coasts of British America, except the parts thereof allotted to France, which have been already mentioned. In a word, the third article of that instrument continued to us the same privileges of *catching* which we should have enjoyed had we remained colonists. In *drying* and *curing*, we were limited to the unsettled parts of Nova Scotia, the Magdalen islands, and Labrador; and as fast as settlements were made at either place, we were to be compelled to make specific agreements with those who held or occupied the soil. It was subsequently asserted by England, that, as the word "right" was used with regard to one class of fishing-grounds, and the term "liberty" was applied to others, there was meant to be a difference between the two classes. As we understand the British argument on this point, a *right* might continue, when a *liberty* had ceased. But as the *right* of fishing, in the treaty before us, applies to particularly enumerated places, and also to "*all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish*," we are quite content to treat the "liberty" on the "coasts, bays, and creeks," which follows, as tautological. The term "liberty" is to be found only in the

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convention which we are now to notice, and we willingly abide by the meaning which all mankind have affixed to it.

Notwithstanding the position taken by Messrs. Adams, Clay, Bayard, and Gallatin, at Ghent, that our treaty "rights," or "liberties," — as the reader pleases,— were not abrogated by the war, the British government revived their pretension to the contrary immediately after the peace. An American vessel was fallen in with by the Jaseur, Lock, commander, in June, 1815, when about forty-five miles from Cape Sable, and her papers were indorsed, "Warned off the coast, not to come within sixty miles." So extraordinary a procedure was promptly disavowed as unauthorized; but discussions ensued, which terminated, in 1818, by the conclusion of a treaty that embodied a compromise of the adverse views of the two cabinets, and which is still in force. It is upon this that Lord Stanley founds the doctrine maintained in the despatches named at the head of this article. The distinguishing features of this convention are two; first, that we gave up the *catching* along certain *shores;* and secondly, that our facilities for *drying* and *curing* were increased. The practical construction of *both* governments has been, that our vessels should not take, dry, or cure fish *within three marine miles* of *any* of the Colonial coasts, except on the southern coast of Newfoundland between Cape Ray and the Rameau islands, on the western and northern coasts of Newfoundland from said Cape Ray to the Quirpon islands, at the Magdalen islands, and between Mount Joly and the straits of Bellisle, and through these straits to an indefinite extent along the shores of Labrador. The construction now is, — and it is of very recent date, — that these enumerated fishing-grounds are *all* that have remained to us since 1818. The state papers before us shut our vessels out of the waters along the principal part of the inhabited and inhabitable portions of the Colonies; and they are specially prohibited from going "within three miles of the *entrance* of any bay on the coast of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick"; except that, as a matter of favor, we may continue to frequent the Bay of Fundy.

We propose to examine this matter with some minuteness; and, first, let us say, that the British government have unwillingly, and only upon the repeated importunity of the Colonists, set up this construction. The documents themselves, which we now insert, show this opinion to be well founded.

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"Downing Street, 30th March, 1845.

"Sir, — I have the honor to acquaint you, for your information and guidance, that her Majesty's government have had under their consideration the claim of citizens of the United States to fish in the Bay of Fundy, a claim which has hitherto been resisted, on the ground, that that bay is included within the British possessions.

"Her Majesty's government feel satisfied that the Bay of Fundy has been rightly claimed by Great Britain as a bay, within the treaty of 1818; but they conceive that the relaxation of the exercise of that right would be attended with mutual advantage to both countries; — to the United States, as conferring a material benefit on their fishing-trade, and to Great Britain and the United States conjointly and equally, by the removal of a fertile source of disagreement between them. It has accordingly been announced to the United States government that American citizens would henceforward be allowed to fish in any part of the Bay of Fundy, provided they do not approach, except in the cases specified in the treaty of 1818, within three miles of the *entrance* of any bay on the coast of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

"I have, &c.

"Stanley."

"My Lord, — "Downing Street, Sept. 17, 1845.

* * * * * * *

"Her Majesty's government have attentively considered the representations contained in your despatches, No. 324 and 331, of the 17th June and 2d July, respecting the policy of granting permission to the fisheries of the United States to fish in the Bay of Chaleurs, and other large bays of a similar character on the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and apprehending from your statements that any such general concession would be injurious to the interests of the British North American Provinces, we have abandoned the intention we had entertained upon the subject, and shall adhere to the strict letter of the treaties which exist between Great Britain and the United States, relative to the fisheries in North America, except in so far as they may relate to the Bay of Fundy, which has been thrown open to the North Americans under certain restrictions.

"In announcing this decision to you, I must at the same time direct your attention to the absolute necessity of a scrupulous observance of those treaties on the part of the Colonial authorities, and to the danger which cannot fail to arise from any overstrained assumption of the power of excluding the fishermen of the United States from the waters in which they have a right to follow their pursuits."

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The despatch of March 30th is to Sir William Colebrooke, lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick; the other to Lord Falkland, lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. We shall consider them together, or separately, as convenience may dictate. The article of the treaty on which the assumptions are founded is too long for insertion; but the only clause which can possibly affect the discussion, is as follows: —

"*And the United States hereby renounce for ever the liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry, or cure fish, on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, not included within the*"

limits previously and with due particularity designated. We admit at once, that no part of these limits are within the two Colonies named by Lord Stanley; and we must also allow, that, upon the face of the treaty, his Lordship has some ground for the prohibitions upon which he insists. We are aware of the rule which forbids written or oral testimony respecting facts that preceded the execution of an instrument to interpret the instrument itself. But a question of this sort, where equitable considerations are involved, cannot, we suppose, be argued solely on this principle. We claim, then, to oppose his pretensions by what occurred during the negotiation; and we affirm that the idea of excluding our vessels from the waters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was not entertained, nor so much as mentioned, during the negotiations. The consultations between Mr. Adams and Lord Bathurst commenced on the basis of requiring of us the renunciation of *shore* fisheries, and of no others. At the first interview, his Lordship used this distinct and emphatic language: — "As, on the one hand, Great Britain could not permit the vessels of the United States to fish within the creeks and *close upon the shores* of the British territories, so, on the other hand, it was by no means her intention to interrupt them in fishing *anywhere in the open sea*, or without the territorial jurisdiction, *a marine league from the shore.*" Again, and on a subsequent occasion, he said, it is not "of fair competition that his Majesty's government had reason to complain, but of the preoccupation of British *harbours and creeks.*" The negotiation proceeded and terminated on this supposition, that we relinquished the *inner grounds*, as they are termed, and retained the *outer*, or vessel, fisheries. Did space allow, we could show, from both

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sides of the correspondence, that this original thought of Lord Bathurst was kept continually in view; the "bays" named by Lord Stanley are not once referred to. Contemporaneous exposition of a paper is always authoritative to some extent, and we claim, that, in this case, it is decisive. It is of consequence, also, to know whether the renunciatory clause on which Lord Stanley relies was introduced by our diplomatists or their opponents. It was brought forward by Messrs. Rush and Gallatin for special objects, and is in no sense applicable to the purposes for which it is now used. On the day the treaty was signed, these gentlemen wrote to our secretary of state, that they had "insisted" upon the insertion of that clause; and why? "with the view, first, of preventing any implication that the fisheries secured to us were a *new* grant, and of placing the permanence of the rights secured and of those renounced precisely on the same footing. Secondly, of its being expressly stated that our renunciation *extended only to the distance of three miles.*" And they add, that, from communications received by them, it appeared, that, with the exception of the open-boat fishery, "the fishing-ground on the whole coast of Nova Scotia is more than three miles from the shores; and they conclude with the remark, that, notwithstanding the three-mile renunciation, "it is hoped that a considerable portion of the actual fisheries on that coast [of Nova Scotia] will be preserved."

If, as Lord Stanley contends, we cannot enter a single "bay" of this Colony, what did the American ministers mean? Under circumstances* highly interesting to his fame with this generation and with posterity, ex-president Adams declared that the convention of 1818 "secures *essentially* and *substantially all* the rights acquired by the treaty of 1783; and that it has secured the whole coast-fishery of *every* part of the British dominions, *excepting within three marine miles of the shores.*" Is it to be believed, in view of the course of Mr. Adams and Mr. Gallatin at Ghent, and of the remarks of Lord Bathurst at the opening conference, which we have cited, that, after three years of negotiation, a treaty should have been framed which took from us very much more than the British government required us to surrender at the outset?

* Controversy with Mr. Russell about certain proceedings at Ghent relative to the fisheries and the Mississippi.

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The thing seems utterly impossible. Our statesmen have been accused, on the other side of the Atlantic, of a limited knowledge of international law, but never of yielding up our interests; indeed, the standing charge against them is, that they overreach, and drive too hard bargains. But on the supposition that the right of fishing has been abandoned in the "bays" of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, those negotiators who consented to the treaty of 1818 have allowed themselves to be most scandalously overreached.

And it must not be said, that the relinquishment on our part of the *boat* or *shore* fisheries was too inconsiderable an object to be so strongly insisted on by the British government. We understand their value quite too well to allow any force to such a suggestion. The Colonists, secure in these, have vast treasures at their very doors, and may use boats instead of vessels. Oftentimes, they have but to cast, tend, and draw seines and nets, to take hundreds of barrels of mackerel and herring; and years have occurred, when no less than forty thousand barrels of the former fish have been caught in a single season, on a portion of the coast only twelve miles long. And as for the *shore* fishery, for the kinds usually dried, that in the region of Barrington is of itself a mine of wealth. Colonial fishermen, here and elsewhere along the coast, may be at home after every day's toil.

And now, what has been the *British* exposition of the convention? We have documentary evidence on this head that is entirely satisfactory, but cannot adduce it all. "On your meeting with any foreign vessel fishing or at anchor in any of the *harbours* or *creeks* in his Majesty's North American dominions," were the orders of Admiral Milne to Captain Chambers, "or within our *maritime* jurisdiction, you will seize," &c. And Captain Chambers's report of his doings shows that he did seize vessels found fishing in creeks and harbours, and within the interdicted limits of three miles, and no others. The Commerce, one of our fishing-vessels, was seized in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and sent in for trial by the Colonial cutter; but it was released after a hearing, because, though within the body of the gulf, no offence had been committed within the *shore* prohibition. In an official letter of the commander of another revenue vessel, whose chief duty it has been for a considerable period to attend to the fisheries, we find it stated, that "from 600 to 700 sail of

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American fishermen drive into the gulf annually," where they remain "without molestation from the governments" of Canada and Prince Edward's island. A respectable Colonial newspaper, in commenting upon the despatch of March 30th, which opens the Bay of Fundy, objects to the permission, on the ground, that our privileges were already ample; for, "in the convention of 1818, it is stipulated that the citizens of the United States shall be allowed to fish within three nautical miles *around all our coasts*"; it should have been different, it argues, and should have "*reserved* to us the quiet and undisturbed possession of our *bays* and inlets." This last is not of decisive authority, we know; but the article from which we quote is able, and was copied by the Colonial press, and commented on as expressing sound views. We cite it, as against Colonists, to show that a portion of them, with great fairness, still adhere to the old construction.

If Lord Stanley be in the right, how has it happened that we have had uninterrupted use of the "bays" of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for more than twenty-five years. This fact admits not of the shadow of a doubt. We have known about three hundred American fishing-vessels to be in sight of each other at one time in only one of these bays. We have known armed ships of the crown, sent specially to prevent aggressions, to pass or to board vessels bearing our flag "broad in these bays," without capture or warning, and this, year after year. Even under the supposition, that this has been done by permission, and not of right, we submit with confidence, that the *permission* granted during a quarter of a century under this treaty has given us privileges which cannot be withdrawn. The principle, that rights to a fishery may be acquired and held *by use* is distinctly recognized by Vattel. Hence, we maintain that contemporaneous understanding, subsequent construction by both parties, and constant occupation are against the doctrine asserted in the despatches.

If asked how *we* dispose of the term "bays" in the treaty, we answer, that it applies to such arms of the sea as on some coasts are called *coves* and *creeks*, and was meant to designate all sheets of water which are not six miles wide, and no others. That our ministers acted upon information obtained from persons engaged in the fisheries, we are certain, for the negotiation was suspended to obtain it; and we may reasonably conclude that their informants spoke of these

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coves or *creeks* by the popular name of *bays*. The reader with a mariner's chart in his hand will observe, that, on the coast of Nova Scotia, there is a multitude of "bays," some of which are more, and many less, than six miles wide at their mouths or outer headlands. In fact, we know of no coast where they are so numerous. To mention all would occupy more space than we can spare. Mace's, St. Mary's, Barrington, Liverpool, Malaguash, Mahone, Margaret's, Blind, Tenant's, Pennant's, Chisset-cook, Musquidoboit, Newton-quoddy, Shoal, Tom-Lee's, Nicomquirque, Nicomtau, and Dover are but a part, though the most considerable, of those between the St. Croix and Cape Canso alone. That it may be fully understood in what sense the word "bay" is used in speaking of indentations of the coast at the east, we give an example in the case of the Passamaquoddy, which in itself is only a branch-bay of Fundy. In this small branch-bay, then, in common language, are Cipps's, South, East, Rumrey's, Cobs-cook, Strait, Friar's, Casco, and West-quoddy; and the Passamaquoddy, after being thus minutely divided, takes the name of St. Andrew's Bay, northerly and westerly of Eastport. The term "bays" is therefore a word of sufficient significance in the treaty, without embracing bodies of water which are as large as many European seas, and which are to be held in America as seas. We claim, that our vessels can enter them of right, and fish in them, and can enter and fish in their branches, where the shore on either hand is more than three miles distant.

The extent of territorial jurisdiction off the coast is a question which we need not touch. Whether the old or the modern doctrine be contended for, we may waive its discussion, since England, by fixing upon the three-mile, or "cannon-shot," distance, has settled the rule for the purposes which we have in view. But we may say, that fishermen, without treaty stipulations to favor and protect them, have sometimes fared far better than it is possible for ours to do, if the views of Lord Stanley are carried out in their most obvious sense.

The fishermen of almost every civilized nation have pursued their business either on implied or written sanctions. They have been permitted to follow their calling even in war. The hostile relations between England and Holland, though the ocean was stained with the blood of the subjects

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of each for several generations, did not break up the Dutch fishery on the English coast. In the war of our own Revolution, "rebels" though we were, Berkeley of the Scarborough frigate, while occupying the Piscataqua, allowed the fishermen of that river free pass out and in; and so, too, Admiral Digby, moved with compassion for the sufferings of the people of Nantucket, gave them written permits to resume whaling; and the fact, that a vessel * thus protected by his humanity was the first to bear our new-born flag to the Thames, and to draw out all London to see it, will be remembered, perhaps, when the records of battle shall be torn and scattered. One precious document which the great naval captain of modern times left behind him, and which is still preserved, is the pass that he gave to a fishing-vessel of Plymouth to pursue her way unharmed through the fleets of his royal master. This town was hardly excelled even by Marblehead in the number and efficiency of the recruits which she sent for the Whig service, and Nelson owes the greenest laurel of his youth to his generosity in forgetting this fact.

The untiring labors of Mr. Sparks have explained the enigma of the vacillating course of Lord North, and men may now lessen the reproaches which they have heaped upon his memory. But the warning may still go out for others to heed, that to drive fishermen from the ocean is an outrage. His bill † having this distinct object in view drew from the lords in the minority an eloquent protest against the deep wrong done by depriving men of their means of support even when "in rebellion." "That government," say they, "which attempts to preserve its authority by destroying the trade of its subjects, and by involving the innocent and the guilty in one common ruin, if it act from a choice of such means, confesses itself unworthy; if from inability to find any other, admits itself wholly incompetent to the end of its institution." And even in the bigoted times of James the First, the great body of Englishmen united — in the

* Her arrival was announced in parliament. Mr. Hammet said he "begged leave to inform the House of a very recent and extraordinary occurrence." After stating the name, — "the Bedford, Moores, master," — he adds, she "wears the *rebel* colors, and belongs to the island of Nantucket, in Massachusetts."

† Bill to deprive the people of the Newfoundland and other fisheries, &c., 1775.

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case already referred to in its proper connection — to break down the alleged chartered rights of a few to enjoy fishing-grounds which nature had made one and indivisible, and which all mankind had a right to enjoy by the higher charter of the common Father of all.

Nor did the war of 1812, with all the desolation and bad feeling which it caused, form an exception to the rule so commonly observed. We may refer for instances to the passports of Admiral Hotham to the people of Nantucket; to the permissions granted by Sir George Collier to all fishing-boats and vessels under thirty tons; and to the ordinary and almost universal practice of British commanders along our coast, of allowing the taking of fish to be carried to our towns and cities to be consumed fresh. And yet, our public and private armed ships, as these very officers knew, were manned in a good measure by the class of men to whom these indulgences were granted. How many, in the same service with Nelson, Digby, Hotham, and Collier, are there now in commission, who will "crowd sail alow and aloft," to hunt up and drive out such of our fishermen as shall continue to visit the "bays" interdicted so unwillingly by the secretary for the Colonies?

In common with many of our countrymen, we have some cherished friends among the British Colonists. Now, and before troubles break out on the fishing-grounds, is the time to hold frank and firm, yet conciliatory, language to them. *Their* fathers, though urging the mother country to yield us no fishing privileges, with a desperate hope, perhaps, that this might be a means of preventing the dismemberment of the empire, afterwards acknowledged that *our* fathers would not give them up. The matter was closed in 1783, as we have stated; why was it again opened in 1814, and why is it opened now? We could mention names as familiar as household words in the "old thirteen," before the Revolution, which now appear appended to proceedings, letters, and remonstrances upon this subject; we have traced back the design to inhibit the use of certain waters by our fishermen to a period as remote as the year 1807. The efforts of a generation have produced the state-papers which we have had under consideration; and now that their object is apparently attained, will they catch more fish, or become a guinea the richer? Do not our seas and bays contain an

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abundance of the finny tribes for their use and for ours? Why, then, are those among us, who have neither the money nor the credit to procure and fit out the larger vessels requisite for Newfoundland and Labrador, to be interdicted from employing the smaller craft along the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia? The presence of our countrymen on these coasts is often of service. It is not many months since American fishermen saved from destruction nearly one hundred British subjects of their own calling.

The Loyalists of the Revolution have had full justice at our hands.* No less has it been our endeavour to speak truly and kindly of the political condition and future destiny of their sons, now scattered over the face of British America. The bands of the colonial system, inflexible in the time of their ancestors, are, at the present moment, hardly felt as restraints upon any branch of their industry. Their growth is consequently rapid; and we have expressed the hope, that, when the day of their maturity shall come, as come it will, they may part with their parent and ours, without the long agony endured by us, — and that, instead of merging themselves with the first, and as yet the only, American confederacy of English origin, they may form a second sisterhood of States.† But they must not press our countrymen too far in the matter which we have now discussed. The children of the Whigs of a former day demand free access to the bays of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, because their fathers helped to win them, and because the crown of England has repeatedly recognized and confirmed their claim to them. We require, therefore, the use of every sheet of sea-water six miles wide in all British America, to be granted, not by courtesy, not by indulgence, but as a matter of right, and shall be satisfied with nothing less. The attempt to yield us less will occasion much unneighbourly feeling, and more wrangling and bickering than all the fish in the interdicted bays are worth to those who now claim the exclusive right to take them.

Are the Colonists willing to abide by the odium of the measure? Upon them Lord Stanley has cast it, and with

* See *North American Review*, Oct., 1844, article on "American Loyalists."

† See *North American Review*, Jan., 1845, article on "British Colonial Politics."

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them and with their cutters, unless we much mistake, the officers of the ships of war on the American station will leave it. In the course of frequent researches among state-papers, we do not remember to have seen a public document of such a singular character as his Lordship's despatch to Lord Falkland. The American people are distinctly told in it, that Colonial interference and importunity have alone prevented the home government from executing a determination already formed to put an end to all difficulties on the fishing-grounds within British jurisdiction. How often has it happened, that an English statesman, while assuming the political responsibility of an act, has cast the moral responsibility of it upon the subjects under his special care? When has a secretary for the colonies made known to the world, that the representations of colonists have set aside "the intention" of the cabinet ministers of the crown? We do not ask how often colonial remonstrances have actually prevailed with the ministry, but how frequently has colonial opposition to a course of policy been *avowed* by ministers as their reason for a change of purpose? The common form of announcing a cabinet decision is not that employed by Lord Stanley, in his despatch of March 30th, to Sir William Colebrooke; still, that decision was deemed honorable and liberal. The motive there given for opening the Bay of Fundy to our fishermen is stated to be, "the removal of a fertile source of disagreement" between the United States and Great Britain. But in the despatch to Lord Falkland, of September 17th, though the same inducements existed in full force for her Majesty's government to execute the intention of opening the other bays, in order to perfect and perpetuate harmonious feeling, yet that "intention was abandoned," on account of Lord Falkland's "statements."

We are not, however, driven to an inference from these state-papers, in order to show who are answerable for the influences which have produced the prohibitions here complained of. Facts and circumstances within our own knowledge have entirely satisfied us, that the closing "of the Bay of Chaleurs, and other large bays of a similar character on the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia," was an act which did not originate with, but was forced upon, the ministry; and we charge upon the Colonists, directly and

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explicitly, the illiberal and unreasonable construction of the convention of 1818, which it has been our duty to notice and expose. At present, we shall assume that England will modify her decision thus made, and perhaps abandon it, if the evil effects which are almost sure to arise are clearly pointed out. She will not maintain a position so likely to produce troubles like those of olden time, which existed between us as Colonists and the French. Fishermen are but poor interpreters of international law, and of unreal and fictitious distinctions. To them, the open sea is but one, a continuous fishing-ground, and few of them, we apprehend, will ever see or respect the lines which Colonial ingenuity has "drawn from headland to headland of the great bays." We have only to add, that our government, as we trust, will not fail to renew and continue its protest against this pretension of Great Britain.

We conclude with expressing a conviction, to which all practical men will assent, that, if the interpretation of the convention of 1818 now claimed be persisted in and practically enforced, we shall lose quite one third of our cod and mackerel fisheries. This result, we warn the country at parting, and in behalf of the fishing interest of New England, is not to be averted. And to our friends east of the St. Croix we would say in all kindness, that self-conquest is the noblest of all achievements; and that, if they will yield up their hatred of "the Yankees," they will win a victory infinitely more glorious than that which excludes us from their bays, — an exclusion which, while it does them no good, inflicts upon us much harm.*

* The name of our late distinguished envoy to the court of St. James has not appeared in the foregoing pages, because the correspondence between him and the British government, which preceded the first despatch, and which, we suppose, was subsequently renewed, and was closed only when that gentleman retired from the position which he adorned, has not yet been made public. Quite recently, in the Nova Scotia newspapers, allusions have been made to this correspondence between Mr. Everett and the British ministry, from which we infer that the former sustained his position with his usual ability.

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ART. V. — *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 12mo.

AN odd sort of taste in moral painting seems to be the rage among us at the present day. Whether for biographical portraiture, or representing historical scenes and the great landscape of humanity, but two colors are in request; if an object or an individual is not as dark as midnight, it is taken for granted that it is like the drifted snow; so that all the tints of the rainbow, which were formerly thought of some value in giving a true presentment of nature, are completely exploded, and the intellectual artist who is well furnished with white-lead and lampblack is equipped with all the materials which he is likely to need in his vocation, — at least, till the taste shall alter. Formerly it was thought that something might be said on both sides of moral questions; but now it is discovered that they have but one side, and that of course is ours. Once it was imagined that men acted from mixed motives, not always thoroughly self-consistent; but now it is known that there is no such wavering; they are either utterly base, or unchangingly bright, through the whole history of their lives. The old distinction of saints and sinners, which some have thought too indiscriminate and sweeping, is now found to be the true account of human nature; and woe to him who shall call in question this grand discovery of the day! Should he intimate that he prefers a two-sided view of any subject, before making up his mind; or suggest that any historical character may have been formed, not of one material only, but with elements mixed in various proportions; still more, should he discover that humanity consists in deeds as well as words, and that, in balancing matters between sayings and doings, the former are least to be trusted of the two, — he shall find no quarter from the sons of wrath who will combine against him; he shall by no means be acknowledged as the lawful proprietor either of a head or a heart.

That Carlyle addresses himself to this state of mind is one reason of his reaching an ascendency in this country, which, with all his power, he is far from possessing in his own. In his moral portrait-painting, all are either angels or

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evil spirits ; the latter, however, not so much disparaged as one might think, since many of them are represented as piously disposed, and all as likely to be angels after a fashion, before they have done. Certainly, there is something pleasant in this. It is refreshing, for example, to find that Mahomet was a very worthy and simple-hearted man ; and we may hereafter be relieved to find that Herod the Great was a model in the domestic relations, Frederic of Prussia remarkable for his tenderness, George the Fourth a temperance apostle, and Napoleon, like Noah Worcester, a fast friend of peace. In consistency with this principle, we have Cromwell presented to us as nothing more than a sincere and honest man ; and doubtless the shade of that illustrious person will be astonished, as well as delighted, to find himself thus equipped with virtues never claimed by himself nor his adorers ; though his joy may be dashed with some misgivings whether the hard-hearted world can be persuaded to believe it. And well it may ; since, if he was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile, throughout his ascending career, he has certainly been more belied than often happens to a man without some fault of his own.

We are sometimes, we are grieve to say it, when we read this writer, afflicted with a doubt whether he himself is fully persuaded of the truths which he dispenses to others. There is sufficient appearance of earnestness, but it is shaded by something pompous, burlesque, and queer ; and those who are wrought upon by his eloquence, at the very moment when they are moved to tears, are sometimes dismayed to see him apparently dying within with laughter, which it would be uncourtly to indulge, but which he cannot find it in his heart or his manners to suppress. His style is well calculated for such evolutions ; curiously doubled and twisted, better suited to darken and veil, when necessary, than to unfold the author's meaning ; it is sometimes beautiful and inspiring, then antic to the verge of folly, often shining radiantly upon the subject, but, like the flame of the revolving lighthouse, obscured about half the time. At times, we find it abounding in rich native humor ; at others, rejoicing in venerable jests which we hail as our acquaintances of many years' standing. It is a style not calculated to attract the reader, and therefore, as if in revenge, it browbeats him with fearful intimations of things which no eye but the writer's can see.

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Full though it is of information, all is abrupt and broken, as if the mass lay undigested, and nothing had found its place in his mind; his words, entirely unacquainted with their neighbours, seem doubtful whether to laugh or cry at the positions in which they stand, and at the novelty of the service which they are expected to perform. It is said by his admirers, that his style is natural to him; but the chief evidence of this is the difficulty of conceiving how a man of his great powers and attainments should consent to such a display of grimaces and contortions, which are more like Harlequin's exploits at still-vaulting than the graceful movements of a well-bred man, unless there is something in the habit of his mind which leads him into it against or without his will. There is no pretence for calling it nature, except that it is a great reach of art; nor would it ever have been regarded as natural, save that no one can conceive how Carlyle could ever have adopted such a dialect of shreds and patches from his own deliberate choice. The effect of it is to throw suspicion on his sincerity of feeling. When he declaims against the large and thriving progeny of "shams," it strikes us that there is something in it of the bitterness of a family quarrel; for it is the distinctive peculiarity of that interesting race to have the most painful sensibility to the hollowness of others, connected with the most joyous unconsciousness of their own.

The great reason why Carlyle is welcomed so generally in this country by those who dislike his style and do not admire his ways of thinking is, that he manifests a strong friendship for his race; though it is a friendship of that kind which implies no confidence in them, and is shown in the easy and pleasant way of contempt for things existing, without proposing for their welfare any measures or improvements of his own. This distinction, however, he will not be able to keep; the sceptre is already passing into a thousand other unclean and scrambling hands. For, now, not only the moralist by profession, but the man of letters, — the small poet who wants a market for his unsaleable wares, — ay, and the peddling writer of fiction, whose cheap literature is likely to cost much to the rising generation, — have discovered that the tone of humanity suits the public taste; and, as the language is easily assumed, the demand will soon have a full supply, so that there is some danger of the miller being drowned by

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the overabundance of the stream. That the demand indicates a real and substantial change in the general feeling is not so sure; it may be only a reaction from the misanthropic style, of which Byron set the fashion, and which was thought so high and graceful but a few years ago. But evidently, it will cease to be a distinction; and readers will look more to the prevailing spirit of a writer than to this sign which he hangs out before him. It may be, though this is almost too good to hope, that words will sink in estimation, and deeds for once rise above them, bringing about the happy day when humanity shall not only be sung, sworn, and shouted, but lived and acted out for the benefit and blessing of mankind.

But, leaving the style and spirit of this distinguished writer to bear witness for themselves, we come to the subject of this work, — unquestionably one of the greatest men that ever lived. So much all must allow; and a far better man, too, than he was formerly esteemed, when Hume gave the law to historical feeling, and when, in deep sympathy for the unfortunate Charles, men forgot to do justice to the cause and the principles of his opposers. In the present day, the public feeling, as usual in such cases, swings as far as possible to the opposite side; and Carlyle, in the work before us, outgoing all others, represents Cromwell as a single-hearted man, who always spoke the truth as it was in his heart, and whose whole ambition was to labor humbly in the service of God and man. It is true, he was constantly gaining his own personal ends through all the mutations of public affairs; but the kingdom, like a ripe peach, dropped into his mouth unsought, when he was looking upward in prayer; it came to him wholly by the act of Providence, without any self-seeking of his own. We can imagine the grim face of the Protector relaxing into a smile, to find himself so represented, with an aspect far more beautiful than he had ever seen in the glass of his own self-applause. He would rejoice that the flattering painter did not borrow his impressions from such men as Hutchinson, Ludlow, and Vane, thoroughly patriotic and disinterested, who saw through his aims from the beginning, and, with the instinctive sagacity of honest minds, while they gave him full credit for his great services to his country, discerned and brought to light the darker secrets of his soul. Compare the end of his military

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course with that of Washington taking leave of his successful army, at the height of his popularity and power, when his soldiers had just complaints to make and grievous wrongs to redress, — and we see at once the difference between a generous love of country and that mixture of patriotism and selfishness which led Cromwell, under the plea of doing justice to his men, to trample on civil restraints, and secure a gain to himself out of all that he had done for his native land, leaving it as a question to future times, which of the two feelings was the mightier, when both evidently had power in his breast.

But with respect to this matter of his sincerity; how much is meant by the word? There can be no doubt that his early religious convictions were sincere; he was sincere in his resistance to the king's oppression, sincere in taking up arms. He sincerely wished to see his country prosperous; and, with perfect sincerity, he believed that which no doubt was the fact, that he was better able to govern it than any other man. But what observer of human nature does not know how easily selfish motives and interests gain entrance to the heart? They grow among better principles, like tares among the wheat, so much alike in appearance as to be easily confounded with them, particularly when a man must be his own accuser and judge, and the trial conducted in the dark caverns of his own heart. The great mistake consists in supposing that one is either wholly selfish or wholly sincere, either all black or all white. This is no true description of human nature; it leads to a wrong estimate of every character to which it is applied. And thus, while great wrong has been done to Cromwell by those who believe that he was false and hollow-hearted from the first, indifferent to the benefit of his country except when it was identical with his own, — or that he was a perpetual hypocrite in religion, using his professions only to hide his own unsoundness from himself and others, — it is equally certain, that to represent him as an impersonation of pure sincerity in all things implies an extent of self-delusion in those who so describe him which it is not easy to understand. We remember that a writer of this school once suggested, that the lover of nature could secure the best view of the landscape, by extending his lower limbs like a colossus, and bowing down the head to look backward through these ungraceful dividers.

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If the same rule applies to the world of men, and their views of humanity are taken in this uneasy posture, it would account for the difference of such observers from those who prefer the common perpendicular attitude, as affording equal advantage for correctness of vision, and, on the whole, quite as much delight.

The present biographer disposes of all other accounts of Cromwell in the most summary manner, — not submitting to any sifting process of examination, but setting them down in the mass as false and stupid, because the writers were unable to discern that bright and stainless image of their gigantic subject which has dawned on his own prophetic eye. Noble is "poor Noble," and Heath "Carrion Heath," throughout, so called by a jest borrowed from another; probably a very excellent witticism, though the point and sparkle of it are not so easy to see. It is quite possible that even poor Noble and Carrion Heath may have recorded some true particulars of Cromwell's history, which would have interest for those who trace back character to the early influences which helped to form it. But, whether with or without foundation, they are all unceremoniously swept away from the table, and we must content ourselves, as it seems, with whatever Mr. Carlyle chooses to administer. Nor ought we to consider this hard measure; since, if we can enter at all into his own feeling, we shall regard a suggestion of his as an overmatch for any amount of human testimony. This trait, in fact, will be to some the glory, to others the sorrow and shame, of the work before us, — the infinite and sure complacency with which he dispenses his opinions. There is no lack of it in literary men; but nothing as yet has appeared quite equal to the self-glorifying spirit in which this writer revels. It does not seem to us in the purest taste; nor does it inspire in us a confidence answering to his own; but it doubtless has its joys and blessings; and one is, the escape from all the uncertainty which occasionally afflicts those who inquire and ponder before making up their minds. If, like one of his countrymen, he inserts in his daily devotions, "Send us a gude conceit o' oursells," he is an encouraging illustration of the truth set forth by the Christian lyrist, —

> "It shan't be said that praying breath
> Was ever spent in vain."

Mr. Carlyle's great discovery, by which he expects to

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remove all doubts of Cromwell's sincerity of purpose and patriotism, is to pay no heed to what others have said of him, but to allow him to tell his own story. This is certainly an effectual way to clear him; for it is surprising, when you come to take their own word for it, how pure the intentions, and how saintly the lives, of most men become. Carlyle declares, what no man doubts, that the spirit of Puritanism was sincere and high, perhaps the most exalted and generous manifestation of self-devotion to conscience ever seen in this world. But our faith in Puritanism is based, not on what it said, but what it did and suffered. None can deny the truth and greatness of those who, in allegiance to duty, renounced their homes and perilled their lives in battles at home and deserts beyond the sea; their words no man can question, because deeds and sacrifices have made them good. But when we see no uncommon measure of self-denial or sacrifice in the whole history of a man's life, but, on the contrary, find him reaping with both hands a harvest, not perhaps of gain which he despises, but of glory and power which he loves better, always gathering for himself what he most desires out of the ruins of old abuses which his energy has strewn round him, and climbing at last to higher authority and station than thrones and crowns could give, his humble words and heavenly professions may all be true, and yet we are not forward to trust them. We cannot help suspecting that Mammon had a share in his devotions, and that his heart was not given so entirely as he believes to God. In other words, we apprehend that he may be under some self-delusion, so that his language can hardly be a sure presentment of all that is in his heart. But to treat such a man's words as never to be trusted is the same wholesale error as giving them credit without reserve. Self-delusion blends itself with all imposture. It is the retribution of one who deceives others, that he imposes also on himself; and, after all, the habitual tenor of the life is the only evidence of sincerity on which we confidently rely.

Having disposed of all traditions of Cromwell's early life by that process, shorter and cheaper than investigation, in which this writer excels most others of the time, little remains of his personal history, before he entered on his public walks and duties, save that he opposed a project for draining the fens of Lincolnshire and the isle of Ely by conducting the river

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Ouse, which formerly overflowed them, on a raised embankment directly to the sea. There was a popular opposition to this improvement, because the inhabitants enjoyed a right of commoning and fishing in the fens and waters. Cromwell, though with his clear sagacity he must have seen the advantage of the work, resisted it with all his strength and influence, and was called "Lord of the Fens" by the voice of public gratitude and applause. When the plan was renewed in the Commonwealth, he became one of the commissioners to direct it, and afterwards, as Protector, he favored and approved the measure. Those who look in his life for the early dawning of ambition see it in this proceeding, which they ascribe to his love of popularity, caring less for the public welfare than the public will. Carlyle says, that he shall "by no means disentangle that affair from the rubbish-abysses in which it lies buried"; but he consoles us with the assurance, that Cromwell, on this occasion, resisted injustice in high places. What the injustice was, and wherefore it should be more just after he came to sit in high places than it was before, our author does not condescend to explain, probably because he does not know. He avers that Cromwell did not, in fact, oppose the draining of the fens, though it seems his neighbours were pretty well satisfied that he did; but touching his reasons for opposing it at the time when resistance was the way to popular favor, or for supporting it when he was too high to care for local popularity, Carlyle evidently knows no more than his readers. We are assured that the reasons were right and honorable; the ground of this confidence he does not undertake to tell.

Another passage, which excites his admiration, is a letter of Cromwell to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, which, he says, is indisputable evidence "that man once had a soul." For aught that appears to the contrary, man may have a soul yet; for the letter is like five hundred others which are written every year in New England and every other country, expressing deep confidence and joy in religious convictions; all which Cromwell felt, no doubt, as others feel, and expressed as others of the same religious views did then, and do now, express them. It affords no occasion for this flourish of trumpets: — "Was it not a time for heroes? heroes were then possible!" nor for addressing the reader in the lowly and conciliatory words, — "I pity thee. Brag not, or I shall

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have to despise thee." We should not of ourselves have discovered that the danger of bragging was wholly on the reader's side; but we must confess, that, wherever such a spirit is manifested, contempt is about the best which it deserves. Still, these sins against good manners are equally criminal and alarming, whether encountered in books or parlours; reverence is not the feeling which they inspire, and they are treated with less ceremony than Chesterfield would altogether approve.

But leaving the heroics, which, though happy and self-glorifying to writers, are not so well suited to enlighten readers, let us endeavour to take a common-sense view of the state of things when Cromwell came forward with resistless energy, and a spirit which, as no one denies, was at the time intent on securing his country's rights and welfare. Lord Chatham concentrated his clear, full view of the subject in a few expressive words:—"There was ambition, there was sedition, there was violence; but no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on the one hand, and tyranny on the other." The hour had come when bounds must be set to the arbitrary power of the sovereign; the people must submit to him as slaves, or they must draw their line, and say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." And well it was for the cause of freedom and humanity, that a strong religious feeling rose up, and spread from heart to heart, giving that invincible force and determination which the work required, and without which it would never have been done. So far, the antagonists of Charles have an undoubted right to sympathy, and the heart of the free goes with them. But the difficulty was that they outran the right on one side, as the king had exceeded it on the other; they became tyrants in their turn; and thus, setting the example of violating those laws which they professed to establish and secure, they endangered the liberties for which they rose in arms, paved the way to another despotism, more powerful as well as more glorious than the former, and made a new revolution necessary to set their country free. As a judicious historian — no friend of oppression either — says, "They set the example of glaring violations, not only of constitutional law, but of those higher principles of justice and right with which policy has not much to do. Usurping all manner of powers, insulting, plundering, and destroying all who did not support them, im-

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peaching bishops for treason simply because they exerted their right to protest, suppressing all freedom of debate, and treating as guilty of breach of privilege every one who said a word against their proceedings; and all this, because, wholly intent on a single object, they depended on military strength, and resorted to martial means to bring about civil changes, till the soldiery, at first employed as servants, became their absolute masters, governing with a sway so lawless, that almost all were glad at last to exchange the wayward oppression of thousands for the more consistent and lighter despotism of one."

From all which we infer, that artists with two colors only are not the men to paint these historical scenes. All was not right on one side, nor all wrong on the other; and though it is undeniably true that the welfare of England and the human race required that Charles should be resisted, it is not so sure that the resistance was always made in the best way or the right spirit, nor that equal advantages might not have been gained without such wild waste of blood. That Hampden and Vane were great and single-hearted men no one can question; but to believe that all who acted with them were disinterested and true requires great faith in human nature. Many of those who started with a conscience threw it overboard when they had left the shore; and some were exceedingly successful in gaining heights and honors which men do not often reach without some effort of their own. While, therefore, our sympathies naturally take side with those who fought the battles of the free, and we admire the matchless self-devotion of some, to us they are not all heroes, nor do we think it necessary to defend and exalt in the mass all the men and measures of their party. We cannot but feel a respectful tenderness for men like Falkland, who resisted the king's tyranny when he was in power, but sacrificed all for him when he seemed unjustly trodden down. And we can easily see how one who began with sincere patriotism, like Cromwell, might unconsciously identify his country's interests with his own, persuading himself that it was necessary for him to take the reins, when no other hand could hold them. For, if the divine right which his ability gave is so clear to a writer of the present day, much clearer must it have been to one personally interested as he was. Sincerity is consistent with large measures of self-delusion. But that he walked

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through life with an open heart, forgetful of self, and living only for God and duty, as the highest religious principle would imply, his best contemporaries did not credit, and we shall excuse ourselves from believing. We would not class him with those heroes of whom plain John Foster said, "It had been well for the world, if they had all been hanged together in a string"; nor do we suppose that freedom will ever number him with her disinterested prophets and martyrs.

As soon as the work of civil war began in earnest, such a man as Cromwell could not fail to make himself felt, if not understood. At first, exasperated as the parties were, there was some natural reluctance to turn violent hands against each other; old associations of brotherhood and loyalty required time to break them. For a season, with a traditional deference for the aristocracy, the parliament found generals for its army among the lords; and they, with a natural distrust of the levelling propensities of the republicans, kept an eye to their own order, and, though they fought against their monarch, did not press him with hatred as desperate as if he had never been their king. Cromwell had no idea of "striking soft in battle"; his favorite way of doing things was the shortest and sharpest. The consequence was, that, as his manifest ability set him at once far above them all, he often felt an indignant contempt of the forbearance of Essex and Manchester, and they a distrust of his ambition. He charged Manchester with cowardice and unfaithfulness to his trust; and Manchester declared that Cromwell had said to him, — "My lord, if you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself at the head of an army that shall give the law to king and parliament." These words are so much in harmony with the course which he pursued, and the army so soon took the stand proposed, against both parliament and king, that it might have been well to make some attempt to disprove them. Not so thinks Mr. Carlyle. He passes them over in silence; a convenient way to dispose of them, no doubt, — greatly simplifying the work of the historian, but not satisfactory to all.

We are told by Mrs. Hutchinson, that her high-minded husband discerned this same purpose in Cromwell, and told him plainly how much it would darken all his glory, "if he should be guilty of what he gave the world just cause to suspect, and become a slave to his own ambition." The effect

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of it was, that Cromwell "made mightier professions of a sincere heart to him," but took special care to "keep him out of the armie" ever after. Thus it seems that Manchester and the Presbyterians were not the only persons who suspected him. The best man of the day, whose disinterested sagacity it would be foolish to question, did not regard his words as the surest manifestation of what was in his heart. Still, as a military chief, no one could stand either at his side or before him; honest or not, he was too great to be put down. Take his letters and speeches as full evidence, and no man's purposes could be purer; but take men's own word for their saintship, and we should find no sinners anywhere to explain the existence of a world of sin.

One thing, however, there was which aided his energy to give success to his enterprises, and to strike his enemies with dismay. It was his unshrinking firmness in doing the work of blood. In other men there were some natural relentings, particularly when they saw their countrymen hewed down and mangled before them; but we cannot see the point in his history, from first to last, where a consideration of this kind had power within him. In the eyes of some this may be his glory; we cannot say that it is so in ours. He writes to a friend, Colonel Walton, to inform him of the death of his son in battle, saying that he was a gallant and gracious young man, and full of comfort in his dying hours. Only one thing appeared to disturb the serenity of his departure; and that was, "that God had not suffered him any more to be the executioner of his enemies." Cromwell remarks of him, that he was "a precious young man, fit for God," and would doubtless be a glorious saint in heaven. It may be the entire want of the heroics in our nature; but this does not strike us as just the spirit of the gospel, nor, till thus advised, should we have conceived that it was of precisely such material that saints in heaven are made. But if such is the beauty of holiness, Cromwell had unquestionably made his own election sure. Sir Philip Warwick described his first appearing in parliament; "his linen plain and not very clean; his hat without a hatband; his countenance swoln and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor"; adding to the picture, "a speck or two of blood on his little band, which was not much larger than his collar." On that occasion, the blood was doubtless

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his own; but in later days, those specks had so much enlarged and multiplied with the blood of others, that the artist of two colors is at his wits' end how to represent him in white raiment, as his theory requires him to do. No colorless chiar' oscuro will answer in the clear daylight of history. The horrible carnage of Drogheda or Tredagh refuses to be washed out, or painted with white lead; and yet the artist has determined that white the garment shall be.

It is quite an original effort by which Mr. Carlyle defends these passages in the life of his hero. No one, by the way, imagines that he shed blood for his own pleasure; he is simply charged with being somewhat savage in the battle, though not so at other times. And his present biographer defends him, not by showing that the slaughter was necessary as a warning, but by flying in the face of the humanity of the present day, describing it as a hypocritical parade of tenderness, and counting it glory to Cromwell that no touch of a similar affection ever visited his heart. "In Oliver's time," he says, "there was still belief in the judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing capital punishments,' of Jean-Jacques philanthropy, and universal rose-water, in this world still so full of sin." Cromwell he describes as "an armed soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the soldier of God the just"; "doing God's judgments on the enemies of God."

Now there is distracted jargon in this world, no doubt; but we must say, that we have seen no specimen of it elsewhere that quite comes up to this; and, as to the abolition of capital punishment which is far from the worst thing that good men have undertaken, we do not know who are so much personally interested to do it away as those who propose to order their lives by the light of such doctrine as this. The writer seems to be aware, that, in spite of all he can say, the smell of rose-water will be esteemed more refreshing than the stench of scaffolds, battle-fields, and similar flower-beds of death. This moves him to language less courtly and composed than a sage might be expected to employ. "To a poor, slumberous, canting age, mumbling to itself everywhere, peace, peace, when there is no peace, such a phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognizable in its meanings." "Here is a man whose word represents a thing." Of this there can be

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no doubt; but it is such a thing as many a little knave will swing for, before the humane can reach the result which they have at heart; while many a wholesale dealer in the same article, infinitely more deserving of such exaltation, will find trumpeters ready to crack their cheeks in his praise, as one who "has God's truth in the heart of him," and is guided in all his paths by the religion of peace and love.

But while we cannot approve this way of clearing individuals by flying in the face of humanity itself, — and nothing can be worse than the style of a half prophet, half merry-andrew, in which this writer deals with subjects of the most serious concern to mankind, — we do not mean to accuse Cromwell of habitual cruelty, but only to say that there was nothing which prevented his marching bloodshod to the accomplishment of his object, whatever it might be. In his usual habits of thought and action, he was highminded and generous, if not humane; fierce as was his use of victory, he was rigid in suppressing the violence of his soldiers as soon as their work was done. His word to an enemy might be implicitly trusted; and many less vigorous chiefs would be far less merciful to a fallen foe. There was no stain of avarice or ordinary meanness resting on his name. Without the accomplishments, he had much of the open manliness, of Cæsar; and this, perhaps, as much as his wonderful ability, gave him his ascendency over others, and made it hard to believe, in this case as in that of the Roman, that one so generous in the common relations of life could have any thing selfish in his public aims and endeavours. But unfortunately, this domestic and social excellence is no sure pledge for civil patriotism; men, even great men, are lifted from the ground by the applause which follows their services, and easily believe the flattering assurance, that they are essential to their country.

Nothing could be more uniformly successful than Cromwell's military career; and though the sphere was comparatively small, even trifling, when compared with the vast campaigns of modern days, and though there were no such depressing difficulties in his way as it was the glory of Washington to encounter, still, he gave an impression of rapid thought, of quick decision, of inflexible firmness, and fiery action, such as must have made him first in any walk of life, however wide, which he was ordained to tread. It was

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not necessary to suppose that he acted the constant hypocrite; and from this charge, were it required, Carlyle's work would successfully defend him. Perhaps this idea has been quite too much associated with Cromwell; that he wore his religion as an iron mask, to conceal his real expression at all times, and from every eye. It is well that such unfriendly imaginations should be done away. The truth with respect to him is, that his sincerity, at first unquestionable, and never wholly lost, shaded off into self-delusion; his ambition succeeded in blinding his conscience to a certain degree; and thus he was led to impose on others, where it was essential to his success. Still, he retained many and great virtues, and in most of his relations could afford to keep an open heart. He was not to be compared to the deliverer of his country, who quietly gave up his power when that work was done; and at the same time, he is not to be degraded to the common level of wholly selfish and unprincipled usurpers.

When Cromwell rose into such overshadowing greatness that every eye could see the decisive influence which he would exert in all public affairs, the two great factions which divided the nation, Presbyterians and Independents, began to look to his course as their chief concern. That tolerant spirit, which, unlike most other religionists, he maintained from first to last, and which was too much in harmony with his high nature to be ascribed to interest or design, inclined him to favor the latter party, who were a confused mass, representing all manner of doctrines and opinions, and each profoundly interested to prevent the ascendency of any single sect except their own. The city of London was with the Presbyterians, and the Scotch lent them their influence, if not their action; but the army, which was by this time the only real House of Commons, were fierce on the other side. Mr. Carlyle says, — "Modern readers ought to believe that there was a real impulse of heavenly faith at work in this controversy; that on both sides, especially the army's side, here lay the central element of all." To some extent, this is true; but other elements were there, working still harder. No doubt, each side believed that the service of heaven and the public welfare required the downfall of their opposers. It is the same holy alliance of conscience and passion which appears in the proceedings of every religious party. The

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Presbyterians hated and feared the victorious army, and resolved, if possible, to disband it; while the army, having tasted the sweets of power, had no idea of resigning its privileges and blessings to civil hands.

And now, to some, Cromwell, the idol of the soldiers, appears like a cat near a rat-hole, quietly waiting his time; to others, he seems piously and prayerfully watching, in that position, for the order of Providence to succeed. To Ludlow, the republican, he whispered something of the army pulling out the leaders of the House by the ears; which seems, to the uninitiated, not precisely the course that Providence is accustomed to employ, and sounds like a foreshadowing of that operation which he afterwards executed with so much success. It would not appear from this work, that he had any thing to do with the famous self-denying ordinance which was intended to remove distasteful officers from the army, and therefore provided that no member of the House should hold any military or civil station. Carlyle, on what authority he does not say, avers that one Zouch Tate proposed it. Clarendon states that Cromwell, together with Vane, was the author of the measure, and gives the substance of his speech on that occasion. It is not probable that he intended at the time to throw out others and retain his own command. This was not like him; but it was felt that his services were indispensable; and when Fairfax solicited that the act should be suspended in his favor, he was too easily persuaded that it was necessary for himself to do what he had maintained should be forbidden to all without exception; thus making self-denial a very easy effort, when, by merely enforcing it on others, without submitting to it himself, the virtue brought its own reward.

The effect of thus remodelling the army was to make its power absolute and unquestioned, with Cromwell for its heart and head. Fairfax, it is true, was in name the commander; but he had no more the control than the figure-head on the vessel, to determine its course through the sea. At times, the Presbyterian party rose in momentary strength; the Scots, who now perceived, that, by surrendering the king to the English, they had only established a stronger despotism, sent an army, under the Duke of Hamilton, to restore him; while the Presbyterians in England, who were then the party of the constitution, endeavoured to make terms

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with the royal prisoner, lest a mightier sovereign should rise and reign in his stead. The republicans, stronger in spirit than in number, of course could not gain their point, and might endanger their necks, by the king's restoration. They therefore could not act with the Presbyterians, and necessarily took sides with the army, hoping that the free English spirit, or some act of Providence, would prevent the despotism to which all was apparently tending. In the army, a party of Levellers rose, a kind of Chartists, who could not well conceive why no gain should come to the oppressed and humble, and were wholly at a loss to know how a dictator differed from a king. Historians speak of them with some contempt, because Cromwell, by his sharp remedies, so easily put them down; and Mr. Carlyle has treated their memory with a sort of buffoonery which is far more luxurious to himself than enlightening to his readers, or appropriate to the matter in hand. But Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of them as simple-hearted and earnest men, who asked nothing more than the rights which they had shed their blood to secure. A deputation of their number waited on Cromwell, when he was leaving England for the North to encounter Hamilton, and returned greatly delighted with the professions he had made them, till they ascertained that a coachful of Presbyterians, who came directly after them, had received similar assurances and returned with equal delight. Mr. Carlyle makes no mention of these occasions when the ever single-hearted man gave impressions not very consistent with each other. It is because he relies on Cromwell himself as his chief authority, and he, strange as it may seem, did not think it needful to record them.

Of these various parties, the Presbyterian was the only one which had much efficient strength; and all their movements were paralyzed by the difficulty of making arrangements with the king, and the feeling, that, if made, they could never trust him. Having, therefore, no confidence of accomplishing their ends, there was no enthusiasm in their numbers; and if they, at any time, manifested a high spirit, the advance of the army to London was enough to put it down. All depended on the course of the army, and that was determined by its chief. What his intentions were with respect to the king and country it is not easy to tell. He was not present when Pride drove out the members of parliament who had

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voted to consider the terms offered by the king; but in a letter, he ascribed the step to the immediate inspiration of the Almighty. Ludlow, the republican, and Hollis, the Presbyterian, who agree in nothing else, both state that Cromwell would have taken part with the king, if he could have carried the army with him. There is reason to suppose that his feeling inclined him in that direction; certainly there was no good will then existing between him and the party of the Commonwealth. He probably intended to govern himself by "the everlasting laws" by which the present writer legalizes all his proceedings; laws which are commonly interpreted at the pleasure of him who consults them; and which are apt to become, as Cromwell said of the laws of England, "a tortuous, ungodly jingle," when everlasting folly inclines its ear to the commentary which infinite ambition gives.

"Wooden Ludlow," as this writer calls him, probably because he was so dull as to die in exile and want because of his convictions, gives an account of a curious interview with Cromwell, who wished to prevail on him to go to Ireland, and, after combating his objections, "talked for almost an hour on the hundred and tenth Psalm"; whereat Mr. Carlyle lifts up his hands, and breaks forth in ecstasy, — "It is great! it is tragic! it is a thing that should strike us dumb!" Truly, if he believed that talking by the hour about Melchizedek is such a glorious proof of godliness, he is perfectly welcome to his own spiritual standard. He can find sufficient evidence of the kind, that "there was a man practising this world's mean affairs with a heart filled with the idea of the Highest. Bathed in the eternal splendors, it is so he walks this dim earth." He must not wonder, if others, less transported, regard it as an intimation that Cromwell had some small desire to be bathed in temporal splendors too, and therefore was willing to appear as "a God-intoxicated man" to those hearts of oak which were likely to resist him. But however this may be, we apprehend that Mr. Carlyle himself, with all his enthusiasm, had he been a hearer on such an occasion, would have been seen in full retreat before the homily was done, and "doers of the word" would have risen to a height in his estimation which they evidently have not now.

The army, having reduced the parliament to a ragged remnant, which was either in full sympathy with it or entirely subservient to its will, began to consider how the king should

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be disposed of; and since, should he live, he might possibly be restored to his throne, it seemed to be their only security that he should die. Cromwell has written nothing in relation to this subject; his opinions and feelings must be inferred from our impressions of his character; and while there is no proof that he sought the king's life, or that, except in the excitement of the battle, he had any taste for shedding blood, he must have been aware that such an act would leave him the first man in England, "with power too great to keep or to resign." He must have been far more exalted above other mortals than we believe him to have been, if such a prospect had no influence on his views and feelings. It is not probable that he could have saved the life of Charles, had he been so disposed. Fairfax afterwards said, that, if any of the regicides deserved to suffer, it was he himself, who, being in command of the army, might have saved the king. But every one knows that he would have done it, had he been able; and he was commander only in name, Cromwell having the real authority. And even Cromwell's influence, great as it was, would probably have been overthrown at that time by any attempt to resist the army's will. But it was not a thing which sat very heavy on his heart; there are some very pleasant scenes on record, as having taken place when the subject was talked over in their councils, such as flinging a cushion in sport at Ludlow's head; which may have some deep meaning, "unrecognizable by the present age," but to our dim vision appears rather more funny than decorous at such a time. Still, we speak diffidently, having had no means of knowing how magistrates, when life is in question, disport themselves before acts of doom. In the active proceedings of the trial Cromwell took no part except to approve them. Nothing is added to this part of his history by the writer of this work, who despatches the whole subject in few words, looking on it as an execution of the sentence denounced against tyranny by the "everlasting laws," and throwing up his hat with exultation at the unflinching manner in which the work was done. He says, "This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since." As to Flunkeyism we cannot speak, having no acquaintance in that

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direction ; but that Cant is alive, and enjoying the blessing of perfect health, we may find proof without travelling far ; for, though the singing of one age and sect may lose its charm for others, each has a new incantation, with a different pitch and tune, which it harps upon, delighted with its own performance, while the hearers are ready to perish with disgust and weariness of the song.

Mr. Carlyle says little of the death of Charles, and that little has no interest or value, though that event is the central point of the action of the times, and his hero's history is necessarily connected with it, so as to make it desirable that his course in relation to it should be clearly known. The mind even of the Independents was by no means unanimous in its favor. Scarcely one half of the commissioners appointed to sit in judgment could be induced to take their places ; some, who did, subscribed the sentence with a feeling of remorse and shame ; and Sir Henry Vane, who seems to us to hold the place which Carlyle would assign to Cromwell, of a conscientious and disinterested great man, utterly condemned and disowned the whole proceeding, nor would he afterwards join the council of state till the part of the oath which approved this act was altered. There are charges against Cromwell, not of intrigue, but of levity amounting to coldheartedness, on this occasion, which it might have been well to answer or explain ; but this writer disposes of them in his usual manner, by saying nothing about them, thinking it sufficient refutation, doubtless, that Cromwell in his own writings has not set them down.

The general feeling with respect to this memorable execution has passed through various changes in modern times. For years, the royal sufferer was regarded as a martyr, inspiring deep sympathy in many who condemned his oppression and thought him guilty of many public crimes. When the influence of Hume declined, this death was regarded as an honorable deed, and a useful and much needed warning. But now, when, as this writer perhaps would phrase it, the age of sulphuric acid is giving place to the rose-water dispensation, — a change not much to be deplored, — they who speak in the spirit of the English law will say with Hallam, that they " cannot perceive what there was in the imagined solemnity of this proceeding, in that insolent mockery of all the forms of justice, accompanied by all unfairness and inhuman-

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ity in its circumstances, which can alleviate the guilt of the transaction; and if it be alleged, that many of the regicides were firmly persuaded in their consciences of the right and duty of condemning the king, we may surely remember that private murderers have often had the same apology." They who regard these subjects in the light of expediency are wholly at a loss to discover what good this act has done. The divine right of kings and the sacredness of the royal person were dreams which had already passed away. This act was not necessary, nor did it serve to dispel them; on the contrary, the brave and gentle bearing of the king in those awful hours tended to make men forget the faults of his public life, and awakened a general sympathy for him which otherwise he could never have secured. In the light of policy, it was a mistake; tried by the law of justice, it was a transgression; and humanity laments it as a needless work of blood. Mr. Carlyle, however, is almost beside himself with exultation, as it comes up before him; and his solitary shout of triumph is echoed by no answering voice. So far from joining in his untimely raptures, the friends of their race look forward with earnest waiting to the day, when death shall cease to be the means of securing the public welfare, when neither kings nor people shall suffer violence to maintain the right or resist the wrong, and when Christianity shall protect life with such commanding power, that no one in the wide world shall lose it, except by the act of God.

Cromwell was the first president of the council of state to which the executive authority, though really residing in the army, was nominally intrusted; and Sir Henry Vane engaged the services of Milton (Mr. John) as secretary for the foreign languages to that body. But there was other work for the general to do, and his place at the head of the board was soon filled by Bradshaw. It was necessary that a force should proceed at once to Ireland, and there was but one who could be thought of as its chief. Meantime, the spirit of insubordination had risen in the army; as the soldiers had governed all others, some of them could not well understand why others should govern them. They had ideas about England's "new chains," and desires to secure the enjoyment of some of those blessings for which they had fought, which boded no good to the cause of discipline; and the more so, as their object was only to act over, on a smaller scale, what

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they had just been doing before with the consent and approbation of the country. But the power was now in mightier hands; and the sudden overthrow of all the mutineers, and the execution of some, showed them the difference between the civil sovereign and the military chief. Having trodden out the spark of disaffection with his iron heel, he proceeded with his troops to Ireland, where a new series of triumphs awaited him, and his first augury of success was a victory which the garrison of Dublin just before his arrival had gained over the Marquis of Ormond. His purpose was to move toward Munster; but part of Ormond's army having garrisoned Tredagh, now called Drogheda, he took that place by storm. Though at first repulsed, he rallied his men in person, and their new assault succeeded. Then followed the carnage to which we have alluded; no quarter was given; of several thousand, not thirty, as he informs us, escaped with life. Ludlow says that the slaughter continued two days without intermission; Cromwell spoke of it with singular satisfaction, as likely "to save much effusion of blood."

Mr. Carlyle ingeniously suggests, as a peace-offering to his Irish readers, that most of those who suffered at Tredagh were English soldiers. This was well known to Cromwell; but pleasant as the assurance may be to the natives of the Green Isle, we are not particularly informed what justice there was in butchering his own countrymen as a retribution for Irish crimes. The effect of these mercies, as he calls them, was, as well it might be, to spread the terror of his name throughout that unhappy land. Wexford, though defended by a considerable force, was taken and plundered. He says, "The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they had opportunity to carry their goods over the river whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more; I could have wished, for their own good, and the good of the garrison, they had been more moderate"; a wish, however, as Mr. Carlyle, who sees daylight through the bad grammar, informs us, not applying to the soldiers, but rather to the misguided people of the town. Ross fell next; Cork and Youghal were surrendered to him; one fortified place after another fell. He speaks of Ormond's "kurisees," which this writer takes to be a nickname for unpopular soldiers; but it probably was his way of spelling the word *cuirassiers*, spelling as well as grammar being a luxury by no

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means common at that day. In less than half a year; he had placed Ireland beyond the possibility of all future rising or resistance, having exacted a fearful penalty for the massacres which the Protestants had suffered before. The miserable inhabitants were permitted to enlist in foreign service; French and Spanish officers transported forty-five thousand; nearly half as many were sold into foreign bondage; and so much was the island desolated, that Cromwell invited the people of New England to go over and tenant the land which his arms had subdued. They, however, declined his civilities; and we have never heard that they or their descendants found reason to repent their choice.

When Ireland had no farther need of his active services, Cromwell left Ireton in charge of the work that remained to be done there, and he himself repaired to Scotland, where Charles the Second was, with many wry faces, adopting the Covenant, in hope of gaining the Presbyterian interest to his side; an ill-assorted union certainly, in which there could be no great amount of heart or confidence on either side, and where, indeed, all hope was founded more on the general hatred to Cromwell and the parliament than on any real faith in the dispositions of the youthful king. This business was not to be managed precisely like that in Ireland; long dissertations and preachings were necessary, as well as steel-blades and cannon-balls; he was just the man to deal in either article; and, after pressing the service on Fairfax, who flatly refused it, he set forth, prepared to administer either remedy, or both, as the case might be. A declaration was sent forward "to all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland," and a proclamation also for the people, though there must have been exceedingly few who could have felt that the former was not addressed to them. Lesley, who commanded the Scotch, probably had no great confidence in the strength and discipline of his army, and therefore kept safe in his strong positions, while a bloodless paper war was carried on between the heads of the two parties. Since Lesley would not fight, and the paper missiles did not prove fatal, Cromwell found it necessary to fall back upon Dunbar, where his ships and provisions lay; but in case of disaster at that place, there was no retreat for his army. Had the Scotch been content to pursue their former policy, it must have gone hard with the English; but, placing confidence in their superi-

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ority of numbers, they thought it more creditable to do something to help forward the victory, and, in changing their position, gave Cromwell the opportunity which he wanted, to make a vigorous charge. The success of the movement was complete; after a brave resistance of the Highlanders, the Scotch forces fled, losing more in killed and prisoners than all the English army numbered before the battle began. More efficient this than the letters for the Edinburgh clergy which fill Mr. Carlyle, who has published and may possibly have read them, with such wildness of delight. "They are coruscations," he says, "terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the human soul." But even if bright as that to which he compares them, they are of considerably longer duration; and since the day of much speaking is passed, they will not, except in those possessed with the heroics, awaken much interest now.

Acceptable as the victory of Dunbar was to Cromwell, it appears to have been hardly less so to Charles; for he hated and feared the Presbyterians, who were willing to have a king, but not a master, and who, as he believed, would have imprisoned him if their army had succeeded. The Scotch employed themselves in gaining recruits, and Cromwell in reducing their fortified places, as soon as a dangerous illness which afflicted him would allow. When he was able to take the field, he so planted his forces as to cut off the king's supplies, which induced Charles, or rather his army, to march directly into England, hoping that some interest or feeling would rise up to welcome him there. But it happened to him as to his descendant in 1745. The movement, indeed, struck terror into the hearts of the parliament, and great efforts were made to levy forces to resist him; but none, except the Earl of Derby, came forward to join his standard. Cromwell was following hard after him, and when at last he made a stand at Worcester, it was with very little hope of success, hemmed in, as he was, with a far larger army, under the greatest general of the day. The struggle was a fierce and desperate one; but, as usual, Cromwell's victory was decisive, and the party of the Stuarts was put down in England for many a day. This was the last of Cromwell's battles; ending a career in which he had manifested force of character, firmness of purpose, and swift energy of action, and which, though his campaigns were comparatively few and small, placed him among

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the foremost of those whom the world calls great; leaving a military character, too, which, ferocious as he was in the heat of the battle, was, on the whole, not shaded with war's worst excesses. He was honorable in his dealings with his enemies, not harsh in his treatment of the fallen, and, except in times of fierce excitement, none charged him with a thirst of blood.

But the question arises, whether, in his martial career, any proof can be found of rising ambition, which would betray itself by a divergence from that straight path of duty in which it was his boast to tread. And for such testimony it is customary to look to others rather than to the interested party; since, however open-hearted, there is such a thing as self-delusion, and men are not always conscious of that departure from the right which is clear to other eyes. The only decided evidence of this kind is found in the charges made against him by Huntington, his major of horse, who accused him before the House of Lords. He deposed, that Cromwell had instigated the army to disobey the parliament, at the same time that he was flattering the king with false professions; that he had also maintained, that it was lawful to fight knaves with their own weapons, and to pass through any forms of government for attaining his ends. This, to be sure, savored more of Jesuitism than ambition; but Huntington declares that Cromwell had said he did not know why he himself was not as fit to govern England as other men. Milton discredits this testimony, by saying that Huntington afterwards humbled himself to Cromwell, and declared that the Presbyterians urged him on, which was doubtless the fact; but the testimony may have been true nevertheless. Had it not been, the charges would have been heavier; and we may infer as much from Cromwell's afterwards employing Huntington. He was never revengeful, and could pardon an unsuccessful attempt to injure him; but he would never have given a commission to a perjured liar.

As to overt acts of ambition, Huntington does not prove much; but what he says of Cromwell's theory of morals derives some support from Mrs. Hutchinson, whose testimony cannot well be doubted. She says, that the government of one of four towns was offered to her husband, who chose that of Hull, thinking that nothing was proposed to him that could not properly be accepted. Cromwell desired him to meet a

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committee to confer about the matter; and on that occasion a malicious charge was brought against Overton, who was then the governor, one of those furious sectarians, like Harrison, whom it was so hard to control. Overton sent in a clear and satisfactory defence; but most of the committee were his enemies, and were proceeding to depose him, when Hutchinson, who was the very soul of honor, declared that the charge was evidently false, and if Overton was unjustly ruined, he could not take advantage of his fall. "Whereupon Cromwell drew him aside, and askt him what he meant, to contend so to keepe in that governor. The Colonell told him, because he saw nothing prooved against him worthy of his being ejected. 'But,' sayd Cromwell, 'wee like him not.' Then sayd the Colonell, 'Doe it on that account, then, and blemish not a man that is innocent on false accusations, because you like him not.' 'But,' sayd Cromwell, 'wee would have him out, because the government is designed for you, and except you put him out, you cannot have the place.'" Hutchinson then told Cromwell, that he would never prosper by such means, and going back to the table, he undertook the defence of the injured governor with so much determination, that his enemies were ashamed to persist in their intended wrong. But Mrs. Hutchinson says Cromwell resented this proceeding, and opposed all future attempts of the friends of her husband to give him the station which he deserved. "The Colonell forebore not to tell him what was suspected of his ambition, what dissimulations of his were remarked, and how dishonorable to the name of God and the profession of religion, and destructive to the most glorious cause, and dangerous to overthrow all our triumphs, these things which were suspected of him would be, if true. He would seem to receive these cautions and admonitions as the greatest demonstrations of friendship, that could be made, and embrace the Colonell in his armes, and make serious lying professions to him, and often enquire men's opinions concerning him, which the Colonell never forebore to tell him plainly; although he knew he resented it not as he made shew, yett it pleased him so to discharge his own thoughts."

It is difficult to resist the conclusion which was formed in that day by high and honorable men who were on his own side, that his usual straightforward manliness of character was melting away under the influence of selfish ambition. Mr.

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Carlyle, in his towering heroics, gives no heed to sublunary intimations like this; with the instinct of our wild geese in their migrations, which, though they fly low by night, mount in the day-time to the upper regions of the air, where no fowler's aim can reach them, he cares no more than they for those metes and bounds which are measured and marked by the surveyor with his compass and chain as he traverses the landscape below. And yet it is undeniable that facts require some attention; the historian is bound to look into and explain them; for these bird's-eye views, though entertaining to readers, and happy and self-glorifying to him who takes them, are not very favorable to a right understanding of the characters and ways of men.

In certain conversations, respecting the establishment of a new authority, which Whitelocke has recorded, and in which Cromwell bore a part not very decided, but sufficiently characteristic of his purpose at the time, he leans in favor of the monarchal form. In the first of them, which was the more deliberate and public, Desborough and Whalley express themselves in favor of a republic; St. John and the other lawyers, in favor of a mixed monarchy. Cromwell remarks, that, "if it may be done with safety to their rights as Englishmen, a settlement with somewhat of monarchal power in it will be very effectual." But Widdrington suggested, that the Duke of Gloucester was unobjectionable as a sovereign from his tender age, having never taken part against the people, though of the royal line, and therefore well suited for a constitutional king. This would not do, and Cromwell broke up the meeting without any satisfactory result. About a year after, he held a confidential discourse with Whitelocke alone, complaining of the chief officers of the army and the leaders of parliament as factious and unfaithful men. Whitelocke admitted this in part, but said, that, after they had exercised so much of the sovereign power, it would be no easy matter to restrain them. "What," said Cromwell, "if a man should take upon him to be king?" Whitelocke answered, that the remedy would be worse than the disease. Cromwell asked him why he thought so, when the people had a reverence for the office which would enable the incumbent to control the extravagances of those in power. Whitelocke replied, that, after the people had become convinced that a republic was better than a monarchy, his assumption of that office would change the

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state of affairs. Being urged by Cromwell to proceed, he advised a private treaty with the exiled king, by which he might secure himself and his friends, provide for his family, and enforce what restraints he thought necessary on the royal power. Cromwell said that such a step would require great consideration; then parted from him in some displeasure, and consulted him but little afterwards for several years. This latter conversation, for obvious reasons, Mr. Carlyle does not think it necessary to give; but he avenges himself on Whitelocke by speaking of "terrene, fat minds," "fat, drowsy pedantry," and such like savory meat as his custom is to dispense to those who do not please him; all which is sufficiently jocose, but does not turn aside the force of the evidence, which, if true and not wholly without meaning, certainly wears the aspect of ambition. Whitelocke was no fool, and no one ever charged him with enmity to Cromwell; but when he tells what it is difficult to reconcile with perfect heroism and heavenly-mindedness, he becomes "dull Bulstrode," an "oleaginous" man; in order, unquestionably, that these brilliant fireworks of humor may divert the reader's attention from that record which the untimely Bulstrode should never have set down.

It would be difficult to give any other explanation of Cromwell's dissolving the parliament by violence, save what can be found in his ambition; for that body, which owed its existence to the army, had been the faithful executor of its will. But as soon as the necessity for arms was over, and an effort was likely to be made to disband the forces and establish a more settled government, the soldiery, who had so long enjoyed the sweets of dictation, were not disposed to surrender it to other hands. A reform bill had been introduced by Sir Henry Vane, providing for a new parliament and more equal representation; for this offence, and his not worshipping the Nebuchadnezzar's image which Mr. Carlyle has set up, he is here described as, "on the whole, rather a thin man," "of light fibre," "an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man"; and much more in the same key, intended as a portrait of one who was as much above Cromwell in moral and intellectual accomplishments, as Cromwell was before him in the art of war. In the same way did this writer, in his novel called the French Revolution, visit on Lafayette the iniquity of being honest, generous, and manly, and thus of

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casting a shadow on the brazen front of his idol, Mirabeau; all which conveys a clear impression of the taste and fancy of the writer, with a very sparing infusion of historical truth. The parliament, though irregular in its existence and its action, had conducted itself with great energy in its latest days; the war with the Dutch had been carried on with success and glory, under the management of Vane, the man of "split hairs," as he is here so wittily called; the resources of the country were in a flourishing way; they were preparing to relieve the burdens of the people by dismissing unnecessary soldiers; no reason of patriotism or principle could be given for dissolving the assembly before they had provided a legislative body to succeed them; and there are few who believe that such reasons dictated the measure. It was true that the parliament had often abused its power; but in this case, as is not unusual in this world, the complaint and the revenge came not from the sufferers, but from those who were equally guilty.

On the whole, it is difficult for any except a determined adorer of Cromwell to represent him in garments entirely white. Neither is black the appropriate color; perhaps the proper hue would be something approaching that of the gray stockings in which he shone forth on the day when he gave leave to the parliament to withdraw from the house, and locked the door behind them. His bearing on that occasion is sufficiently well known; Napoleon, almost in our own day, has given an imitation of it, — not so pious certainly, but, in all other respects, about as good as new. Both of them, at the time, were in a state of agitated excitement, which was very unlike Cromwell's usual stern composure, and served to indicate, what undoubtedly was true, that he had some suspicions of the part he was acting; whether some taint of selfishness did not enter and deprave his zeal for his country's welfare. He began his speech at that time by praising the parliament at great length for their patriotic deeds; then, changing his key, went on to upbraid them, evidently working himself into a passion in order to gather courage for the task which he had to do. Finding himself opposed, he reached the necessary degree of excitement, and, after some personal vituperation of different members, in which he could indulge to his heart's content, supported as he was by his soldiers, and saying something to Sir Henry

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Vane, which showed that he would have justified himself to that great man if he could, he drove them impatiently from the room, saying, "I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me to this work"; of which we can only say, that whoever is disposed to believe it is perfectly welcome. Not being able to find his justification in ordinary rules of right, he thought it best to declare that he was acting under a divine inspiration. "Perceiving the spirit of God so strong upon me, I would no longer consult with flesh and blood." Mr. Carlyle finds no difficulty in swallowing that solution; but his readers will probably think twice, before they admit that such acts and inspirations are divine. The only reasonable pretence for it was, that the parliament had not done what was expected of it; but this rule, if carried out, would bring all legislative sessions to a close with great expedition; for the same may be said even of our Congress, and of every such body which has assembled since the creation of the world. The act filled England with fear and wonder; the royalists rejoiced to see the plague brought home to the inventors; the republicans looked on with fierce distrust, but could not help themselves; the army were delighted with this assumption of authority, which they regarded as their own; and all the discontented, who were not a few, to whom any change must be for the better, were more or less rejoiced in heart.

As to the assumption of authority on the part of Cromwell, Mr. Carlyle takes it very coolly, thinking it needs no explanation; it was only a visible manifestation of the fact as it existed. He was already the real sovereign; why not, then, conform the outward to the reality, and let him act the king? It is quite obvious that the nation had been engaged rather seriously in resisting this power of individuals; the kingdom had been shaken, and its best blood shed, to keep that authority from gathering in a single hand. The people did not feel as if much was gained by the substitution of Protector Stork for his most sacred majesty King Log, when the helplessness of the latter would have made him the more desirable of the two. They were naturally anxious to find some basis of principle on which the government could rest, and there seemed to be none possible, except the acknowledgment that the people were their own masters. But Mr. Carlyle has no hesitation in putting forth what Paley

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calls "the divine right of kings and constables" as a sufficient basis of authority. With him, the only question is, "whether there is any King, Könning, Can-ning, or supremely Able-Man, to take charge of these conflicting and colliding elements"; — words, brave words, which his readers may chance to have seen before. Whoever, then, feels himself to be that supremely able man, in other words, whoever *can*, has nothing to do but to come forward, asking and answering no questions, and take that place at the head of the nation to which he is entitled; and whoso demands his reason for so doing shall indubitably be put to death.

But unhappily, there are some in this world, men of action as well as writers, who think of themselves, not soberly, but more highly than they ought to think; they are quite as likely to thrust themselves forward as others who have better claims; so that the question, who is the supremely able man, can only be determined by experiment; the usual mode of trial involves a long history of war and suffering, and it is only by bloodshed that the matter is settled at last. The king then steps up his elevation; but after a few years, death ends his sovereignty, and a new scene of strife and wretchedness must determine who shall reign in his stead. Pleasant as all this is in theory, the world has had nearly enough of it; these heroes are less agreeable, and their bearing more difficult to away with, than they appear in the enthusiast's description. Men feel that divine right is not the worse for having a little of human right connected with it, and think it well that kings should be responsible, not only to Heaven, but to those who are to suffer from what they do. However beautiful, then, this theory of divine right, common sense will be likely to reject it; and those who have no better title will enjoy the shades of private life, and go down to the grave as "Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood."

That Cromwell did not feel quite easy in his divine right, or at least feared lest there might be a diviner right to challenge it, appears in his treatment of Vane, which is very unlike his usual manliness, and seems to show that all was not well in his heart. When he dissolved the Long Parliament, since he had not much else to say in reply to Vane's remonstrance, he cried out, "The Lord deliver us from Sir Harry Vane!" But the prayer was not answered, and the

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man of "split hairs," as this writer calls him, gave more disquiet to the man of split heads than would have been possible, if the latter had been conscious of not swerving from the line of duty. Cromwell having proclaimed a fast on account of the condition of public affairs, Vane took occasion to write a book in favor of constitutional government, stating the dangers which come from the rule of men, whether as individuals or in numbers, and showing that the only security of freedom must be found in a government of law. He shows how earnest, self-surrendering, and successful the spirit of liberty in the English people, up to that time, had been; but says, that a system had sprung up, which evidently was not intended for the general good, but for the benefit and exaltation of a few. In order to prevent the threatened danger, he endeavours to lay down some principles on which those engaged in the restoration of liberty should proceed; foremost among which is the truth, that the Lord is the sole ruler in and over the conscience, and in this province magistrates have nothing to do. He maintains that the people are the source of power, and are bound to restrain it; and that a constitution, written and accepted by the people, is the only security for the rights of the free. The professed object of Cromwell, in appointing the fast, was, to discover "the Achan who obstructed the settlement of these distracted kingdoms"; and Vane intimated to him, though in a manner perfectly respectful, that, in his search for the Achan, he need not go far from home. For this publication, he was summoned before the Council, and was required to give good security in bond for five thousand pounds that he would do nothing more to the prejudice of the existing government. To this act of oppression he refused to submit, and put into the hands of Cromwell a paper in which he asserted his own rights and those of his country. For these crimes he was imprisoned in Carisbrooke castle. An attempt was also made to deprive him of his property under the forms of law; and he was assured, all the while, that, if he would only support the government, the persecution should cease. It is needless to say, that his high spirit refused. This meanness on the part of Cromwell, so unlike his usual conduct, can be accounted for only by unworthy motives; and, if so, the white robe is not just the one for him to wear.

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It was from the conviction that a strong authority was needed, and from the difficulty of uniting in any system of government, that so many acquiesced in Cromwell's usurpation; for such undoubtedly it was. He had no title to govern, except as chief of the army, which is nothing but the right of power. Various were the opinions as to what the government should be. Harrison was for a Sanhedrim, like that of the Jews in our Saviour's time, consisting of seventy members; Lambert was for intrusting supreme authority to a chosen few; but Cromwell saved them the trouble of much reflection. He summoned into a parliament a hundred and twenty-eight men, chosen by his officers, many of them persons of high standing, forming a body known by the name of the Little Parliament, or still better by that of Barebone's. When this body assembled, he addressed them in an interminable speech, in the first hour or two of which he unfolded his reasons for dissolving the Long Parliament, dwelling especially on their assertion, that the liberty of the people depended on the continuance of their own body; as if they intended to be perpetual; when it seems quite obvious that they suspected the purpose of the officers, and the words were simply a reasonable protest against any violent measures to dissolve them. The rest of the discourse is a sort of sermon, like a long subterranean passage, lighted up here and there by little bursts of enthusiasm from Mr. Carlyle, mingled with bitter execrations on those owls who will not see what is not to be seen, and who are too thick-skulled to imagine the wonders which their searching cannot find. He is compelled, however, to make some small concession to poor human nature. "Intelligent readers," he says, "have found intelligibility in this speech of Oliver's"; that is, probably, they can see what he was after; but to himself, "it becomes all glowing with intelligibility, with credibility, with the splendor of genuine veracity and heroic depth and manfulness; and seems in fact, as Oliver's speeches generally do, to a singular degree, the express image of the soul it came from." We cannot say as much of these rapturous plaudits and clapping of hands; they do not seem to us precisely in character with the source from which they proceed; though they are doubtless very sincere, they indicate a temporary hallucination, and remind us of Maffei's account of Loyola, who was so earnest in prayer, that the fervor and

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spirituality of his devotions often lifted him several feet from the ground.

The Little Parliament, thus illuminated, proceeded with great vigor, applying themselves to the reformation of abuses of every kind. Much complaint had been made of the inefficiency and slow progress of the law. They abolished the court of chancery, and appointed a commission to prepare a new legal system, in which they admitted but two lawyers. They threatened the tithe system, without providing any support for the clergy in its place. They forbade the clergy's solemnizing marriages, which was made the business of justices of the peace; and in various ways they manifested a hostility to the clerical profession, which brought no little odium on their heads. But it does not readily appear why their history hastened to such an early close. They were to sit for fifteen months, and then to prepare for their successors; but they had not been more than five months in action, before Cromwell began to weary of their exhibition, partly, perhaps, because they always derived their powers from Heaven instead of him. A party of the members were devoted to his service; and they, with the concurrence of the speaker, proposed to dissolve their organization, and to surrender their power into the Lord General's hands, with a sort of confession of their unfitness for the work which they were selected to do. It is quite clear, that Cromwell, who had hailed it as an assembly of the saints, and proclaimed their meeting as the first application of Christianity to public affairs, was very sick of the beauty of such holiness as theirs. Ludlow says, that he frightened the lawyers and clergy that they might cry out against it. Mr. Carlyle says, that he testified much surprise and emotion at the result. We would not intimate that there is any inconsistency between the two authorities, for it is altogether likely that both say true.

The next step was, of course, to make Cromwell in form, what he had long been in substance and reality, the head of the nation and manager of all its affairs; and all historians, even Hume, are ready to allow, that, had he reached that station in the right way, he was the best man to hold its powers and discharge its duties. It is true, that he had been guilty of but few crimes, and not many unworthy actions; but the original sin of his elevation was, that he ascended

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to power and maintained himself there by means of the army, so that his government was essentially a military despotism ; — not perhaps in appearance ; so far as words went, the power still resided in parliament ; but these words only served to show, and were meant to conciliate, the republican jealousy of sovereignty ; for certainly, in practice, they were not in the least regarded. Those who, like Mr. Carlyle, justify all Cromwell's proceedings on the ground of his "divine right," have no difficulty in explaining all to their own satisfaction ; but we do not think much of the divine right to do wrong ; and if it was right in Washington to resign his martial trust when his wars were over, it was wrong in Cromwell to assume that the English nation could not govern itself, and needed, not freedom, but a change of masters. It may have been that they were not ready for a representative government. But it does not appear that intelligence, energy, or knowledge of their rights was wanting. At any rate, they had a right to make the experiment, and if they had done so without success, the fault would have been their own. That Cromwell denied them this opportunity, that he rose by the favor of the army, that he encouraged this dangerous element which every friend of liberty labors to put down, are stains on his fair fame which the success and glory of his administration cannot wash away.

But there is also a question, whether the success and glory of his administration, pleasant and flattering to natural pride as they were, resulted in permanent benefit to his country. Though his power was felt and submitted to by other nations, it was not patiently borne by his own. He did not think it wise to govern without parliaments, but he could not have patience with them ; for whenever Englishmen met in council, they were apt to remind him and each other of how much they had done and suffered in order to be free. As they could not be made sufficiently tractable, he was compelled to proceed without them ; and therefore resorted to acts of authority, which made men inquire what was the difference between a Protector and a King ; and, if they must have a master, whether it was not better to have the traditional sovereign, who had learned to submit to restraint, rather than the iron-hearted chieftain, whom nothing could control, — whether the peaceful sceptre was not more tolerable than the sword, which, though it shone magnificently

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bright to other nations, was livid and deadly to his own. Perhaps it would be found, if the investigation could be made, that feelings of this kind were paving the way, under all the glory of the time, for the restoration of Charles; and not only so, but for his restoration without those restraints which were eminently needed, and the want of which made the reign of that chartered libertine a history of infamy and sin. Had Charles the First been compelled to abdicate in favor of his son, and Charles the Second been placed on the throne with the thunders of the civil war still ringing in his ears, before he had been depraved by idleness and worthless companions, England might possibly have had a constitutional sovereign such as governs it now; or if the name of king had too many distasteful associations with it, the experiment of a republic might have been tried. There, the chief danger of failure comes from military usurpers; and surely, if Cromwell had laid aside ambition, and endeavoured to guard the interests of the commonwealth, no other star would have ventured to shine in an orbit that crossed his own. But it is useless to imagine what might possibly have been; what was is now recorded; and in that registry it appears, that, if usurpers are those who take powers not given by the laws of the land, or by the sense of the people deliberately expressed, but choose rather to rise on the shoulders of armies and reign by the right of the sword, Cromwell assuredly was one; and yet there never was a usurper who was less selfish in his arms, or who had the good of his country so much at heart.

Miss Edgeworth says, that whoever has reached the height of ambition has nothing to do but to sit still and enjoy the barrenness of the prospect. It was not so with Cromwell; when he had become the Protector, he found enough to do; and if he had undertaken to enjoy the recreation of sitting still on the upper circle of the wheel which was revolving under him, he would have been precipitated, not out of office only, but most probably into another world. The republicans, while they submitted to him, were growling in their dens; for though he himself had, as Mrs. Hutchinson says, "much natural greatnesse, and well became his station," his family, with the exception of Mrs. Fleetwood, conducted themselves with insolent grandeur, "which suited no better with any of them than scarlett on the ape," and thus irritated

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the spirit of those who hoped to have seen an end of royal power and pride. The sectarians of various kinds, whom he had favored and fostered, also had their own particular discontent. They had fully expected, that, when Charles was overthrown, the kingdom of heaven would come; and they could not persuade themselves that the reign of Cromwell answered to that description. "Claypoole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauched, ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatnesse. His course was full of sinne and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yett quite cast away the name of God, but prophaned it by taking it in vaine." The royalists were by no means delicate as to the manner in which their great enemy should be removed. We find De Retz speaking of the assassination of Mazarin with perfect composure, as a plan in which a Christian prelate need have no hesitation to engage. We know, that, half a century before, Elizabeth proposed to get rid of Mary of Scotland in the same easy and unobjectionable manner, and was disgusted with that "dainty fellow, Paulett," for not choosing to bear a part in her amiable plan. No one could suppose that Charles the Second would be dainty in such matters; indeed, the plan is mentioned without disapprobation even by Clarendon, who seemed to hold unenvied and undisturbed possession of what little conscience the disasters of war and the changes of state had left to his fallen party.

Fearless as Cromwell was, no man likes to be killed, if he can help it; and he had need to look about him. Harrison had refused to acknowledge his government; and the Anabaptists held meetings in which the Protector was denounced as a "perjured villain," with significant prophecies that his reign would not be long; all which was ominous, because he well knew, that, if their words were sharp, their swords were likely to be sharper. Finding that they would not submit in silence, he was obliged to deprive them of their offices in the army, and commit some of them to prison; often lamenting that he was compelled to resort to such measures with men whose good-will he desired to secure. Colonel Hutchinson warned him of a plot against his life which had accidentally come to his knowledge: Cromwell thanked him with great earnestness, saying, "But dear Colonell, why

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will you not come in and act with us?" to which Hutchinson replied, that he did not like his ways, which all tended to enslave his country. Cromwell answered, that his desire was to confirm the liberties of the people, and ended with saying, "Well, Colonell, satisfied or dissatisfied, you shall be one of us; for we can no longer exempt a person so able and faithful from the public service, and you shall be satisfied in all honest things." It was very painful to him, that, while so many were against him, the disinterested friends of their country did not rally at his side.

The conspiracies of the royalists were more easily detected, being necessarily intrusted to mercenary hands. Some there were, however, who acted under the influence of enthusiasm. Such was Vowel, a schoolmaster, who, though peaceful by profession, had some rough consonants to aid him, and proposed nothing less than to proclaim King Charles and trample the Protector into the dust. But he soon found that Cromwell held the rod in his hands; and Vowel was blotted out from the alphabet of the living, like "an unnecessary letter," not by the laws of prosody, but by a court established by the Protector for the purpose, without the sanction of any law. Sindercomb, who probably was enlightened by Titus's pamphlet, which laid down "killing no murder" as part of the moral law, was busy and inventive in his arts of death, having contrived sundry "infernal machines" to assassinate the Protector without detriment to himself. They returned, as usual, to plague the inventor, and he only escaped hanging by putting an end to his own life, saying, as he lay down, "Well, this is the last time I shall ever go to bed." It is clear that Cromwell, as he dealt not in rose-water, did not sleep on beds of roses; and to such a man this care of guarding his own life must have been a most unwelcome part of the business of the day. But the same unfriendly authority which we quoted just now admits his "personal courage and magnanimity upheld him against all enemies and malcontents," who could never succeed in their enterprises, though they gave serious disturbance to his repose.

It is striking to see how, under all these annoyances, his strong and steady mind proceeded with his plans and measures to advance the prosperity of the land. The neighbouring realm of Scotland, having no sympathy with England in

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habits, manners, or opinions, and always martial in its tastes, had caused much trouble, particularly in dealing with the late king. When it had made itself subject to the law of conquest, it gave an opportunity which he well knew how to improve. He therefore, in the first place, broke down all resistance, giving orders to Monk to proceed with the utmost vigor against all opposers. But though he "thus made himself terrible as a man could be," the severity fell principally on the aristocracy and the clergy, while the people in general, who found themselves less oppressed and in higher estimation than ever before, were well affected to his party. And thus, though the kirk was brought into subjection, and the lips of the clergy were sealed, though the nobles were stripped of their power, and the whole order of things unmercifully torn down and altered, even Clarendon admits that the nation at large was better satisfied with the new than the former system. Yet most of the council, and more than half their judges, were English, while a large army was kept to overawe them, and every thing was conducted without the least respect or indulgence for their national pride.

In Ireland, in consequence of the ferocious spirit which had been manifested there, he established a severer system. All who were proved to have been concerned in the great massacre of '41 were to be put to death; those who had simply borne arms against the parliament were to forfeit their estates, having lands on the moorlands of Connaught assigned them on which to live; professed Papists were to lose one third of their property, while the common people were left unmolested. Rigorous as his measures were, and the manner in which he enforced them, they seemed like mercy to most of the natives of that wretched country, which was held in such contempt, that Harrington thought nothing could be done so much for its advantage as to farm it for an annual rent to the Jews. But the islanders cared little whether they were governed by Jews or Gentiles; from both, they expected, and were sure to find, about the same amount of oppression; so that the common people heard gladly of the change, when they were so situated that any change must be for the better. And the Protector's worst enemies admitted that a general prosperity was enjoyed in the island, such as they never had known before. Unfortunate it was, that the restoration of the worthless Charles to the throne of his

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father should have brought to poor Ireland a restoration of its old miseries and wrongs.

But while Scotland and Ireland, having been subdued by his arms, could be thus regulated at his pleasure, it was not so with England, where there were many hard heads, not hostile to him personally, who could not well understand on what foundation his Protectorate stood. Accordingly, there appeared a strong disposition to inquire into the matter in the successive parliaments which were called, though this was by no means the thing for which their services were needed. The first was chosen nearly according to the system which the Long Parliament were maturing when he turned them out of doors; and great pains were taken to keep it pure by providing that no malignants, as they were termed, should elect or be elected. But after all precautions, some infusion of questioning spirits had found its way in. The Protector went in high state to address them, in a speech of three hours, "every word of which is transparent," according to Mr. Carlyle; but either the light did not shine clearly through it, or the eyesight of the audience was perverse. They immediately applied themselves to solve the problems which he never intended to submit; for sundry old republicans were there, Bradshaw, Haselrig, and others, who were nothing loath to resist and challenge the power which they were compelled to obey. They therefore took the form of government into consideration, and the Protector's authority first of all. Cromwell assured them, with the most solemn earnestness, that this was none of their business, but wholly his own private affair. In a speech of an hour and a half did he labor to impress on them a sense of their own duty, which was, not to concern themselves with him; concluding with offering them an instrument to sign, in which they bound themselves not to meddle with his sacred office, and placing guards at the doors of the house, who permitted none but subscribers to enter. Of course, the old republicans refused and went home. But even after this purgation, as Mr. Carlyle says in a sorrowful tone, it did not prove a successful parliament. "Respectable pedant persons! Their history shall remain blank to the end of the world!"

But the truth of their history was, that they turned with intense longing to the subject which they were forbidden to touch, and, with some small reservations, went back to the

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dangerous ground. So earnestly were they employed in such debates, that they did not send up a single bill for him to sign. What was more to the purpose, they voted him no supplies, and apparently did not mean that he should have any. It is not surprising, that, as this writer says, "his esteem for this parliament sank to a marked degree." Still, there was nothing to be said; and they were well aware that his high-handed energy would leave nothing for them to do. He looked on, "swallowing in silence," and "kept his eye upon the almanac with more and more impatience for the third of February," which completed the five months, at the end of which he had power to dissolve them. Luckily, it occurred to him that the legal months are lunar; so that at the end of five times twenty-eight days, during which time, as he says in his valedictory, "he did not know whether they had been alive or dead," he courteously recommended to them to vanish, and they saw his face no more.

The Protector and his latest admirer do not appear to have been aware of the real difficulty in this matter; it was that of giving to the government the air and semblance of freedom, when he was more absolute than any former king. It is hard to make-believe a lie. The forms of government, like the expression of the face, however carefully trained, will sometimes show the true state of things within; and this unhappy parliament, conscious that they were nothing, and having a natural desire to be something, could not act well their part in the masquerade, when the one assigned them was so degrading and unworthy.

Finding that this expedient would not answer, he threw off the forms of freedom, and divided the kingdom into districts, with a major-general at the head of each, whose powers were absolute, with the exception that they were responsible to himself alone. Mr. Carlyle, whose great knowledge of history enables him to skip over in a masterly manner that which it is distasteful to record, says very little indeed respecting this measure, except, that, if the officers were good men, it might be tolerable, and if otherwise, intolerable; and knowing that the reader must have the most intimate acquaintance with their persons and characters, he merely sets down their names to enable him to determine. The authority of an honest observer at the time seems to us to inspire more confidence than any such conjecture in the dark.

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Mrs. Hutchinson says, — "These ruled according to their own wills, by no law but what seem'd good in their owne eies, imprisoning men, obstructing the cause of iustice betweene man and man, perverting right through partiallity, acquitting some that were guilty, and punishing some that were innocent as guilty"; — precisely what might have been expected of those who governed by "divine right," and unsubjected to human control. Mr. Carlyle despatches in a single line the great financial measure which these bashaws, as Ludlow calls them, were designed to enforce; which was an exaction of ten *per cent.*, imposed by the Protector's will and pleasure, not on the income, but on the whole property of those who had ever sided with the king, though their offence had been expiated by composition, and they had been exempted by an act of indemnity from all such inflictions. Surely, star-chamber and ship-money, bad as they were, had nothing in them more lawless and tyrannical. To this he added a duty on merchandise, not required by any law. When some men attempted to resist the exaction, as in the case of Sir Peter Wentworth, Cromwell interfered with the action of the courts, and suppressed the suits of the injured persons by an act of his arbitrary power. From Mr. Carlyle we learn, that the taxes imposed by his "divine right" were less than was expected, and therefore cheerfully paid. "Singular," he says with enthusiasm, "how popular it seems to grow!" Singular it would have been, if there were any reason to believe it. But on the contrary, it appears that the royalists were growing in strength and numbers. The whole amount of this great popularity was, "great appearance of the country at the assizes, and the gentlemen of the greatest quality served on grand juries"; all which goes to show, according to this writer, that the nation was delighted with such proceedings. No doubt, he made reforms in many things where his own interest and authority were not concerned. But those who say so much of his appointment of Sir Matthew Hale to the bench would do well to remember that his upright administration of justice excited the Protector's displeasure, and that he ceased to go the circuit because of the interference of power with the course of the law. Still, after all abatements made necessary by the position in which he stood, above all law, his disposition inclined him to useful measures, his religious spirit

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was tolerant to all but Catholics, and, if he had entered by the door into his great office, he would have held it with eminent honor and advantage to the land.

Conscious of the feeling which his independence of law awakened, and hearing doubtless many of those whispers of dissatisfaction which could not be muffled and suppressed, he made the experiment of another parliament, trusting that the fear of his officers and the depression of the aristocracy would enable him to secure that majority which he had signally failed to obtain before. The members were duly returned, most of them well affected to his power and person; but of course there were some others, like Haselrig, determined republicans, who would speak and act as they pleased. "For these," says Mr. Carlyle, the Protector and his council "have silently provided an expedient, which we hope may be of service"; — a precious expedient, too, for a free nation; it was no other than that of excluding all members who were not likely to be on his side, a step which no Stuart or Plantagenet, in the height of his power, would have thought of attempting. "Soldiers stand ranked at the door; no man enters without his certificate! astonishing to see! Haselrig, Scott, and the stiff republicans, Ashley Cooper, and the turbulent persons who might have leavened this parliament into strong fermentation, cannot, it appears, get in! No admittance here! Saw ever honorable gentlemen the like!" Thus pleasantly does a Briton, in the nineteenth century, discourse about one of the most impudently despotic acts ever heard of among those who called themselves free. The excluded members remonstrated fiercely; but the parliament referred them to the council, who said that it was provided that none could be members but "persons of known integrity, fearing God, and of good conversation"; and these persons, being deficient in those respects, could not be admitted to their places; a reply which confirms what we learn in Hudibras of the doctrine of some religionists, who maintained, that, if devils could tell truth to serve their purposes, the saints were less privileged, if they could not occasionally lie when it was needful for theirs.

But after all the pains that were taken to secure a servile body, something of the stern Puritan independence was occasionally manifested there. One member applied to Cromwell the words of the prophet to Ahab, — "Hast thou killed and

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also taken possession?" But they proceeded with tolerable humility to do what he desired, declaring it high treason to attempt his life, and granting him larger supplies than had ever been raised before. They also passed an act binding all men to renounce Charles Stuart and his family, and, on the whole, fairly earned the prize of Mr. Carlyle's applause. "They forbore to pester his Highness with quibblings, and cavillings, and constitution pedantries; accomplished respectably the parliamentary routine; voted, what perhaps was all that could be expected of them, some needful modicum of supplies; debated whether it should be debated; put the question whether the question should be put; and in a mild way neutralized one another, and, as it were, handsomely *did nothing*, and left Oliver to do." Such is his idea of the use and office of a legislative body in England, and such the ground on which he applauds them for their discharge of duty.

This parliament, in the excess of their subserviency, believing that they understood his wishes, proposed to him to assume the title and state of a king. In all these proceedings, relating to the kingship, he makes a most humiliating figure; so that even this writer is sorely perplexed to give a satisfactory explanation of his conduct. Carlyle's shouts of applause die away in a melancholy quaver, and the little flames of admiration, which he places one in each mile along the weary wayside of Cromwell's speeches, to light up the darkness, burn mournfully blue and dim. The parliament made the necessary advances; but the officers of the army took the alarm, and a deputation of one hundred waited on the Protector, with a remonstrance against his accepting it. He makes answer with not a little sharpness; but their opposition has its effect, and he returns to the House what Mr. Carlyle truly calls "a negative, but none of the most decided." "His Highness would not, in all circumstances, be inexorable, one would think." "It is of the nature of a courtship withal; the young lady cannot answer, on the first blush of the business; if you insist on her answering, why then she must even answer, No!" The House, though they doubtless thought, that, in this case, the young lady was old enough to know her own mind, understood the meaning of the refusal, and appointed a committee of ninety-nine to press the office upon him. Then follows a conference, in which, as Mr. Carlyle says, it is evident his Highness wishes that

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they would draw him out, instead of compelling him to come out; finding that he will not speak first, they come out with their reasons for the offer, some of which are tolerably substantial. One is, that the powers of a protector are not limited by law, while those of a king are; and another, that, in case of a restoration of the Stuarts, all who have served a king *de facto* are exempted by law from suffering for it, while those who have served a protector only will be most undesirably exalted. In another conference he answers their reasons at boundless length; they reply to him in harangues of equal duration; and so on, communications succeeding each other to the end of the chapter, when he informs them that he cannot accept the title of king. Not because he did not want it; he was in good hope, that, as men's minds grew familiar with it, opposition would die away. But he found it easier to reconcile his own taste than that of others to the measure; and Lambert, Fleetwood, and Desborough, sustained by many others, resisted it so vigorously, that he was obliged to give up his inclination; avenging himself on Lambert by giving him leave to retire to private life, a fate which the other two, had they not been connected with his family, would doubtless have been permitted to share.

Now Mr. Carlyle does not pretend that Cromwell did not covet this distinction; he evidently thinks he should have had it; but he is confident that Cromwell held it in light esteem for its own sake, and had divers great and patriotic reasons for desiring it as he did; he does not know what they were, but some, he is confident, there must have been. Whitelocke says, that the Protector consulted much with him and some other counsellors about the matter; and sometimes, throwing aside the restraints of dignity, would "play at crambo with them." In fact, he does not appear to have done much else; the history of proceedings on his part is nothing but crambo; through the whole he stood like the cat in the adage, "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'"; seeing clearly, that, if he should overcome the resistance of the army, which was very doubtful, he must make a great surrender of popularity and also of substantial power, with almost a certainty of wetting his feet in blood.

Mr. Carlyle finds prodigious difficulty in keeping up his enthusiasm through all these weary doings. He occasionally says, "A considerable question this of the kingship; impor-

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tant to the nation and the cause he presides over; to himself not unimportant, and yet to himself of very minor importance." But it is so clear that Cromwell did not consider it a question of mere "feathers in the hat," and that, finding himself unable to take the crown, he came as near it as possible, when inaugurated as Protector, decorating himself in purple, holding a sceptre, with other royal playthings of the kind, that Mr. Carlyle can no longer sustain himself in the heroic vein. His style, unconsciously perhaps, sinks into a sort of pathetic solemnity. He evidently wishes in his heart, that Cromwell had contented himself with his own undeniable greatness, and let the paper cap of royalty alone; for this low ambition stands so recorded that there is no possibility of disproving or explaining it away.

But while Cromwell was thus a king in every thing but the name, or rather was more and greater than a king, he found that there were some things which power could not do. His parliament, for a wonder, lived long enough to adjourn; and before it reassembled, he thought it necessary to provide himself with such a House of Lords as could be made to order. Only one of the old nobility was disposed to serve; the rest were supplied by drawing out members from the Commons, where their votes were wanted; for, in the establishment of the government, the power of excluding distasteful members had been too hastily surrendered; the consequence was, that the members formerly excluded easily found their way in, and, as one might suppose, not at all conciliated by their long waiting in outer darkness. When that parliament came together, Fiennes, in an opening speech, compared the two houses to two firmaments, as fashioned at the creation of the world, to keep the elements apart and in order. But unhappily, one house was but a small segment of a circle, and the other was more rich in clouds than stars, and too much agitated itself to do much in keeping the waters from the waters. In fact, one firmament flatly, or perhaps we should say roundly, refused to stand by the other. The Commons would not acknowledge the other house as "lords"; apparently, not because they were not very sufficient persons, but because they held their nobility solely by the Protector's will. The earliest demonstrations were so unsatisfactory, and it was so manifest that the spirit of freedom was likely to say more than it was altogether pleasant for Cromwell to hear, that he

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lost no time in putting a stop to their deliberations. It was said, that, when urged by Fleetwood and some other friends not to dissolve them hastily, he used language more free than decorous, saying that they should not sit a moment longer. It was bad to live without them; it was impossible for him to live with them. Throwing them aside was only conforming the appearance to the reality of things, and, so far as his power and comfort were concerned, was the less evil of the two.

It is curious to compare his dealings with other nations with those in which his own personal ambition was concerned. In the latter, we cannot find the straightforward manliness which we should have desired to see; and some of his ways, such as that of selling as slaves for the West Indies persons who were disaffected to himself, are positively detestable to all who have not lost their humanity in their hero-worship. In fact, the winding course in which he travelled to his official elevation is in perfect contrast with the striking, grand, and resistless march in which he led his country to the foremost place among the nations; for there her prosperity and glory were identical with his own. His first use of power was to make peace with the Dutch and Portuguese on mutually advantageous terms, securing a profitable trade, and putting an end to bloody warfare. Christina of Sweden solicited his alliance; France, through the cautious Mazarin, was earnest never to offend him; and Spain, proud as she was in those days, trembled at his displeasure. He showed his inflexible spirit to the world, when the brother of the Portuguese ambassador had committed a cowardly and atrocious murder in London, and endeavoured to shelter himself behind the law of nations. By Cromwell's order, he was seized, tried by a jury, and executed; somewhat irregularly, no doubt, but giving an example of swift retribution that struck terror into every heart. And yet, the universal fear which his name inspired, the height to which England was exalted, and the terrible energy with which Blake with his fiery besom swept hostile fleets from every sea, were not so honorable to him as his interference in favor of the poor descendants of the Waldenses, on "Alpine mountains cold," whom the Duke of Savoy, because they refused to renounce their religion, was persecuting with fire and sword. He sent them liberal aid from his own purse, compelled France to interfere for their

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relief, sorely against her will, and thus extended the mighty arm of his protection to those whom no other human aid could reach. Such acts as this it is delightful to remember. *O si sic omnia!* is the feeling with which we read them.

But a thoroughly self-consistent character, whether for good or evil, is not yet to be found written in the annals of mankind. Feared and respected as Cromwell was, his closing days afford a most impressive lesson to the ambitious, showing how unsound must be the basis of that power which is not established in law, and how poor a consolation to an aching heart is found in eminence and glory. He felt that he was more dreaded than loved or trusted. Though all due reverence was paid to his great ability and station, there were few who in heart said, God bless him! The best friends of the country did not rally at his side; from the day when he trampled down the laws, they stood apart in gloomy displeasure. Having destroyed the reality of freedom, he could not retain the aspect or the name; for it was clear that no parliament could be assembled which would not question and challenge his power. Meantime, the royalists were active in the service of their master, and no fear of death could suppress them; the dark and dangerous fanatics were everywhere maturing plans and conspiracies against him; the republicans, though they hated the name of kings, could not persuade themselves that absolute protectors were any better, and would have rejoiced at any moment to see him overthrown. Unable to put confidence in any, obliged to guard his own life by perpetual suspicion, worn out with never-ceasing demands upon his energies, he often said that such an existence was a burden too heavy for man, as these clouds were gathering their dreary folds around the setting of his day. A sudden attack of fever was the instrumentality which put an end to his life; but the undermining process had long been going on within him; and as soon as he was struck with disease, he fell a shattered and helpless ruin. Ludlow says, that at his death he seemed concerned for the reproaches which men would cast upon his name, as indeed he had reason; and that he was not without misgivings of another kind appears from his rejoicing that he had *once* been in a state of grace, and that the elect could never fall.

It will readily be seen that we have no faith in the idea of Cromwell which Mr. Carlyle has presented. It is, in part,

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a creation of his own fancy, which is not unused to this kind of painting, but does not improve by practice. Indeed, Cromwell lived too much in the clear daylight of history, to be seen thus in poetical vision. While all allow him to be among the foremost of the great, it is evident that he was not faultless, and that he was drawn aside by his own master passion from that straight and narrow way of duty and patriotism, which otherwise would have been the path of his choice. He was not highly intellectual; he was rather a man of action; his strength of mind was great, but was far exceeded by his strength of heart. While none could surpass his far-reaching discernment in civil affairs, and his practical wisdom in conducting them, we do not find him, like Napoleon, searching into the foundations of law, or forming comprehensive systems for the future benefit of mankind. But, unlike the modern hero, Cromwell had a heart. It was not hardened by the passions and changes of a life so restless and exciting. He would not have been capable of sacrificing his wife and family under the false pretence of regard to the public good. His religion was evidently sincere; but under strong temptation, it ran sometimes into self-delusion; he never appears like an open hypocrite, and when he deceived others, he was himself the first victim of the imposture. His character was far better than it has been sometimes represented. He is certainly to be numbered with the great, and, comparatively speaking, with the good; but there was one fatal stain which a Lethean ocean can never wash away.

Mr. Carlyle's gifts, it is well known, are of the poetical kind; and here he has exercised somewhat too much of his inventive genius,—a power which, however admirable in its place, is not precisely suited to the work which he undertook to do. He has not set Cromwell before us, but a radiant vision, a beautiful ideal, very pleasant to gaze upon, no doubt,—but, all the while, we feel that it is not the living man, not the Cromwell whose true history and heart we are solicitous to know. He has done for this great character what Malone did, in the last century, for the ancient colored bust of Shakspeare, when he ingeniously covered up the only remaining representation of the eyes, complexion, and hair of the great dramatist with a thick coat of white lead; an act for which other antiquarians affectionately wished him translated, not specifying to what regions it was their hope that he might go.

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With those who do not examine it attentively, this will pass for a book of great research, because it revives the declining interest in a passage of history which has been neglected of late years. But it will require still greater research on the reader's part to discover what passages in Cromwell's life this great bonfire has lighted up. It is easier to find those which were formerly clear, but are made obscure in the work before us by throwing them needlessly into shade. We do not think that this book compares in value or interest with that on the French Revolution, though it has defects of the same description. Eloquent passages and original humor, of course, there must be; but the writer is still oftener oracular, conceited, and portentous, and his waggery is sometimes untimely and intolerable, "like him that singeth songs to a heavy heart." On the whole, these pictorial histories are of no great service to the cause of truth; the great talents of this writer might be employed to better advantage; and though his desperate and indiscriminate admirers will tell him otherwise, the world would lose nothing, if he would leave this field to less original, but more patient and laborious writers.

ART. VI. — *The Greece of the Greeks.* By G. A. PERDICARIS, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens. New York: Paine & Burgess. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

THESE entertaining and well written volumes are from the pen of Mr. G. A. Perdicaris, a gentleman born in Greece, but an American by education and adoption. Many of our readers will remember a very interesting course of lectures, delivered by him in different parts of the United States, between 1833 and 1835, upon the literature of Modern Greece. The subject was new to all but a few scholars, and the accomplished lecturer treated it in a manner highly attractive to all who held the name of Greece in honor, for her illustrious achievements of old in every path of glory, and for the noble manner in which she had, within the present century, thrown off the yoke of the barbarians. Those lectures contained the

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materials for a valuable work on the Modern Greek literature; and we hope the author may be induced by the favorable reception of the present volumes to give to the public the fruits of his former labors.

In the year 1836, Mr. Perdicaris received from the government of the United States the appointment of American consul for Greece. In November of the following year, he embarked at Boston, and, after a voyage of sixty days, arrived at Athens, where he took up his abode. This work contains the substance of his observations on the state of the country during his residence there. He was the first American consul who represented the government of the United States at the Grecian court. Whatever estimate may be placed upon the honor of having received so classic an appointment, the emoluments of the office will not be likely to attract those patriotic gentlemen who delight to serve their country for a consideration. Mr. Perdicaris's diplomatic labors extended through the period of five years; at the end of that time, the receipts of his office amounted to the sum of thirty-six dollars and ninety-six cents! We have not heard whether Mr. Polk has fixed upon a successor.

The official position of the writer, he being the only diplomatic representative of our country at the court of King Otho, gave him favorable opportunities for informing himself of the character of the society and the policy of the government in that classic land; and we are sure that the conclusions of so intelligent an observer will be received with the attention to which the circumstances under which they were made fully entitle them. The style in which this book is written is remarkably idiomatic and lively. There are some errors, such as a foreigner can hardly be expected to escape; and to these must be added a pretty large number of typographical blunders, some of them such as seriously to mar our pleasure in reading the book. The sketches of scenery have much picturesque beauty, and are drawn at first hand from nature. The delineations of manners and customs have great merit, showing knowledge and vigilant observation. Mr. Perdicaris enjoyed the double advantage of being at once an educated foreigner and a native. He brought with him an ample accumulation of science gathered in the course of his literary and professional studies in America, and added to this the peculiar insight which his Grecian nativity gave him; that mag-

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netic sympathy with the characteristic modes of thought which belong to the fatherland, and which can never be acquired perfectly by the denizen of a foreign clime. We feel, therefore, while reading his volumes, that we have an authentic exposition of the institutions and character of Greece, not made up by slightly skimming over the surface of the country and its present social organization, but drawn from a profound knowledge of the inmost sources of Grecian thought, the springs that secretly move the machinery of Hellenic life. It is this circumstance which gives a peculiar value to the work.

The subject is doubtless one of the most interesting that attract the attention of enlightened men in our day. The revival of the nationality of the Greeks, after so many ages of Roman and Turkish oppression, is a phenomenon that stands solitary in political history. No mind imbued with the smallest tincture of literary cultivation can contemplate it, surrounded as it is by the most brilliant associations of the triumphs of genius in letters and arts, without a deeper interest than any mere series of political events, however important, can inspire. The revolution by which the Greeks vindicated the honors of their illustrious descent was welcomed by the irrepressible sympathies of the civilized world, and no political calculations of government could wholly repress the active coöperation of the nations with the Greeks in the attempt to throw off the detested yoke. The history of that revolution abounds in all the revolting atrocities of barbarous war; and as we read its pages with breathless interest, we are pained to find that the long oppressed descendants of the founders of European civilization too often disgraced themselves and their cause by retorting upon their Turkish oppressors the heathenish cruelties of which they had themselves so long been the victims. But on striking the balance between the contending parties, the result is to the honor of the Greeks.

The difficulties of the country had not ended, — indeed they had hardly begun, — when the providential battle of Navarino, where the Turkish naval power was annihilated by the combined fleets of Russia, France, and England, in 1827, put an end in effect to the long-drawn conflict of arms. The actions that followed were only the spasmodic struggles of fanaticism and tyranny to hold their victim still in their clutches. The energetic measures of Count Capo d'Istrias, who had recently

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been appointed president, seconded by Tricoupi, his able secretary of state, and by the *Panhellenion* assembled at Napoli di Romania, together with the intervention of the high powers, led to the final pacification of the country, though not on terms very satisfactory to the inhabitants. The great powers, simply because they *were* great powers, proceeded in the most arbitrary manner to settle the affairs of the distracted state. A boundary was arranged which excited the discontent of the Greeks of all parties, and which will probably lead to another conflict with Turkey; a government was imposed, supported by foreign bayonets, and a loan, to be repaid from the scanty revenues of the nation, without asking the nation's consent; and though a constitution was promised, the promise was not performed, until the people, with arms in their hands, extorted the royal assent. At this moment, Greece is laboring under heavy pecuniary embarrassments, forced upon her by the arbitrary will of foreign cabinets, and increased by the foolish and profligate expenditures of their intrusive government. But she has gained a recognition of constitutional principles of government; she has dismissed the hordes of Bavarians who for years devoured her substance; she holds, by her representative assembly, some control over her finances, and has subjected the king's ministers to some degree of responsibility; and she has at least the consolation of knowing, that, excepting the royal family, her governors are Greeks. Difficulties still remain. Intriguing agents of the great powers may still distract the country and retard her prosperity; but if she continues to manifest the wise moderation which distinguished the remarkable movement of her recent bloodless revolution, she cannot fail to secure an honorable position among the civilized nations of our age.

The plan and object of Mr. Perdicaris's book may be gathered from the following sentences in the preface.

"The struggle and the subsequent independence of the Greeks called into existence new objects of interest, and a new order of writers. But these, like those who went before them, appear to be better acquainted with the ancient than the modern Greeks, and — with a few honorable exceptions — they belong to that noble band who have been valorously engaged in fighting over the memorable battles of Platæa and of Marathon. It is not, of course, intended, by these remarks, to convey the idea, that the works alluded to are deficient in merit, or wanting in interest;

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they are all excellent in their way; but their authors, though imbued, to a greater or less degree, with the spirit of ancient Greece, were but little acquainted with the language and the genius of the modern Greeks; and their books are but ill calculated to supply us with a work, the avowed object of which would be to acquaint us with the present condition of Greece and the Greeks. This is the main object of the following work, and the reader will allow me to remark — by way of explanation — that on my return to my native land, and during my residence in the capital of the kingdom as American Consul, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with almost all the noted Greeks of the day, and through them with the events of the past and the prospects of the future. Mere historical facts are the property of all; but my views and opinions on men and things, though expressed by myself, are to be regarded as the views and the opinions of the Greeks in general; — in this respect my Greece is 'the Greece of the Greeks.'

"It was not, of course, possible, while travelling over the classical and hallowed scenes of ancient Greece, to resist the temptation of paying them a passing tribute. This was neither possible nor desirable; but my main object being the condition of modern Greece, I have confined myself to the narration of such events as form a portion of her history, and to the description of those institutions and internal resources, by means of which she must subsist or perish." — Vol. I. pp. 4–6.

Preliminary to the main part of the work, Mr. Perdicaris gives a series of comments on the history of the existing government. The negotiations with Prince Leopold, the present king of Belgium, having failed, for reasons highly honorable to that distinguished personage, the courts of France, England, and Russia, in May, 1832, offered the crown of the new Greek state to Prince Frederick Otho, the second son of his majesty the king of Bavaria. The prince, being a minor, was accompanied by a regency consisting of three members, not one of whom was a Greek. A loan of sixty millions of francs, to meet the expenses of organizing the state, and to support the government until the revenues of the country should be developed by the operation of stable political institutions, was made by the high contracting parties, and secured upon the future resources of the nation. An army of four thousand mercenaries was introduced and quartered upon the exhausted people, for the greater security of the throne. Under such circumstances, it was perhaps too

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much to expect that the true interests of the country would be rapidly promoted by the application of an enlightened policy. The oldest and most experienced governments have at no time been famous for taking the shortest road to the accomplishment of the greatest amount of public good. Here, the difficulties of the problem were increased by every circumstance that the ingenuity of man could devise. An intrusive government; a minor prince, in the hands of a regency whose only state maxims were the official formulas of a Teutonic despotism; a country reduced to the last stages of poverty by a long and bloody war; a debt of twelve millions of dollars contracted before any of the means for its payment had been secured; — these circumstances in the condition of Greece at that time might well have discouraged more experienced and wiser men than the pedantic statesmen who governed in the name of Otho during his minority. Some useful measures were adopted. The country was divided and organized with a view to the administration of justice. In these arrangements, however, ancient traditions were consulted quite as much as modern necessities. The capital was fixed at Athens, though, in the opinion of the best judges, more than one place might have been selected better adapted than the site of the ancient metropolis of Attica to all the purposes of a modern centre of government and of commercial transactions. The borrowed funds were not judiciously or economically administered. Hungry adventurers from Bavaria were supported in idleness around the court of Otho, upon the money which was to be repaid with interest from the scanty earnings of the people who had had no voice in these matters. Facilities of transport and communication, the encouragement of agriculture, a judicious distribution of the public lands, a wise encouragement of immigration from among the Greeks who were still left under the Turk, attracted comparatively little attention from the philosophers who were playing at government in the infant monarchy. The discipline, uniform, and pay of the military, the building of a clumsy but costly marble palace for the king, the establishing and keeping up of the etiquette of the court, weighed more heavily upon their minds.

The great interest of public instruction was not, however, neglected. The zeal and enthusiasm with which the Greeks responded to the government in this laudable work proved that the fire of the old Hellenic spirit was not extinguished. The

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University of Athens, organized upon the general principles of those of Germany, was supplied with a large body of learned professors, and crowded with the flower of the Grecian youth. The precious remains of the ancient genius of Athens were carefully treasured up, and placed under the guardianship of an eminent Athenian scholar, Mr. Pittakes, who holds the office of Conservator of Antiquities, and watches over them as a sacred deposit. The disorders that reigned in the interior, in consequence of the anarchy of so many years, were in time suppressed. The system of professional robbery, organized under the leading of the mountain klephts, gave place to the reign of law, and the most noted chieftains who had survived the revolution yielded with the best grace they could to a power which they found it vain to resist.

The operation, therefore, of the intrusive Bavarian government has not been wholly evil. But it has been charged — and the reproach must be shared between the actual government and the great powers which brought the government into existence — with a gross political fraud, — a breach of promise in withholding a representative constitution, according to the terms expressed in the protocols antecedent to the treaty which placed Otho on the throne. Doubtless the government in this matter committed a violent outrage upon the liberties of Greece; and it is a wonder that the explosion was so long postponed. But German cabinets have a violent antipathy to granting constitutions, especially if they have been promised, — as was memorably shown after the downfall of Napoleon. The Greeks bore this agony of neglected promises and hope deferred, as long as they possibly could; but the government at length reached the last drachma of their borrowed money, and foreign creditors began to press for pay, and the poor little king was obliged to confess he had not a *lepton* in his purse; nay, more, that he probably should never pay the debt he already owed, unless they would again lend him a helping hand. Like Bassanio, he was forced to appeal to the Russian, French, and English Antonios in pathetic tones: —

> " *In my school days*, when I had lost one shaft,
> I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
> The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
> To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
> I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
> Because what follows is pure innocence.

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I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the rest."

This crisis gave the Greeks an opportunity to interfere in their own affairs. By a revolution quite unexampled in history, in which the people showed themselves determined, without being violent, — in which, with arms in their hands, they forbore to shed blood, — in which, with temptation to extort it by force, they chose to demand a constitution as a right, and the king had the wisdom to yield what he could not but know was on every account a claim of justice, they secured, by the memorable movement of September 3, 1843, "a social compact, which is destined to protect, for ages to come, the prerogatives of the throne and the rights of the nation."

By this revolution they not only gained their own constitutional liberties, but prevented the threatened interposition of the great powers, — the exacting creditors who were on the point of seizing the debtor's goods and chattels, and of placing the unfortunate king in a sort of durance vile. It was a measure as much for the security of the government as for the political liberties of the governed. In the ancient history of Greece there are few political events that compare with this in wisdom and grandeur. The proper history of the kingdom of Greece will date from this period.

"The allied sovereigns," says Mr. Perdicaris, "are in no way responsible for the conduct of Greece; and having no responsibility, they have no right of supremacy. It is true they have assumed the title of Protectors, and Greece in her days of sorrow submitted to it. But the age of tutelage is over, and it is high time they had from Greece the reply her Diogenes gave to Alexander the Great, when he asked what favor he should confer upon the Philosopher." — Vol. I., p. 21.

Mr. Perdicaris arrived at Athens on the 6th of January, 1838. The following morning he entered the city of Minerva in a hackney coach. The scene is thus picturesquely described.

"As soon as we reached the shore, we engaged a hack, and

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started without delay for Athens. We had scarcely disentangled ourselves from the streets of the Piræus, and the low heights to the northeast of it, when the plain of Athens, with its olive groves and its mountains, with its glories of art and of nature, unrolled itself to our view. Our attention was, for a while, arrested by the dark olive grove, which contains 80,000 trees, and also by the public road, which winds its way through groves and vineyards to the city of the 'blue-eyed goddess.' But the farther we progressed into the plain, the more we began to admire its chief characteristics, the more we were impressed by its mountain barriers. 'As the city of Athens,' says Mr. Wordsworth, 'was both protected from external aggression, and also connected with the sea, by means of its long walls, as they were called, which stretched from the town to its harbour, so was the plain of Athens defended from invasion, and maintained its connection with the coast by its own long walls, — that is, by its mountain bulwarks, namely, by Parnes and Ægaleos to the west, and by Pentelicus and Hymettus on the east; and thus, the hand of nature had effected for the plain what was done for the capital of Attica by the genius of Cimon and of Pericles.'

"Parallel with Mount Hymettus, and at no great distance from it, runs that light and graceful chain of rocks which forms so beautiful a feature in the scenery, and at the same time separates the valley of Ilissus from the plain of the Cephissus. The continuation of this chain is exceedingly irregular. In one part it sinks to a level with the valley; in another it rises in precipitous and lofty masses. The highest peak is Mount Anchesmus; but the most abrupt and the most inaccessible is the Acropolis of Athens. Its high and tabular form seems to have been fashioned by the hand of nature as a *scopos* or stage for the survey of her magnificent works; and the same platform was seized upon by the Athenians as the most appropriate position for the shrines and the temples which they erected in honor of their guardian gods, and in triumph of their genius.

"The glittering Acropolis, and Hymettus, to the rear of it, rose above the earth like a vision; they were as full of beauty as they were of novelty. But, notwithstanding our familiarity with some of the more prominent objects in the picture, the general aspect of the country was not only unlike, but in perfect contrast with, every thing we had seen. The plain was as soft and as beautiful as the sky above it; but the nakedness of the mountains was so complete and so singular, as to appear defective and unnatural. There is a very prevalent idea with the Greeks, as well as with some of the European residents, that the whole of the country has undergone a great change since the better days of Greece:

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that the hills and the mountains have lost, by use and misuse, their woods and forests, and that this has been followed by a corresponding change in the climate. To this they attribute the want of rain during the summer season; to this the long lost murmurs of the Ilissus. This idea, however, which is brought forward as something new, is, in fact, as old as the hills. Plato, in his Critias, attributes the aridity and the sterility of Attica to the same cause, — to the loss of the woods, which, according to the traditions of *his* times, were swept to the sea by an extraordinary fall of rain. Since the days of Plato, the land has undergone great changes: its verdure and its groves have disappeared with the disappearance of cultivation, and we look in vain for the noble Plane-trees which shaded the banks of the Ilissus, and the philosophic walks of the Lyceum; and its mountains, which, to the eyes of the uninitiated, appear so altered, are, perhaps, the only objects that have not altered, — the only features of the country that would be recognized by its ancient inhabitants. The mountains of Attica, with their unencumbered forms, like the writings of the classics, require both study and taste, in order to be duly appreciated; but once seen and appreciated, their recollection and effect remain with us through life.

"To the left of the road, and between it and the hills of the Phalerum, we noticed the monument of Karaiskaki, and the tumulus which conceals the bones of those who fell in the different battles, near and about Athens, in 1825 and '26. There are few objects more interesting, or more intimately connected with the modern history of the country, than these simple and impressive monuments, and they form an appropriate entrance to the city; but, like most of the travellers to this country, we swept hurriedly by them, and, passing through the olive groves, began to ascend the higher grounds. The Acropolis, with a part of the Parthenon and the Propylæa, had been before us ever since we left the Piræus, but the greater portion of the city had been hidden behind the hills, and the first object which caught our eyes, and for a while fastened our attention, was the temple of Theseus. Before we had time, however, to take even a hasty and general view of its chaste and beautiful proportions, we were hurried in our crazy vehicle into the no less crazy suburbs of modern Athens; and for the first time we found ourselves among realities too wretched and too miserable not to disappoint and dishearten us: we were willing to attribute our disappointment to the ideal picture we had formed of the city in anticipation, and made every possible excuse for the miserable and poverty-stricken looks of an object with which we were determined to be pleased: but there was the thing, and neither love nor patriotism could alter or soften its features." — Vol. I., pp. 25–29.

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The next chapter contains a very interesting summary of the modern history of Athens, dating from the year 1456. The present state of the city is therein described. The following remarks upon the services of Mr. Pittakes will be read with interest.

" Had there been nothing else, the clearing of the Propylæa, and the restoration of the temple of Victory, would have been sufficient to entitle Mr. Pittakes and his coadjutors to the gratitude and the praise of all those who are interested in the antiquities of Greece; but to these he has added other services, less apparent, perhaps, to those who have not watched their progress, but not less important or less interesting. Mr. Pittakes has been intrusted with the task of clearing the whole of the Acropolis; and, in the execution of this work, he had to carry out and throw down an immense mass of rubbish, and a great number of private and public buildings. The task was sufficiently Herculean, and it was rendered the more so by the want of means; for Mr. Pittakes, like the hero of old, had to clear the Augæan mass with little or no aid from the government or the Society. Notwithstanding the many obstacles in the way of the Conservator-General, the whole *epipedon* or level of the Acropolis has been cleared; every abomination has been thrown out; and so completely has this work been done, that the different divisions and the original pavement of the Acropolis may be now seen, even by the inexperienced in antiquities; and while the ground has been disencumbered of those objects which impaired the proportions of the temples and the monuments, the work has been attended with the further advantage of recovering such fragments of art as had been spared by time and the impious spoilers. Among these are pedestals of statues, friezes, altars, inscriptions, and other relics of art, which, though effaced and mutilated, are in many instances of great historical value. Nor are these fragments few, or altogether deficient in intrinsic merit. The gallery to the left of the Propylæa, two or three rooms to the rear of it, five or six vaulted cells, and a great portion of the open space between the Propylæa and the Parthenon, are literally filled and strewn with the fragments of this great storehouse of sculpture. In the upper rooms of one of the private buildings still standing, there is a large and interesting collection of vases and urns, worthy to stand by the works of the great sculptors. Some of these terracotta creations are so light in substance, and so graceful in form, as to claim for the old pot-makers of Greece a place in the pantheon of her artists. In the different collections, and in various parts of the Acropolis, there are many bas-reliefs and alto-relievos of admirable execu-

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tion. Most of these belong to the ornaments and the friezes of the different temples in the Acropolis, and are therefore doubly interesting; but among them there is one intrinsically and superlatively beautiful. This relievo represents the Goddess of Victory in the attitude of tying her sandal. She has lost her head, and yet she is so perfectly captivating, so like a thing of life and feeling, that the memory of her light and graceful form haunts me like a revealed mystery of the beautiful.

"Fortunately, the blocks of marble which were parts of the temples themselves, having nothing to excite the cupidity of the spoilers, and being too heavy for transportation to northern climes, were left to lie among the rubbish, and are now at the disposal of the artist. The shafts of the columns, their capitals, and the blocks which belong to the north and south sides of the Parthenon, lie in one confused mass; and though no effort of man is perhaps sufficient to renovate the 'shattered splendor' of this matchless temple, the taste and ingenuity of experienced artists may be so far successful as to replace the fallen fragments in their original positions, and thus fill out at least, or restore, its proportions. This has been successfully attempted with the temple of Victory, and there is no reason why it cannot succeed to a certain degree with that of Minerva. The latter, like the former of these temples, is now in a process of restoration, and there is something interesting even in the partial success that has attended the enterprise; there is something both cheering and emblematic in this restoration of the Greek temples by the hands and under the auspices of the modern Greeks. Should the now fallen columns of the Parthenon rise, and the now absent gods return to the pedestals they once occupied, — as it is to be hoped they may, — the whole civilized world will have occasion to rejoice in the triumphs of modern Greece." — Vol. I., pp. 49 – 53.

Mr. Perdicaris gives a very favorable account of the king and queen of Greece. To most readers sketches of living persons will probably have a greater interest than the ruins of antiquity. We shall make no apology for offering the following lively passage.

"My presentation to the queen took place the day after. As soon as I entered the saloon, I felt that I was in the presence of a beautiful and amiable being. My situation, however, was somewhat embarrassing, when I found that I had to make myself agreeable through an interpreter, and also in the presence of two maids of honor and a very ugly-looking master of ceremonies.

"Her Majesty, whose personal appearance is exceedingly captivating, and whose blue eyes are as mild as they are eloquent,

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had little to say about the American commerce or the navy. The appearance of the New World, the grandeur and majesty of its rivers and forests, and the beauty of the American ladies, were the objects in which she felt an evident interest, and about which it was my good fortune to gratify her curiosity. To my account of the American ladies she listened with pleasure, and I had half a mind to tell her that some of them were as beautiful as herself; but recollecting that I was talking through an interpreter, I doubted the propriety of such a compliment, and contented myself by assuring her that the American ladies were deeply interested in Greece, and that they had every reason to hope that the land of all that was beautiful in nature, and interesting in association, would be as happy and as prosperous under the light of her Majesty's virtues, as it once was under the protecting care of Minerva!

"Queen Amelia is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. She was born the 9th of December, 1818, was married on the 22d of November, 1836; she is youthful, and so interesting in her person as to be justly considered the most beautiful queen of the age. She is not indeed one of those dazzling beauties that overwhelm us at first sight, but she is so very simple and so very amiable in manners and temper, that we are apt to forget the queen in our admiration of those virtues and those graces which belong to a lovely woman. She is just the woman that Titian would have delighted to paint. She has a fine and pliant form, fair hair, blue eyes, clear complexion, and a smile — *Παναγίαμου.*

"Otho is surely to be envied both as a king and a husband. With Greece for his kingdom, and with Amelia for his consort, he has all that fortune can give to a monarch, — all that God can bestow upon a happy mortal. King Otho ought to have been something extraordinary both as a king and a man, not to suffer by contrast with his kingdom and his queen. Without being an admirer of his government, I have a higher idea of the king's intellectual abilities, and a greater respect for his moral worth, than has been awarded him by those who, unable to be his friends, have resolved to be his enemies, and who see no virtues or redeeming qualities in his mind or heart." — Vol. I., pp. 55 – 57.

Further on, the following paragraph should be added to complete the picture.

"Otho has not proved superior to the will of his fate. He has suffered, and still suffers under it; but while he is not a wonder or a wonder-maker, he is by no means destitute of those high excellences which are necessary to the formation of a good king.

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Without being an Alexander or a Napoleon, he is, fortunately for Greece, a man of honest intentions and industrious habits. To his sense of justice, and reliance upon an overruling Providence, which becomes and adorns his exalted station, he adds the humbler, yet equally necessary, virtues of an austere economist. Otho is an upright and religious man: no stain and no immoral intrigues can be said to sully his character or disgrace his household. His court is a model of good order; and the Greeks have reason to bless heaven for having placed before them — before the eyes of their wives and their children — such examples of domestic happiness and virtue as their king and queen." — Vol. I., p. 60.

Another chapter contains an interesting account of the court and the political parties of Greece. It touches on many topics important to a right understanding of the condition and prospects of the country, but we must pass them over. The society of modern Athens is a curious and attractive theme. It has grown up within a few years, and presents to the stranger a sufficiently party-colored aspect. Besides the remnant of the native Athenian population, the establishment of the court there has drawn together Greeks from every part of Europe and Asia, and adventurers from England, France, Italy, and especially Bavaria. Some are attracted thither to enjoy the classic associations of so renowned a spot; others hope to mend their fortunes by the opportunities created for enterprising men in a just forming society; others seek a profitable investment of capital, where capital must of necessity command a high rate of interest; others still speculate in house-lots. It is not long since we read in one of the Athenian newspapers an advertisement, in very tolerable Greek, of a most desirable piece of ground near the temple of Theseus, setting forth the conveniences of the *location* as to omnibuses (*Παμφόρεω*) and the like. Such ideas confound all our established modes of thinking. An omnibus and the temple of Theseus stand at the opposite ends of the chain of our intellectual associations. Imagine the slayer of the Minotaur jumping into the "old line," on his return from one of his little excursions, and getting out at his father's door. Had these convenient vehicles run every half hour at a moderate price, in those days, the old gentleman's fatal mistake would never have been made. We cannot forbear making an extract or two from this entertaining chapter.

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"The *haute volée* of Athens may be seen almost every day, either at noon, when the music of the royal band calls them before the palace, or when the cool of the evening invites them to their promenades; but the *people* are too busy to join in these recreations, and those who are interested in them must watch for the occasions when they gather to celebrate their national festivals under the olive groves of the Academy; on the 'purple hills of the flowery Hymettus'; before the temple of Theseus; on the banks of the classical Ilissus; and under the majestic columns of the Olympian Jupiter. It is at these places, and at stated times of the year, that we see something of the *Greeks*, and are called to witness scenes which remind us of the olden times of Greece.

"The public festivals of the modern Athenians are almost all of them connected with religious rites, and though their origin is buried in the depths of antiquity, it is more than probable that they are remains and modified forms of those religious ceremonies and national festivals which were celebrated in these very regions, and perhaps on these identical localities, by the ancient Athenians. The stated pilgrimages of the modern Athenians to the hills of Hymettus, their picnic parties to the groves of the Academy, and their dances before the temple of Theseus, are much like the festivals of the olden times, and may be reminiscences — fragments, perhaps, of the Panathenian processions and the Eleusinian mysteries. These are not the only instances of similarity between the popular institutions of the modern and ancient Greeks; and Colonel Leake has justly remarked, that 'the classical traveller cannot be many days in Greece, without remarking numerous instances in which the present people retain both the *customs* of the earliest ages and the *modes* of expressing them in language.'

. . . . . .

"The principal places of amusement in Athens are the coffee-houses and the Leschæ, or the reading-rooms; the former of which are the resort of the many, the latter of the élite. Both are supplied with means of amusement and gratification, — with coffee, pipes, newspapers, &c. But the Lesche is provided not only with the local newspapers, but with the journals and the periodicals of the rest of Europe, and it is furnished in a style highly creditable to the taste and the liberality of the Greeks. This establishment is of course open only to its members, and such strangers as may be introduced by them. Thus far it answers a good purpose; for besides its being a place of agreeable *reunion* for the inhabitants of the place, it affords to distinguished visiters a good opportunity of seeing the news of the day. The reading-rooms, however, like the coffee-houses of Athens and of

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Greece, are the favorite resort of loungers; they are to the modern Greeks what the Stoas and the Leschæ were to the ancients; and if it is painful to see the coffee-shops in the best of her cities crowded from morning till midnight with the refuse of their population, or with babbling idlers, whose sole occupation seems to be the business of others; if it is painful to meet with such a sight when Greece is suffering more for want of hands than for want of tongues, it is equally, nay more painful, to see some of her best citizens leaving their wives and their children at home, and resorting night after night to the reading-rooms, to waste their time in descanting upon the affairs of nations, — "the balance of power," or the "question of the East." The reading-rooms, indeed, differ from the coffee-houses only in degree, but not in kind, — the one is the lower and the other the upper house of parliament." — Vol. I., pp. 82–85.

The description of the suburbs of Athens has many points of interest for the classical scholar. An account of the island of Eubœa, which Mr. Perdicaris visited in 1838, in the company of Mr. Mansolas, the ex-minister of the interior, and of Captain Diamandis, a noted chief of Mount Olympus, will be quite novel to most readers of Grecian travels. The following chapter records a journey to Thebes, in the course of which most of the points of historical and literary interest are pleasantly noticed. The party "reached the city of Cadmus a little after five o'clock, P. M., and put up at a khan in Epaminondas street!" Of the present condition of the city Mr. Perdicaris says: —

"At the end of the revolution, the city was left a heap of smoking ruins; and those of its inhabitants who escaped the sword, and succeeded in gathering around them their household gods, — a few tin pans and earthen pots, — are struggling with the first essays of life, which are the more difficult, as the worthy descendants of Epaminondas and of Pindar had to begin life with nothing. In the course of their servitude, they had lost their paternal estates, and they were obliged to purchase their present possessions from the government, at the extravagant prices of three, four, and even five hundred dollars per acre, — a state of things ruinous to themselves and to the true interests of the country.

"The plains of Bœotia abound in rich lands, and the city, though inland, is yet so favorably situated as to be within a few hours' distance from three seas, — the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs, and the ports of the Eubœic frith. In addition to this, the great national road, which is to be extended from the capital of

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the kingdom to its confines to the north, has already reached the city of Thebes, and its inhabitants are thus enabled to send the produce of their fields, and even the vegetables of their gardens, to the market of Athens." — Vol. I., pp. 129, 130.

Those classical scholars who have extended their studies into the Attic kitchen will be pleased to know that the far-famed Copaic eels illustrate and confirm by their present excellence the praises bestowed on them by the ancients. For the benefit of all such gentlemen, and of classical learning in particular, we select a portion of Mr. Perdicaris's experience on this savory subject. The reader of Aristophanes will doubtless remember the figure that the Copaic eel makes more than once in his amusing plays. Besides the passage cited by Mr. Perdicaris, a pretty emphatic eulogy is pronounced upon them in the Lysistrata. The chieftainess of the "Rights of Woman" party, in that most whimsical comedy, proposes

"That all Bœotians perish utterly";

to which another replies, —

"Not all; not all; pray *do* except the eels."

With these introductory and culinary remarks, we present what Mr. Perdicaris has to say.

"During our day's stroll through the streets of Thebes, I saw in the market some fine Copaic eels, and recollecting the praises which the ancients bestowed upon them, I determined to test the truth of their remarks. The cook was therefore ordered to buy the largest of them, and prepare it in the true classical style for our dinner, or the next day's picnic in some grove, or by the side of some fountain in the course of our journey to Livadia. Accordingly, the eel was bought and roasted, but there being no other mode of keeping it out of harm's way during the night, it was put in a basket and suspended in the centre of the apartment. In the course of the night, the flavor of its contents, which were rich enough to provoke the immortals, brought to the khan all the Heliconian cats, and their attempts to get at the basket threw us into a great consternation. One of them missed the basket, and fell upon my next neighbour, while two others were more successful; but being unable to divide the spoils amicably, they commenced open hostilities high up in the clouds. The cause was so unthought of, the alarm so sudden, and the cry so loud and so terrible, that every one of us was startled, and for a while I thought

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that the 'seven' of Æschylus had come upon Thebes in right earnest.

. . . . .

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, we alighted at a khan in the vicinity of an abundant spring. The khangee, who had nothing but dry bread and cheese, provided us with some delicious grapes, which had been cooled in the crystal waters of the neighbouring fountain; but the best thing before us was the Copaic eel, which had been roasted on the spit, in leaves of Apollo's laurel, the substitute of the beet leaves of the ancients, and sprinkled with lemon juice; it was indeed a 'delightful morceau for mortals'; and after the experience of the day, we were not only willing to pardon the cats for the trouble they had given us in the course of the previous night, but ready to indorse the extravagant opinions of the ancients.

"With Mount Helicon and Copïas in sight, and the eel before us, we were better prepared to enter into the merits of the dialogue between Dicæopolis and the Bœotian, in the Acharnenses of Aristophanes, than the most learned professors in the universities of Germany. Plain facts throw better light than sublime theories.

"'*Dic.* (*addressing the Bœotian*). O thou that bearest the sweetest bit to man,
If eels thou bearest, grant me speech with them.
Bœot. (*taking the eel by the tail*). Fairest of fifty dear Copaic maids,
Come forth and welcome graciously this stranger.
Dic. (*in ecstasies of delight*). O dearest one, long looked for wistfully,
Thou comest welcome to the tipsy quires.
And dear to Morichus; ho! slaves, bring forth
The brazier, let us have the bellows, too.
Boys, look your fill at that most noble eel,
Brought hither after six whole years of longing.
Speak to her, children; I will fetch the coals
For this fair stranger's sake; come, bring her on,
"For I will never, even after death,
Be parted from thee" — dressed with leaves of beet.'"

Vol. I., pp. 132 – 136.

We have not space to follow Mr. Perdicaris through the remainder of his most agreeable account of this journey, which extended to the northern boundary of Greece, and included most of the places distinguished in classical history or associated with the late heroic exploits of her sons. The incidents of the journey are told in a very lively manner, and the magnificent scenery through which a great part of it lay is described with the vividness of poetry and painting. The last chapters of the first volume are taken up with visits to the islands of Tenos, Andros, and Ægina.

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The second volume is equal in interest, spirit, and picturesque beauty to the first. It ought to be mentioned, that, while the work was going through the press, the printing-office was burnt down, and with it the entire manuscript and the proof-sheets of the second volume. Mr. Perdicaris had the energy to sit down immediately and rewrite it all. Some delay occurred in the publication, but not so much as might have been supposed. The style of this volume exhibits the vigor which would naturally be looked for from one who was capable of such a gallant literary exploit. It is chiefly occupied with a journey through the Morea. It contains the most striking delineations of the country and the people, and the clearest and most satisfactory picture of life in the Peloponnesus, under the new order of things. But having quoted so largely from the first volume, we must content ourselves with this general indication of the character of the second. The reader will be particularly interested by the sketches of Colocotroni and Petrom Bey, two personages whose names have already become historical. The work concludes with an excellent chapter on the present condition of Greece, which we can only recommend to the attention of the reader.

ART. VII. — *History of New Netherland; or New York under the Dutch.* By E. B. O'CALLAGHAN, Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 493.

THIS work is creditable both to its author and its publishers. Mr. O'Callaghan is of opinion that full justice has not yet been done to the history of the first settlement of New York. So far from agreeing with Chancellor Kent in the sentiment expressed in his historical discourse, that "the Dutch colonial annals are of a tame and pacific character, and generally dry and uninteresting," he says he has found them "teeming with every material which could render historical research a work of pleasure and improvement." We admire this spirit, even when we cannot quite come up to it. It is the main-spring of all antiquarian investigations. Without it, very certainly, the volume before us could never have been

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written ; and yet this makes but a part of the author's project. It contains a narrative of events in the colony of New Netherland only down to the year 1646. Should the public afford sufficient encouragement, the remaining eighteen years, containing the record of Director Stuyvesant's administration, will be embraced in another volume soon to follow. We hope that in his honest expectation Mr. O'Callaghan will not be disappointed. But knowing, as we do, how small is the class of persons in America who encourage researches of this kind by purchasing the printed results of them, we could have wished that he had condensed his matter a little more, so as to have placed it all within the risk of a single publication.

The general outline of this story has long been pretty clearly understood. It has been much illustrated by the labors of the New York Historical Society, and very clearly traced out in the large work of Mr. Bancroft. The third voyage of Henry Hudson, the subsequent use made of his discovery by the Dutch West India Company to extend their trade, the later colonization of the country through a system of manorial grants, and the final merging of the settlement under the British authority, are all established facts, within the reach of every man who wishes to be well informed in the history of American discovery. Most lovers of light and easy humor have attained a dim notion of something more than this. The names of those three redoubted persons, Wouter van Twiller, William Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant, successively governors of the Dutch colony, have, through the efforts of the worthy Diedrich Knickerbocker, reached a degree of immortality which no ordinary exertions would probably have earned for them. We have always had our doubts, we must confess, whether the mock-heroic style should be extended beyond the limits of pure fiction. When applied to real events and actual persons, it creates impressions which a *bonâ fide* historian finds it difficult, if not impossible, afterwards to correct. We perceive that Mr. O'Callaghan does not even mention the existence of the work alluded to, and so far from manifesting a tendency to copy the example, he errs, if possible, in going to the opposite extreme. In the records of the jolly Dutchmen there are some anecdotes which may well provoke a smile from the most serious. The principal merit of this book is shown in the fulness of its details and in the recourse

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had by its author to original sources of information. A large appendix contains many documents essential to a good understanding of the institution for which New York is most remarkable, that of its manors. With the single exception of an opinion advanced respecting the cause of the peculiar hue of the Indian race, which the author seems to suppose artificial, we perceive little to find fault with. Upon some points of considerable interest we do not quite agree with him, and it is to these that we propose to confine our attention in the rest of this article.

Mr. O'Callaghan in his preface declares that "truth and historical justice" have been his main objects; that is, justice to the Dutch who laid the foundations of the great State of New York, against the prejudices which earlier writers, into whose hands their history has fallen, have instilled into the public mind. He does not mention the names of the writers of whom he complains, although it is tolerably clear that he means those of New England. It may well be that these have not, in all instances, been perfectly careful and accurate in speaking of their Dutch neighbours. We are very glad, at any rate, that the latter should find, even at this day, a friendly organ to state their case in the most favorable manner. Yet, on reviewing the impressions which the present work has left upon us, we are led to doubt whether it is likely to effect any important change in their favor. Whatever may have been heretofore written will find some countenance from, if it is not actually confirmed by, the author. In the character of the Dutch, as a people, there has always been a great deal deserving of respect and even of admiration; but it certainly does not show to so great advantage in the early records of New Netherland as it has generally done at home. The reason of this becomes obvious upon the slightest examination. The principle upon which the whole project of colonization rested was radically defective. The results all took the complexion of the original vice.

Several European nations contended with each other in the discovery and colonization of the eastern coast of North America, of whom the most active and the most successful were the French and the English. Next in order came the Spanish and the Dutch; and last of all, the Swedes. The spread of the influence of the first nation was in a great degree, if not entirely, due to the religious ardor of the mission-

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aries of the Catholic faith, impelled by a higher principle than any which the world can give. The motives of the British were more mixed, and differed in the different colonies which they planted; but we think it will be found that their early prosperity bore a pretty direct proportion to the share which religious feeling had in the movement. In the Dutch undertaking this impulse had no part. It was in its outset a project for securing a monopoly of the fur trade, and afterwards it became only a speculation in lands. No such men originated it as were found to take the lead in similar undertakings in Great Britain. The seventeenth century formed in the latter country an iron race, iron not simply in their power of endurance of physical evil, but also in their moral and intellectual constitutions. A portion of these, nursed in the cradle of the Reformation, remained at home to strangle the monster of absolutism which was laying its desperate fangs upon their political liberty. Another part brought with them their heroic qualities to expend in the construction of a new social system, better consonant with their ideas of what men ought to be than any thing which they had seen in Europe. It was their faith which kept them true as the magnet to the pole to this leading purpose of their expatriation. This carried them without flinching through all the dangers of disorganization incident to the primary stages of the social system. This supplied to them a cheering consolation, when the powers at home looked coldly upon their enterprise.

How was it in these respects with the Dutch? The first comers were mere agents to collect beaver-skins and ship them off to their employers, the commercial corporation at home. The later settlers, a more respectable and substantial class, were nevertheless only the creatures of wealthy speculators, who were following into the new world that *ignis fatuus* which has constantly played tricks with them in the old, — the creation of new principalities and powers for themselves and their posterity. However solid and intelligent the individuals may have been, they could do little to correct the evil of rapacity, the offspring of selfishness, which must necessarily follow a mere money-making adventure. The Dutch West India Company looked, for compensation for all its outlay, to the exclusive control of the trade in furs. The patroons who finally settled the country under them, whilst they openly promised to sustain that monopoly and to confine

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themselves to colonizing, studiously bought up the most important positions for traffic, for the purpose of undoing their masters by secret competition. Such was the temper of the colony. We may be committing injustice, but, after a careful examination of the present volume to find traces of any public spirit in the action of these settlers, from the chief directors downward, we must confess our disappointment in finding none whatever.

The original discovery of that part of the American coast which the Dutch occupied is due to Henry Hudson, an Englishman in search of adventure, who only transferred himself to the service of the East India Company of Holland after he had, by two fruitless voyages, exhausted the ardor for enterprise of his countrymen at home. The grand desideratum of his day was the hitting of that passage in the American hemisphere which was not doubted to exist, and to lead directly to far Cathay, the land of wealth and magnificence beyond the wildest dreams of European fancy. This was the all-devouring passion of that navigator himself. To him, new discoveries were nothing, excepting as they gave encouragement to his hopes. Even the broad river which will carry his name to future ages had no attractions for him, excepting as it might prove an opening to the Western seas. When he had traced it to its shallows, he turned back with a sense of disappointment, and went home to his employers to tell them, not what he had done, but how he had failed. Rejected from further service by them, he once more found favor in the eyes of his own countrymen, and again was sent out upon the waters to try and solve that geographical problem which, at one time and another, has cost so many brave men their lives. It cost him his, for he perished in the great northern sea which has taken his name; perished, too, at the moment when he believed himself to have hit the right path. The vision of Cathay, like that of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, became, in the agony of projection, a fruitful source of great realities to the world. The discovery of the Hudson river was a mere accident, but it opened to the Dutch a region, which, had it been duly improved by them, might have become, far more effectually than Medea's caldron, the means of their rejuvenescence in more than pristine beauty on the western hemisphere. They were for an instant dazzled by the prospect. It was, however, but an in-

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stant. The thing then sunk into the form of a common commercial adventure, to be measured by the return of beaver-skins. While this continued fair, the concern might answer. As it declined, the eyes which had become glutted with the spoils of privateering adventure turned with contempt from those small beginnings, and rested for solace upon the fields of Oriental luxuries, and the monopoly of cinnamon and nutmegs and cloves. The West sunk in the balance, when weighed against the golden mines which had been discovered by turning eastward around the Cape of Good Hope.

It is, however, but fair to the Dutch to account in another way for their relaxation of energy in colonizing America. They were from the first made fully aware, that, however good their title to the country might be, it was actually disputed by a power with which, for many reasons, they were anxious not to quarrel. And as, in controversies between nations, words have seldom availed much, unless supported by some show of physical force in the background, they must have had in mind the possibility, either that their improvements might inure some day to the benefit of Great Britain, or else that they were to be retained only at the cost of war. The English sovereigns, resting upon the sweeping navigation of Cabot, claimed a monopoly of the continent of North America from Maine to Florida, and stretching over from sea to sea. As against the claims of other nations, founded upon a disposition to colonize and improve a part of this vast unoccupied territory, such a pretension could scarcely for a moment stand the test of reason. Neither do the actual grants successively made by Elizabeth and James, with lavish profusion, of countries so entirely unknown that they could only be designated by parallels of latitude, seem to constitute in themselves a solid support to their claim in its widest extent. Whatever might be the justice of their title on the east, or towards the south, of Manhattan, it seems perfectly clear that no British adventurer had gained for them any knowledge of that spot, or of the river that flowed by it, previously to its discovery by Hudson; — neither had any disposition to occupy it been manifested before the arrival of the Dutch. Looking back at these events from the point we now occupy, we see no reason to dispute the validity of the title of the latter,

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thus earned as well by possession and improvement, as by discovery. But whatever may be our opinion in the abstract, it is certain that the British never adopted it. The record of this fact is indisputable. It appears in the early and earnest, but friendly, remonstrance of the Plymouth governor, Bradford, as well as in the ruder incursion of Captain Argall. It is placed beyond question in the public papers which passed between the two countries. From all these indications, it must have been perceived by the Dutch undertakers of the colony, that, sooner or later, and whenever it should grow to be worth a struggle, it would be made the subject of one with their powerful and grasping neighbour.

Scarcely a single event in history is calculated at this day to call forth more surprise from rational men, than the pretensions put forth by the leading nations of Europe to the ownership of the lands discovered after the voyage of Columbus. In making these, the pope of Rome, as vicegerent of the Deity, led the way, and Spain, France, Portugal, England, Holland, eagerly followed, without appearing to entertain a shadow of doubt of the propriety of their course. Yet, if we analyze the right supposed to be acquired by discovery, it is, to our limited comprehension, difficult to place it on any satisfactory basis. Independently of the total disregard of the claims of those human beings actually found upon the soil, it seems but a poor dog-in-the-manger doctrine, as respects the industrious and active among the other nations of mankind. That a single glance cast upon any one of the beautiful scenes of the creation should of itself constitute a shadow of a claim to exclude for an indefinite period the rest of the human race from the use of an indefinite extent of territory behind it is not consistent with justice or reason. The original claim of property in the earth rests upon the grant of it by the Creator, who adapted the cultivation of it to meet the wants of mankind. But this necessarily implies use. It is predicated upon the condition of labor and occupation. Without it, there would scarcely seem to be any good reason why lands should not remain for ever in common. When, therefore, the sovereigns of Europe assumed to parcel out among themselves a great part of the habitable globe, out of all proportion to their wants or even their means of occupation, solely because the people

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of the old world then first attained a knowledge of the existence of the new, they created for themselves a law of nations having no force excepting in their consent to wink at the rapacity of one another. The first consequence of the doctrine was to spread misery and desolation and death over the fairest portion of the new continent; the next, to sow the seeds of controversy thick and fast, which might germinate in later ages to the mutual destruction of myriads of industrious and innocent people.

Assuming, then, the just view to be that the rights of nations depend more upon their intent of beneficial occupation of new territory than upon the individual who sees it first, we can be at no loss to decide the conflicting questions of title which spring up in the history of New Netherland. As against Great Britain, the right of the Dutch was made good, not by the mere accident, that Hudson first of Europeans saw and examined the country when he was on his way to look after something else, nor yet by the attempt of a few traders to secure a monopoly of such articles of value as the wilderness could be made to supply; but by the actual purchase and taking possession of the soil by industrious men, intending to cultivate and improve it for their own benefit and that of the world at large. This point once settled, there yet remains another question behind it, which has been a good deal agitated, and which it is not so easy to decide. Where colonization is made in a country admitted to be open, there must be some limits to the region claimed for settlement. How are these limits to be defined, as between two communities not very far distant from each other? For instance, in the present case of the Dutch, how far east and west, and south and north, is their title to be considered valid? Here Mr. O'Callaghan falls back upon the old pretension of first discovery, and maintains for them, on that score, an exclusive right to the whole country between Cape Cod and Delaware Bay. He is therefore disposed to find a great deal of fault with the English Puritans for endeavouring to crowd upon the banks of the Connecticut river, whilst the Dutch had actually bought and occupied a trading-post at its mouth.

We are not yet disposed entirely to agree to this. That the Dutch had at first no intention to colonize on that river is clear, because some of them volunteered a suggestion, on

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their first visit to the Plymouth colony people, that they would do well to transfer themselves there, — a proposal which the latter considered and "let pass." They never, at any time, went farther than to purchase a small tract of land and establish their trading-post. The question, then, is, whether this act, of a few days' priority to a similar act of the English, is to be regarded as rightfully sealing up against improvement for an indefinite period the whole of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. We cannot ourselves so consider it. New colonists were pouring, wave upon wave, into the country from Great Britain, in search of fresh and favorable spots to improve in the Western wilderness. Were they to be shut out from access to the region west of Cape Cod, because precisely half a dozen Dutchmen held an insignificant and temporary station in the midst of it? There was no attempt made by them at colonization, for they could barely maintain that which they had already made at Manhattan. There was no probability of such an attempt, so long as the fine valley of the Hudson lay open to exhaust their enterprise.

Under such circumstances, we can scarcely regard the encroachments of the English in this quarter in quite so heinous a light as our author does. Nor yet can we go so far as to applaud the tone of the English, when they in their turn pronounce the Dutch to be the intruders. This they certainly were not. They had rights on the soil, which should have been respected, — and which on the whole were tolerably well respected, when we consider the character of a new country, and the natural tendency to angry collision among people thrown together with uncongenial habits, and speaking different languages. They ultimately receded only before the pressure of settlements which destroyed the objects of their station, the collection of beaver-skins. Where, then, is the hardship? Does it consist in the fact, that the Dutch have been called hard names by persons who felt jealous and afraid of them? They share this trouble with many of the best of men. Or is it that they lost a fine territory which they might have kept? Surely, if fault there be anywhere, it lies with themselves, who, so far from making a new empire on the Connecticut, had not vigor enough to retain even that which they had founded on the Hudson. To sum up the whole matter, it appears that this tract of country was

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lying open to enterprise, nearly equidistant from the colonies planted by two different nations of Europe at about the same time, the boundaries of which had never been settled or acknowledged between them. It cannot be surprising, that, under such circumstances, it should be most rapidly settled from that quarter in which the numbers increased the fastest. The English in a few years' time were able to count a thousand of their people for every hundred of the Dutch that could be found within the limits of New Netherland.

We are well aware that the view we take is the New England side of this question, and meets with no favor from our author. Indeed, he is not sparing of his censure of the old Puritans, charging them with unfaithfulness to their professions of religion, ingratitude to their benefactors, and crying injustice in this part of their conduct. Their reasoning, "if admitted, would," he thinks, "at once afford to every person, who may incline to covet his neighbour's goods, a satisfactory plea to appropriate them to his own use." To this we beg leave to object, that a most important element of distinction is entirely overlooked. Let the goods be once clearly proved to be his neighbour's, and we think that they, and we know that we, would not have had a word to say to justify the appropriation of them by any one else. Let the right of property to the lands on Connecticut river be clearly proved to have been in the Dutch, and so admitted by the English, and we will consent to call the Puritans downright robbers and land-plunderers for going there and taking possession of them. In the mean time, however, it may be as well to plead in their behalf, that they refused to acknowledge the title of their neighbours to colonize anywhere along the coast, even at Manhattan, and they maintained their ground by the very same argument which the Dutch applied to them in the case of Connecticut; that is, by the claim of prior discovery on the part of Great Britain. No sooner were they made aware of the Dutch intention to set up a trading-post at the mouth of the river, than they took immediate measures, by doing the same thing, to keep the title in abeyance by means of this joint occupation. So far, therefore, was the Dutch right from being clear and unquestionable, that it was not simply disputed, but absolutely denied. Nor is it material to the present question, that the Puritan position should have been in every particular cor-

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rect. It is enough, if the case can be shown to have been one upon which men's minds can honestly differ. We think that it was, and furthermore, that, whatever weight may be given to the original claim of discovery, it cannot be construed to furnish the Dutch with more than an inchoate right to the territory watered by the Connecticut river, subject to be made perfect by actual colonization within a reasonable time. This condition failing, the title of that people speedily dwindles down to a right to possess a comparatively insignificant tract of land for purposes of trade; and even here, it becomes rather a right of property than of absolute dominion.

Perhaps we have gone over these old disputes at the hazard of being tedious. But no one can fail to see that they are not entirely without their parallel in a case which is at this moment agitating the population of the United States and of Great Britain; we mean the question about Oregon. Should the negotiation upon this subject long continue open, the same result can scarcely fail to happen in that territory which took place two centuries since in New England. The tiller of the soil will drive out the hunter. Even should the territorial limits of the respective countries be defined by a treaty, — an issue which all must, in the view of a worse alternative, unite in desiring, — Great Britain will herself be driven to colonize in that quarter, or she will not avert the consequences which we have predicted. Neither would war itself, however long and furiously kept up, do more than to postpone them. Although the question would, in the case of a treaty, entirely change its nature, yet the tendency of things has already been sufficiently manifested on this side of the water to justify the inference, that a difference in casuistry would not be attended with a corresponding difference in action. With the flood of population advancing to the westward, as it has done for half a century, over this continent, it may become a question for future generations to open, whether any nations shall have a right to hold for ever unquestioned vast territories in habitable climes, conceded to be theirs under the claim of prior discovery, without at the same time manifesting the remotest intention ever to use them for other purposes than to sustain an insignificant trade.

There is still another phase of this question, which we

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desire briefly to show, in order to save being misunderstood. Persons belonging to one nation will frequently transfer themselves to countries occupied by and acknowledged to belong to another, and colonize there. This is voluntary expatriation. Such persons swear allegiance to a new sovereign authority, and are bound to obey it. This was done by many persons who came first to New England, but ultimately removed to New Netherland. It would in all probability have been done by more, under the temptations held out by perfect liberty of conscience on the one hand and greater laxity of moral discipline on the other, had the Dutch authorities in the colony shown more symptoms of firmness, and secured something like a system of adequate protection. This was not the case. The direction of the colony came from the other side of the water, and its early instruments were weak and wavering and incapable. The first man honored with the name of governor, Peter Minuits, was simply the manager of the trade, and director of the returns of beaver-skins made to the Company at home. So little had he of national character or individual pride in the colony, that, not a great while after he left it, he is found acting as a voluntary guide of the subjects of Sweden to the country situated on the river Delaware, with intent there to establish a new and adverse settlement, notwithstanding it must have been known by him to lie within the limits always even more earnestly claimed by his fellow-countrymen at Manhattan than the Connecticut lands.

The person who succeeded Minuits, Walter van Twiller, is stated to have owed his promotion from a clerkship in the Company rather to the influence of friends than to his personal merit. He seems to have failed in setting a suitable example of sobriety and discretion to a community which stood greatly in need of it. One of the most respectable authorities of the period, David de Vries, gives but a sad account of him and of his principal officer of justice, Sheriff Notelman. It is clear from his narrative that there was not even a dream of teetotalism in those days, in New Netherland. "I moreover told the secretary," says De Vries, "that I was astonished that the West India Company should send such fools to the colonies, who knew nothing but how to drink themselves drunk." From his account, there was a wide difference in the mode of conducting business, and in the selec-

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tion of agents, between the West and the East India Companies of Holland, which seems to betray the comparatively small value they placed on the settlements by the former. "In the East Indies," he continues, "nobody was advanced to commander but after a long service, and after it was known that he was competent for the office; that he had first to serve as an assistant, — then under-koopman, — then koopman, before he came to be upper-koopman; and advanced farther according to merit. But the West India Company send out at once, as superior officers, people who had never seen any service, and must of course go to destruction." When he went home to Amsterdam, he found things no better in the Company. The directors were quarrelling with one another in such a manner as to deter him from prosecuting his intentions of colonization any further at that time.

In the mean while, another authority tells us that Van Twiller was shrewd enough to take care of his own interest at the expense of that of his employers, and in violation of their orders. He took conveyances from the Indians of large tracts of land, for his own private benefit, without the Company's knowledge; and upon the first appearance of remonstrance by the schout fiscal, or sheriff, Van Dinclage, who had succeeded Notelman in this, the second, post of the colony, he manifested no want of energy in terminating the services of that officer and sending him home in disgrace to fatherland. Van Dinclage, to be even with him, made such representations of his conduct at home as to induce the Company to order his recall. The jolly and careless Wouter van Twiller was compelled to give place to a successor in the person of William Kieft.

But Kieft, with not so many gross vices, perhaps, proved a worse director than his predecessor. His imprudence, not to say wickedness, in sanctioning a cowardly butchery of the neighbouring Indians, not unfriendly at the time, brought on a state of feeling among those tribes which desolated the face of the country around, and threatened the very existence of the main settlement itself. The sufferings of the people, made houseless and homeless by the savages in revenge for this onslaught, prompted them to blame Kieft for the act; and he, in his turn, after making an humble and public profession of penitence, strove to make those who had instigated him take a share of the odium. The fact probably was,

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that many had approved the act as a bold stroke of policy before it was committed, who were very glad to throw the whole responsibility for the event, after it was seen to have turned out badly, upon the shoulders of the chief director. For a moment, Kieft appealed for relief to the popular principle; he asked that eight persons should be selected by the commonalty, to whom he might submit propositions intended to relieve it from its distressing situation. The eight men were accordingly chosen, and this act constitutes the only approach to the right of representation which we discover in this history. Neither was that attended with any important results. Time passed on, — Kieft got over his alarm. The eight met weekly to consult, but Kieft paid no attention to them. They ventured to advise; he told them to go about their business. They obeyed, and there was an end of the representative principle in New Netherland. In the mean time, however, the settlement was going backward every day. At the end of a quarter of a century, the population amounted to but three thousand souls. In and around New Amsterdam, the male adults in 1648 did not exceed one hundred. Such were the consequencs of a system of government without responsibility to the people, whom it was but incidentally intended to protect, and having for its main end pecuniary profit to a great commercial corporation in an opposite quarter of the globe.

We have already remarked that the first intention of the Dutch West India Company was to monopolize the trade of the new settlement. This system, however, presented few inducements to emigration. Perhaps there were not many independent agriculturists in Holland inclined to come out to America, even upon the more favorable terms which the corporation subsequently offered. A corresponding class of people to those who came to New England seems to have been greatly wanting. Resort was had to modes of action in some degree peculiar to Holland. Temptations were held forth to the wealthy to undertake to plant colonies on their own account. Hence sprung the rights of patroons, and the transfer to the new of the manorial rights and privileges of the old world. Every person who did, within four years from the time of giving notice of his intention to the Company, plant a colony of fifty souls, upwards of fifteen years old, in the country, became entitled to the character of

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a patroon ; in other words, at the place selected by him, he obtained the right to extend the limits of his estate sixteen miles along one bank of a navigable river, or eight miles on both sides, and as far into the interior as other occupation did not forbid. Within the territory thus marked out, the patroon became in many respects a sovereign. He had the power to administer justice, civil and criminal, in person or by deputy, and to appoint local officers and magistrates. He enjoyed the exclusive right of fishing, fowling, and grinding within his jurisdiction. He held his colony subject to testamentary disposition, with all the privileges, — the monopoly of mines and minerals, and water-courses, the rights of preëmption and of fines on the transfer of estates, and of succession in the case of intestates, — which the Roman law would have secured to him in his own country. In other words, any man might found a sort of feudal principality in the colony of New Netherland, who had a mind to hazard the adventure. After this fashion grew the manor of Rensselaerwyck, of which many people have lately heard so much in connection with the anti-rent troubles of the State of New York. This was colonized by Kiliaen van Rensselaer, who does not, however, appear to have himself come out to look after it. The present work of Mr. O'Callaghan contains much information upon this peculiar feature of the early colony, and it has many original documents relating to that particular manor, which have not before seen the light, so far as we know.

From these it would appear, that the aforesaid patroon set off farms, built the necessary buildings, furnished the stock and agricultural implements to the farmer, in exchange for which he received one tenth of the produce of the farm, and one half the increase of the stock, in addition to the rent agreed upon, which was payable in grain, beaver-skins, or wampum. He had also a right of preëmption of the annual return of grain and stock, as well as of all lands sold within his jurisdiction. He had a monopoly of mill-sites, and consequently every tenant was bound to get his grain ground at his mills. But it should not be inferred from this enumeration of the ancient rights of patroons, that they have existed of late in any similar extent. The grants of land under which all the existing difficulties in the counties of Albany and Rensselaer have arisen bear date since the year 1785. The mode of tenure is evidently founded upon the old system, but it has

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been varied to meet the changes of the times. A low annual rent is charged, payable in kind, — four fowls, a fixed quantity of wheat, and a day's work by a man and team. The same reservations are made of mines and water rights, of preëmption rights on the sale, and of fines on the transfer of estates, equal to one quarter part of the gross amount for which they sold, which were originally established. All the other and greater privileges of special jurisdiction and of monopoly have vanished. Even those which really exist have not for a long time been seriously exercised; yet such is the contrast between the opinions of men in the first days of the colony and at the present time, that several counties of the great State of New York are even now in a condition little short of rebellion against the law, on account of the existence of the mere shadow of these ancient tenures.

In order, then, fully to comprehend the principles upon which this colony of New Netherland was founded, it will be necessary to bear in mind that the system of settlement was two-fold. By the one, the manors were created, and a mutual feudal relation of patroon and vassal established, as we have endeavoured to show; by the other, certain privileges were accorded to the inhabitants of separate hamlets, villages, or cities, the principal of which was that of recommending for local magistrates a certain number of persons out of whom the Director could make selections to please himself. The administration of justice between man and man was thus, in some measure, retained within the hands of the people whom it most interested. This is the nearest approach we can discover in this history to the idea of popular freedom. The law was administered according to the prescriptions of the civil code, a system, it should be observed, which, however perfect in some of its features, is not based upon that wholesome jealousy of authority which has been the safeguard of human liberty with the Anglo-Saxon race. Town-meetings were utterly prohibited, as contrary to the spirit of the new institutions. The Director and his council, as the representative of the sovereign power, were the proper fountain of all laws for the redress of existing evils. As Mr. Bancroft very justly observes, "The schoolmaster and the minister were praised as desirable, but no provision was made for their maintenance." What was the consequence? Churches were commenced, and schools opened, but the funds intended for

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the completion of the one, and the support of the other, were embezzled, or applied to other purposes. Every avenue to enterprise was choked by restrictions. The colony languished and decayed. Intemperance and poverty went hand in hand. "A fourth part of the city of New Amsterdam consisted of grog-shops, and houses where nothing could be got but tobacco and beer."

Such are the frank admissions of Mr. O'Callaghan himself. And yet he finds fault with Mr. Bancroft for saying, that "the emigrations from New England engrafted on New Netherland the Puritan idea of popular freedom." To us nothing seems more perfectly demonstrable. Our author, on the other hand, claims for the Dutch proprietary system the cherishing of that idea.

"It was, then," he says, "to the wise and beneficent modifications of the feudal code which obtained there, and not to 'the Puritan idea of popular freedom,' introduced by emigrants from Connecticut, — as some incorrectly claim, — that New Netherland and the several towns within its confines were indebted for whatever municipal privileges they enjoyed. The charters under which they were planted, the immunities which they obtained, were essentially of Dutch and not of Connecticut origin, and those who look to New England as the source of popular privileges in New Netherland fall, therefore, into an error, sanctioned neither by law nor by history. Strange as it may seem, while every colony, and almost every hamlet, had its local magistracy, the citizens of New Amsterdam, the capital of the whole province, continued, greatly to their discontent, without a voice in the management of their municipal affairs. The government of that city still remained in the hands of the Director-general and his council." — p. 393.

In this statement our author may be correct, but we scarcely know how it can be maintained against the evidence furnished by his own work. In the very next paragraph to the one we have quoted, he admits that Kieft was perfectly absolute in his government, and that the only check to which the colonists could look for protection, the right of appeal from the Director's judgment to the court of Holland, was totally cut off by him in 1643. Furthermore, when, in the year 1653, the first popular assemblage that ever took place ventured, under the direction of George Baxter, the man who had been Kieft's English secretary, to ask for some participation in the government, the immediate reply of hon-

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est Peter Stuyvesant, the last and best of the Dutch governors, was, "Will you set your names to the visionary notions of the New England man?" And he dispersed the meeting at last with the summary declaration, that "he derived his authority from God and the West India Company, not from the pleasure of a few ignorant subjects." Surely, this doctrine could not have been safely uttered in a community acknowledging any idea of popular freedom. "Had we been under a king, we could not have been worse treated," murmured the people, when Kieft was exercising unchecked as much absolute power in his degree as ordinarily falls to the lot of any king.

But though we are not able to see the Dutch colony of New Netherland in quite so favorable a light as our author, we very cheerfully accord to him all praise for his industry and zeal in its behalf. Although the outward aspect of the settlement is not promising, owing to the radical defect in its origin, we yet know very well that a great deal of the best of human nature lay quietly under the surface. If the government was indiscreet, or selfish, or vicious, many of the people were quiet and substantial and moral, living in the fear of God and with good-will to man. We hope that Mr. O'Callaghan will continue his labors, and give to the public the remaining and most interesting part of the history, namely, that which embraces the administration of the worthy General Stuyvesant. And if he still find it in his heart to complain of the encroachments of the Puritan race, which ultimately overturned the domination of the Hollander, let him console himself with the reflection, that the colony throve greatly under the infliction. Even at this day, New York will be found to owe a considerable share of its extraordinary prosperity to the spirit of descendants of New England's Pilgrims, who constitute no inconsiderable proportion of the three millions of her population.

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ART. VIII. — *Explanations: — a Sequel to the Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.* By the Author of that Work. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 142.

THE author of Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, having, in successive editions, explained and more or less modified particular statements, has at length thought proper to publish this little volume, for the purpose of obviating alleged misapprehensions, and of reinforcing the general argument, — of "endeavouring to make good what is deficient, and reasserting and confirming whatever has been unjustly challenged," in his book. We have read this new volume with attention, and are prepared to offer some remarks upon it.

We must in justice say, that our author preserves an invincible good-temper, equal to his implicit faith. He writes more clearly and soberly than he reasons. Seldom have such extravagant theories been set forth in language so calm and considerate. Seldom has a very winning style been made to cover such a multitude of logical sins. We feel sure that he is thoroughly convinced of the cogency of all his arguments, even where his reasonings are so loose, the special pleading so transparent, and the hypothesis defended so grossly improbable, that we might suspect any other writer of a course of bold experiments upon the credulity of his readers. The author has also made some palpable hits against his various reviewers. His original survey embraced almost all the physical and metaphysical sciences, with none of which does he seem to have more than a general acquaintance; and he thus exposed himself on all sides to hostile attack, with a fearlessness which nothing but an extraordinary confidence in the strength of his position can explain. Some of his reviewers appear to have committed similar faults. Not content with merely repelling the enemy from the ground which they were, from their special knowledge, so well able to defend, they have sometimes, in the eager onslaught, carried the war too far *into* the enemy's country and *from* their own; affording our author opportunities which he is quick and skilful in turning to advantage. Yet, however he may thus have rebutted particular

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criticisms, he is far from having strengthened his general argument.

To avoid, as far as may be, a similar error, we propose to restrict our observations mainly to a single class of topics. We pass over "the nebular hypothesis," not, however, that we at all agree with the writer, who now thinks it unessential as the basis of his entire system of nature, but because it has no necessary connection with the points which we propose to examine. We admit that its overthrow would not refute his theory respecting the origin and development of living things; neither would its establishment lend to the latter any real support. Even if the earth were proved to be made of the most attenuated star-dust, it would be none the more probable that man is "an advanced type" of the monkey race. The two are essential parts of our author's general and thoroughly consistent scheme; but the "nebular theory" and the "transmutation theory" require to be independently established. Although the former must ever remain a gratuitous hypothesis, against which the current of recent astronomical observation is setting strongly, to the manifest annihilation of whatever probability it may once have had, still it may be less open to direct objection than the rest of the book. Nor do we think it so "remarkably illustrated" by the experiments of Professor Plateau, which leave all the real difficulties just where they were before. To show that the world might have been thus made, he still needs an extrinsic agent, the stick or disk with which to stir the nebulous chaos about, and *the hand to move it.*

But granting that the world is made, we are now concerned only with his plan for peopling it. A formal restatement of his whole theory on the subject is scarcely necessary. Our readers are doubtless familiar with it from the perusal of his original work, and of our former article upon it. We cull a few sentences from the new volume, that we may be sure to exhibit his latest and matured views.

"LIFE is everywhere ONE. The inferior animals are only less advanced types of that form of being perfected in ourselves."—pp. 130, 131.

Does our author merely mean to say, in common with all modern physiologists, that the various races of animals are formed according to one type or model, of which the hu-

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man body may be taken as the highest expression? Is it the ordinary philosophical doctrine of a unity of plan traceable throughout the organic creation, that is here propounded? Or, is it meant that there is no essential difference, except in *the degree of development*, between a reptile, a monkey, and a man? The following sentences give an unambiguous and explicit answer to these questions.

"I suggest, that a line of organization, analogous to the progress of the embryo of an elevated species, had passed in the course of time through its appointed stages of development, each of which is a small advance upon the preceding, and the type of a form thenceforth to continue permanent." — pp. 67, 68.

The different species of animals are "transmutations," to use his own word, of earlier and simpler species. The land animals, as we shall presently see, are the transmuted progeny of the humbler denizens of the ocean. Are we, then, to infer that the great Author of being has specifically created each higher race of animals out of the next lower? By no means; the idea of specific creation in any form is quite inconceivable to the writer's mind. In his view, every thing points to "some simply natural procedure in the origin of the present tribes." "The probable fact is, that the modification takes place in an offshoot of the original tribe, which *has removed to a different set of circumstances, these circumstances being the cause of the change.*" In reply to a reviewer who says, "They were created by the hand of God and adapted to the conditions of the period," our author strongly affirms: —

"If he here means a special exertion of the powers of the Deity, having a regard to special conditions, we part company, for my object is to show that animals were indebted for their gradations of advance *to a law generally impressed by the Deity upon matter, and that their external peculiarities are owing immediately to the agency of those very conditions* to which they are supposed [according to the common view] to have been adapted." — pp. 94, 95.

And the writer goes on to "contend that there was no more need for a special exertion to produce, for instance, mammalia, than there is for one to carry" on the growth of an individual animal of the class from the embryo and infantile to the adult state. By this we understand, not that the

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divine power is as requisite to uphold and preserve as to create, but that there is no essential difference in the two cases, — that one sort of animal arises out of another sort, under favoring circumstances, by a process quite as natural as that, and strictly comparable to that, by which the same animal grows, comes to maturity, and bears offspring. And here, as the proper *pendant* to this "development," we must cite a statement, perhaps the only one in the book to which we cordially and fully subscribe.

"So long as this [the origin of the organic kingdoms] remains obscure, the supernatural will have a certain hold upon enlightened persons. Should it ever be cleared up in a way that leaves no doubt of a natural origin of plants and animals, *there must be a complete revolution in the view which is generally taken of our relation to the Father of our being.*" — p. 105.

Yes, the revolution would indeed be complete, and, for aught that we can see, would take us back again to the days of Democritus and Epicurus. This "prolonged gestation of nature" gives birth to conclusions as incongruous with any common theistic scheme as they are revolting alike to our religious and our common sense. But we are now concerned only with its scientific bearings. We must receive it, if proven, and build up our religious belief by its side as well as we may. If, on the other hand, it remain simply unproven, will it not be rejected with hearty disgust? To our minds, it appears as contrary to all just analogy as it is devoid of proof. We are bound, however, to contemplate our author's very ingenious method of setting forth the antecedent probability of his theory. That this may be done fully and fairly, we make an ample quotation, which may also serve as a specimen of the author's usual mode of reasoning. After developing and defending the nebular hypothesis, he proceeds: —

"We have fixed mechanical laws at one end of the system of nature. If we turn to the mind and morals of man, we find that we have equally fixed laws at the other. The human being, a mystery considered as an individual, becomes a simple natural phenomenon when taken in the mass, for a regularity is observed in every peculiarity of our constitution and every form of thought and deed of which we are capable, when we only extend our view over a sufficiently wide range. It is to M. Quetelet, of Brussels, that we are indebted for the first satisfactory explication

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of this great truth: it is presented in his well known and very able treatise, *Sur L'Homme, et le Développement de ses Facultés.* He first shows the regularity which presides over the births and deaths of a community, liable to be affected in some degree by accidental circumstances, but fixed again when these are uniform. He then makes it clear, that the stature, weight, strength, and other physical peculiarities of men are likewise regulated by fixed principles of nature. Afterwards, the moral qualities, — the impulses of all our various sentiments and passions, — even the tendency to yield to those temptations which give birth to crime, — are proved to be of no less determinate character, however impossible it may be to predict the conduct of any single person. These are doctrines not to be resisted by inconsiderate prejudices. They rest on the most powerful of all evidence, that of numbers. . . . . What we are at present concerned with is the simple fact, that Morals — that part of the system of things which seemed least under natural regulation or law — is as thoroughly ascertained to be wholly so, as the arrangements of the heavenly bodies.

" Now we have here two most remarkable truths. The wondrous masses which people the Mighty Void are under the control of natural law. The workings of the little world of the human mind — the opposite extreme of the system — are under law likewise. We have thus the character of the *limits* of the system fixed. So far we proceed upon solid ground. Now it has been seen that phenomena precisely the same as the formation and arrangement of worlds take place daily before our eyes, under the influence of the laws of matter, showing that the whole cosmogony might have been affected — proving, indeed, that it *was* affected — by the Divine will acting in that manner. Having attained this point, we are called upon to remember the many appearances of unity in nature; how, when we take a sufficiently wide view, there is nothing discrepant and exceptive in it; how a noble and affecting simplicity breathes from it in every part. So reflecting, we ask, ' Can it be that, as the first and the last parts of the system are under law, and the first (this being also the greatest) was manifestly created in that manner, so the whole is under law, and has been produced in that manner?' It is at the moment when we have arrived at this question, that the origin of the organic world becomes a point of importance. The skeptic of science steps in, and says, ' No; the idea of an entire system under law, and produced by it, here breaks down; for who can pretend to penetrate the mysteries of vitality and organization? and who can say that species have had other than a miraculous origin?' The tone in which this objection is usually made seems to me inappropriate, considering that the objectors stand on a

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mere fragment of nature, and one which the discoveries of science are every day lessening. It is but in a nook, to which light has not yet penetrated, that the opponents of the theory of universal order take refuge. On coming to the consideration of the question, I am at the very first struck by the great *a priori* unlikelihood that there can have been two modes of Divine working in the history of nature, — namely, a system of fixed order or law in the formation of globes, and a system in any degree different in the peopling of these globes with plants and animals. Laws govern both: we are left no room to doubt that laws were the immediate means of making the first; is it to be readily admitted that laws did not preside at the creation of the second also, particularly when we find that laws equally at this moment govern and sustain both? Most undoubtedly, it would require very powerful evidence to justify such an admission. And, on the other hand, it would require very decisive counter-evidence to forbid the conclusion, that the organic creation originated in law." — pp. 17 – 20.

As the author has apparently deceived himself in these pages, he may have succeeded in mystifying many of his readers. That the whole creation was made "under law," that is, according to a preordained harmonious plan, emanating from a supreme intelligent will, which we cannot conceive of but as working according to a plan, it needs no such parade of statement as this to demonstrate. But how this lends any confirmation to the transmutation theory we cannot conjecture. The unity which we perceive in nature, — the striking adaptation of one part to another, and of each to the great whole, the mingling of beauty with usefulness, — to these sound science has ever delighted to point, as the proof that all is the direct handiwork of a single omniscient Creator. But it is quite another thing to maintain that "the laws which govern and sustain," or, as we should say, *according to which* things are governed and sustained, "were the immediate means of making" the things themselves. The movements of the planets in their orbits, sun, moon, and stars fulfilling regularly their appointed courses, show that they are under law, — that they not only *had* a Creator, but *have* a Governor. So, likewise, the regular development of the animal or vegetable frame from the embryo to the mature state, the regular performance of the offices and functions which we clearly perceive it was specially designed to perform, and the unvaried production by each species of an off-

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spring like itself, — the oak producing oaks, and never pines, animalcules giving rise to animalcules, and not to fish or quadrupeds, monkeys giving birth to monkeys, and not (as the writer maintains) to men, — this general fact, confirmed by the most extended observation, that each species remains true to its character, — all show, to be sure, that the organic creation is under law in the same sense that the heavenly bodies are, but all speak of a very different law from that of transmutation. If any thing has been settled by human observation, it would seem to be this, — the actual uniform production by each species of seed specifically after its kind. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" The antecedent probability, therefore, lies directly the other way. Arguing from the *well known* towards the *obscure*, which is the only sound and safe proceeding, may we not infer that the species which are now fixed and stable have been so ever since their creation?

Again, it is here implied and elsewhere asserted, — indeed, it is the very gist of the whole doctrine, — that the laws which we see in operation will account for the origin and actual state of the things themselves in connection with which the laws operate. That is to say, not only do the planets move according to the law of gravitation, but the law of gravitation gave birth to the planets; and the laws of organization, &c., not only operate in plants and animals, but are to account for the original creation of the plants and animals themselves. But do just analogies, does the current of evidence, lead towards any such conclusions? Are we to suppose that the force which keeps a watch going, and the arrangements by which it measures time correctly, are in any respect identical with the efficient cause that made the watch? Can we say that its "external peculiarities are owing to the agency of those very conditions to which they are [commonly] supposed to have been adapted"? The laws which we study and admire, whether in the inorganic or organic world, explain the succession of phenomena, but throw no light upon the origin of the bodies in which the phenomena are observed. They show us how things go on; they do not tell us how they began. The phenomena of life, however profoundly studied, have afforded no clew to the origin of life, or to the origin of the species through which the life is manifested. We have learned many of the conditions of

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life; we have knowledge which enables us to exclude negatively many an hypothesis, that of our author among the rest. Recognizing certain laws in the succession of the phenomena, and the uniformity of the result, we safely conclude, till the contrary be proved, not only that such will continue to be the course of things, but that it has been so from the first. And since the laws which explain the growth and propagation of the species fail to account for their origin, we properly refer the latter to a different, anterior cause. It is not our business to maintain, that the Deity does not work through what are called secondary causes, even in the act of creation. We only deny that there is any proof of it, or that just analogy favors it. We only affirm, that, up to this time, science has furnished no clew to the mode of the divine operation in the origination of a species of plant or animal. Abler pens than ours have shown, that the agencies now in operation will not account for the origin of any created thing. Our author has his case to make out against all antecedent probability.

If it were quite fair to turn a man's false reasonings against himself, we might say that the writer furnishes us, in the pages above quoted, with a pertinent illustration to show that the law of the succession of the phenomena may stand totally irrelevant to any notion of causation. Have the so-called laws of statistics, which he turns to such account, and which, he says, prove that birth, and death, and crime are as thoroughly under the control of fixed law as the arrangements of the heavenly bodies, any thing to do with the *causes* of birth, or death, or crime? Is a child now born to A. B., because it is ordained by statistical law, that, on the general average, there shall be so many births in the Commonwealth each year? Does C. D. steal, E. F. forge, or G. H. convey the funds of his creditors to Texas or Oregon, on the same principle? Does J. K. yield to sudden temptation, that the law of Professor Quetelet may be fulfilled? But our chief object in adverting to the statement is to show how readily our author imposes on himself, and, under the name of *law*, confounds things as different in nature as his own so-called "fixed laws of morals," the moral law, the common law, and the law for the annexation of Texas. If he really supposes that the natural-development theory is in any wise strengthened by bringing it into the field flanked by the

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nebular hypothesis on one side, and the laws of statistics on the other, we merely suggest that the case would be stronger, if the first were capable of proof or sustained by probability, if the latter were laws at all, any more than what are called the laws of chance, and, finally, if there were any real connection between the three. The analogical argument here rests on a baseless vision and a fallacy.

Before considering the question on its own merits, let us notice some other specimens of our author's favorite mode of argumentation, which, we find, passes for "demonstration strong" in some quarters.

"The great fact established by it [geology] is, that the organic creation, as we now see it, was not placed upon the earth at once; — it observed a PROGRESS. Now we can *imagine* the Deity calling a young plant or animal into existence instantaneously; but we see that he does not usually do so." — pp. 21, 22.

That the different sorts of plants and animals were not *all* placed upon the earth at once, we willingly admit. No doubt, they were created at different periods. But the notion, that the Deity does not create a young plant or animal *instantaneously*, is quite new to us. Is, then, the animal in question for a while in a sort of limbo somewhere between the *esse* and the *non esse*, — a *tertium quid*, neither create nor uncreate, — like the statue of Pygmalion not yet quite transformed from ivory to flesh and blood, or like as when

> "Now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts,"

in Milton's glorious cosmogony? A far more sensible scheme of organic creation, by the way, than that of the Vestiges; for the

> "Innumerous living creatures, *perfect forms*,
> Limbed and full grown,"

the lions, leopards, and cattle, all come in character from the first, "each in their kind," and do not make a progress through the shapes of animalcules, fish, reptiles, and other vile spawn, — a sort of Hindoo transmigration run mad. Being gifted with a lively fancy, the writer can, it seems, imagine the Deity calling a young plant or animal into existence "instantaneously." Let him try for a moment to imagine the

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contrary. If successful, he can then hopefully attempt something further; and, since putting out of existence may doubtless be managed in the same gradual way, the case of a man "killed a little" will appear quite natural to him. But the remainder of the paragraph may throw further light on the author's meaning.

"The young plant and also the young animal go through a series of conditions, advancing them from a mere germ to the fully developed repetition of the respective parental forms. So, also, we can *imagine* Divine power evoking a whole creation into being by one word; but we find that such had not been his mode of working in that instance, for geology fully proves that organic creation passed through a series of stages before the highest vegetable and animal forms appeared. Here we have the first hint of organic creation having arisen in the manner of natural order." — p. 22.

Few persons, we presume, would confound two things so different in nature, as the creation of a living being *ab origine*, and the growth of an offspring from the germinal to the adult state. It is true that the writer's theory confounds the two, and teaches that the higher animals, and man himself, have been born from the animalcule and the worm, as the result of a "prolonged gestation." But this is the very point to be proved, and must not be assumed at the outset. We, also, when in an imaginative mood, "can imagine divine power evoking a whole creation into being by one word"; and in fact, now we think of it, the first cosmogony we ever read proceeded very much upon this principle. And, although "geology fully proves" that there have been various creations, that different species were created at different periods, and that some of the humblest and simplest first appeared, while land animals, quadrupeds, quadrumana, and bimana were not introduced until after the earth was fitted for their residence, yet we are still to be convinced that they were not *then* created as perfect as they now are. This is the very matter in dispute.

Take the subjoined extract as another specimen of *a priori* reasoning. In the earlier Silurian period,

"There were seas supporting crustacean and molluscan life, but utterly devoid of a class of tenants who seem able to live in every example of that element which supports meaner creatures.

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This single fact, that only invertebrated animals now lived, is surely, in itself, *a strong proof* that, in the course of nature, *time* was necessary for the creation of the superior creatures. And, if so, it undoubtedly is a powerful evidence of such a theory of development as that which I have presented. If not so, let me hear any equally plausible reason for the great and amazing fact, that seas were for numberless ages destitute of fish." — p. 31.

To us, the most "amazing fact" is the confidence of appeal to the absence of the fossil remains of fish from the Lower Silurian rocks as "strong proof" that the Almighty had not yet had time enough to create them. The book is full of this kind of reasoning. The author's vision has become so hopelessly blear, from continually looking at every thing through the spectral medium of his own hypothesis, that he no longer beholds objects in their natural form or colors. But a sober and reverent person (if he felt bound to render a reason at all why the Deity did *not* do this or that) would prefer to say that the proper time for creating "the superior beings" had not yet arrived. Pen, ink, and paper lie in readiness before us, but no writing yet appears. Does this render it probable that time is necessary for the evolution of the characters through some natural law? Might it not be a sounder inference, that, for reasons of our own, we are not yet quite ready to write? The author's conclusions, however, are in strict and necessary accordance with his hypothesis. When his readers wonder that the idea of *a supreme will, acting through time*, seems never to occur to him, they should not forget that this view is necessarily excluded by the very terms of his theory. So much the worse for the theory.

If it were worth while, it would be easy to gather the elements of a sufficient answer *ad hominem* to this confident argument. Here are rocks, formed by marine deposit, in which no remains of fish have yet been found. Our author positively concludes that fish were not yet created. And a few pages back he emphatically declares, in these, his own Italics, "*A time in which there was no life* is first seen. We then *see life begin, and go on.*" But on turning over a leaf or two, we find him smiting an unwary geological critic with a weapon which the wielder should remember is two-edged, and may cut backward as well as forward.

"Does the lowest band of the English Lower Silurians indicate, beyond all question, the point of time at which animal life

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commenced upon our planet? Are we quite sure that cephalopoda were among the first of all earth's living creatures? Far from it. It has only been ascertained that certain comparatively small cephalopods are found as far down as any other animals of inferior organization, at certain spots in Wales and Cumberland. When we remember, that, in modern seas, certain kinds of such animals haunt special places suitable for their subsistence, — that we may have crustacea and mollusks exclusively at one place, and radiata (as corals and zoöphytes) at some other, not perhaps far distant, but different with respect to depth or some other circumstance, — we can conceive that cephalopods may occur in the first fossil bands in the places which have been examined in England, and yet remains of inferior animals may be found by themselves on the same or a lower level in some as yet unexplored place not far off; so that a time-interval may there appear to allow for a progressive development. Such seems but a reasonably cautious surmise, when we are told by a high authority, that there are 'detached Silurian districts in England, presenting particular changes and modifications, arising from difference of depth, and the variety of currents, and chemical combinations in the seas in which they were formed;' and that, 'in consequence of this variety of physical condition, *there is a corresponding diversity in the traces of organic life in each situation.*' . . . . . The chemical experiments of Braconnot upon masses of these earlier rocks gave ammoniacal and combustible products, likewise indicative of the presence of organic matter: in the same sub-silurian region, 'fragments, apparently organic, and resembling cases of infusoria,' have been detected, and in Bohemia actual fossils have been announced. Even dubious traces of life in sub-silurian rocks must be admitted to be of importance, when we consider that they have mostly been subjected to such a degree of heat as could not fail to obliterate organic memorials, seeing that it has even changed the texture of the rocks themselves. From what Mr. Lyell saw of the Silurian rocks in America, he finds himself called upon, in the most emphatic manner, to warn geologists against '*the hasty assumption, that in any of these sections we have positively arrived at the lowest stratum containing organic remains in the crust of the earth, or have discovered the first living beings which were embedded in sediment.*'" — pp. 27–29.

And the author proceeds to read his Edinburgh Reviewer an admirable homily from some further paragraphs of Mr. Lyell's book, which, if he would himself "mark and inwardly digest," might prove equally to be written for his own

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learning. If the Lower Silurian strata may, "in some as yet unexplored place not far off," contain the remains of the cephalopods which he wishes to find, why may not the remains of fish also lie lurking in the same convenient nook? The spirits of these lost races, so easily evoked to discomfit the Edinburgh critic, to "show his eyes and grieve his heart," may stand not upon the *order* of their coming in such wise as our author thinks most befitting. But passing from what *may be* to what *has been*, have not very unexpected sights presented themselves, even in these later times, to the wondering eyes of geologists, turning the elements of many a good theory into most admired disorder? The writer himself declares, that these oracles are almost every year giving forth new responses; for example, that the existence of birds at a specified era

"was not dreamt of ten years ago; the existence of tortoises in the time of the New Red Sandstone was equally unknown only two or three years earlier. It is a still less time since the labyrinthidonts of the Keuper of Germany were discovered; and we have just seen that the unqualified affirmations of the Edinburgh reviewer, as to the oldest reptiles, were overturned by intelligence from America before his sheets had seen the light." — pp. 55, 56.

It is all very well, this bringing up the "vestiges of terrestrial animals" from lower depths to mar with their footmarks a critic's pages, ere the ink was dry. But why may they not come from a lower deep still? "When these things are considered, must we not see" the generalizations of the author, no less than "the objections of the reviewer, to be extremely rash?" The fact is, that, as to deductions in this whole field of science, we have towering superstructures raised on merely negative foundations, — many a pyramid resting on its apex in unstable equilibrium, which a little delving about the spot may disturb at any moment.

On this and other accounts, we are not inclined to meddle in our author's controversy with the geologists, which occupies so large a part of his new volume. The weapons employed will not carry an edge. The *mêlée* is rather exciting, but it has come at length to have merely the interest of pantomime. We see one combatant thrust his weapon directly through the body of his antagonist, and there is an end, as we suppose. But anon he rises again, armed with some new fact, which serves at once as a magic plaster to heal

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his own wounds, and a bludgeon to beat his adversary to the ground in turn. The latter proves to be only *scotched;* he soon clutches a new fact, which, like a new decision in chancery, is omnipotent over the old; and so the play goes on. We are not disposed to disparage the *science* of geology. The principal *working* geologists, the investigators, are among the ablest and soundest scientific men of our time. In no department, perhaps, has a higher order of talent been turned to better account. They are the supernumeraries, the light troops, with which every popular corps abounds, that principally carry on this guerilla warfare. Unfit and disinclined for research themselves, finding it easier to *speculate* than to *examine*, they snatch at the results obtained by others, as yet unsifted and unscrutinized, connect them with physical or physiological principles which they have imperfectly apprehended, and build splendid theories vastly attractive of popular admiration, but tending to bring the science itself into undeserved discredit when their unstable foundations are exposed to view. These are the *savans*, who, when their card-castles are jostled by a little rough handling, complain, with our author, of "the chilling repression of all saliency in investigation which characterizes the scientific men of our age."

But returning to our task, it is time to look at the direct arguments in behalf of the transmutation theory. The author maintains, that the order of creation has followed a regular progress in time, from the lowest and simplest to the highest and most complex forms of being. He affirms, not merely that the earliest fauna was composed of the lower classes of animals, and that the highest were the last to appear, — which we willingly admit, — but that the development of life has implicitly followed the scale, or series, in which plants and animals are naturally classified, proceeding from below upward, "from the simple lichen and animalcule respectively up to the highest order of dicotyledonous trees and mammalia." Thus, as to the animal kingdom, it is maintained that "we see, first, traces all but certain of infusoria"; that the several orders of radiated and the humblest forms of articulated and molluscous animals successively appeared, and were followed by higher forms of the mollusca; that fish next appeared, the humblest of the vertebrate class, but at first only fish of the most imperfect sort, partaking of the character of

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the articulated animals below them. Then came land animals, of which the first were reptiles, "universally allowed to be the type next in advance from fishes, and to be connected by these by the links of an insensible gradation." Afterwards came birds, and still later the mammalian class, which also commenced with their lowest, and progressively reached their highest forms.*

Here the starting-point with infusoria is an avowed assumption, and the alleged succession of the invertebrate races is little better, while the fact is studiously kept out of view, that many of the early fossil species were endowed with a complexity of organization equalling, and even surpassing, that of any extant representatives of the same classes. The palæontologists are far from admitting these conclusions. They deny many of the particulars; they object to the general inference. To select two statements made by the highest authorities during the last year. Agassiz declares that "the zoöphytes, mollusca, and articulata existed in the earliest period of the earth's development, although all their classes were not numerously represented in the oldest members; but they do not allow of our supposing that any progressive perfection to the present creation occurred." And M. D'Orbigny concludes, that, although the earlier were in general the more simple forms of life, yet no transitions between specific forms can be detected in rocks; but living beings succeeded one another by the extinction of races and their replacement.†

Still, it may be readily allowed that the scheme of creation followed, in some sense, this general order of development, though we need not our author's hypothesis to tell us why it was so. It well comports with our general notions respecting the stages through which our earth passed ere it became habitable for man. The earliest vestiges indicate a marine theatre of existence, in which we know not whether there was any dry land at all. We have, therefore, aquatic beings alone to look for, and of such are the fossil remains. It is merely probable that the earliest were exclusively invertebrate forms; it is not probable that there was any historic progress through the invertebrate series, or even that

* *Vestiges*, 2d ed., p. 110, *et seq.*

† See *American Journal of Science*, 2d Series, Vol. II., pp. 279, 280.

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there was in each order a regular sequence from the lowest to the highest forms. Vegetables must have existed for the support of these early inhabitants of the ocean. These could have been no other than sea-weeds, — so that the vegetable kingdom begins, as our theorist would have it, with one of the simplest vegetable races; and their vestiges are found in the earliest known fossiliferous rocks. As the dry land appeared, the naked rocks were doubtless first clothed with lichens, which require no soil, or in moist places with mosses, for this if for no other reason, that the conditions were adapted to such vegetation alone. And after a soil had been formed, when, as "in the carboniferous era, dry land seems to have consisted only of clusters of islands, and the temperature was much above what now obtains at the same places," it is quite natural that the ferns, which are still most abundant and luxuriant under similar conditions, — namely, in tropical islands, — should then have formed the prevalent vegetation, and have attained the rankest luxuriance in a sultry atmosphere reeking with moisture. Now, we do find the remains and impressions of ferns, the highest cryptogams, in vast abundance, just where our author would have them; but the rock-legend is silent as to their precursors, the mosses and lichens. This brings our author into difficulty. If, in the absence of fossil mosses and lichens, we conclude that land vegetation began with the ferns and filicoid plants of the coal formation, the doctrine of regular progress in the vegetable kingdom is disproved at the commencement, and we must agree with the Edinburgh Reviewer, that, "as to land plants, we have not the shadow of proof that the simpler forms came into being before the more complex." The shadow is cast directly the other way. But if our author takes the alternative, and contends that the absence of all vestiges of mosses and lichens is no proof that they did not exist at and before that epoch, how can the non-existence of other races be safely inferred from the absence of their fossil remains in any given case?

At the next step, the writer is plunged into deeper trouble. He admits that the traces of a historic progress in the vegetable creation are less clear than he could wish, and well he may. For in "the first great burst of land vegetation," as he phrases it, not only are the lower forms absent, so far as we can tell, but all the higher classes of plants are

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actually represented. Monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous trees occur simultaneously with the tree-ferns. Or, if either class of phanerogamous plants be wanting, it is probably the monocotyledonous, the lower of the two; for recent investigations tend to show that those coal-plants which have been taken for palms are more likely cycadaceous, and that these and other dicotyledons, instead of being "extremely rare," have largely contributed to the formation of coal.* And if the highest class of vegetation was represented only by its gymnospermous division, — the Coniferæ and Cycadaceæ, — yet these appeared from the first in such high and perfect forms as to preclude the idea of progress.

Our author has two modes of meeting the principal difficulty. The first is a mere quibble; namely, that we are not entitled "to say that the simple and complex plants of this formation are rigidly contemporaneous; they may have followed each other within the *space of half a century*, and yet have been preserved in one stratum." These writers, who have millions of years at their command, can be very economical of time upon occasion. The second displays a logical genius of a more enterprising order. It is essential to the theory, our readers will notice, that these higher forms of plants should have a later origin than the ferns. Yet in fact, their remains are found commingled. But the writer replies, "They are *mainly* low [read *high*] cryptogamic and monocotyledonous plants"; — "the simple forms are vastly more numerous than the complex"; as if a dozen specimens did not prove the existence of dicotyledonous trees as fully as ten thousand; as if their fewness afforded even a presumption that they were recent interlopers, or reduced the objection to such insignificance that it was scarcely worth speaking of. This is just the reasoning of the unfortunate damsel upon whom the charge of maternity was too strongly fixed, and who was at length reduced to the plea, that "It was only a very little one." The objection is, not that the dicotyledonous trees were few, which may or may not have been the case, but that they were present at all. Our author, pressed by a difficulty so fatal to his theory, ingeniously argues, that, as fossil dicotyledons are more abundantly found through later periods, they may have

* *Vide* Adolphe Brongniart in *Comptes Rendus*, Dec. 1845.

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made their first appearance during the last half century, as it were, of the coal-era.

"Finding that we have first ample marine vegetation, then a land vegetation in which the plants, with only a small exception, are cellular and cryptogamic, while of the exception a very small number are dicotyledonous, and a conspicuous group (the conifers) intermediate, — I feel that I am entitled to say that positive evidence speaks for a precedence of high but simple forms."— p. 45.

Now, in the first place, the facts on which the argument is based are invalidated by the well known experiments of Dr. Lindley, who, on subjecting the stems and branches of various trees for a long time to the action of water, showed that plants of the classes or families that are chiefly found in the coal are the very kinds whose tissues best resist decomposition under such circumstances. We allow that this evidence "says as much for the non-preservation of mosses and other humble plants as for dicotyledons"; and we suppose that there were mosses in those days. It all helps our argument, and shows the danger of inferring the paucity of particular races from the scarcity of their fossil remains. There is neither proof, nor strong probability, that all the leading classes of the vegetable kingdom — the low cellular, the high cryptogamic, the monocotyledons, the gymnospermous, and perhaps the common dicotyledons — were not represented in these primeval forests in much the same proportion as they now exist in low and damp tropical islands; and that dicotyledonous trees have not contributed in that proportion to the formation of coal. But, supposing even that the latter were comparatively few in number, this affords no presumption of their recent advent. When we behold a forest composed mainly of pines, but with a few beeches or oaks, can we conclude that these last are of recent introduction? Is it not quite as probable, that they are the scattered remnants or descendants of a growth that formerly occupied the soil?

We have no intention of following this portion of our author's argument into details. Nor is it necessary. It appears to be the opinion of those best qualified to judge in their respective branches of science, that he has failed to establish even this part of his case, in the mode and to the extent that his hypothesis imperatively requires.

But we will now suppose that the *savans* are mistaken, or

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wilfully blind.* Let it be granted that the advent of the vegetable and animal tribes has been perfectly accordant throughout with the scale of being, — that it has strictly followed the ascending steps of the natural series, whether simple or multiple, or in whatever form our author may choose to adopt. This would neither disprove the common theory of creation, nor lend any real proof to our author's hypothesis. According to the received view, that God specifically created every living thing after its kind, it may well be that he began with the humblest and simplest kinds, — especially as the earth at first seems to have been adapted to their existence alone, — and that he followed that ascending *order* and plan which, as recognized by us in the "things that are made," has given to us the idea of a graduated scale of being. We see no good argument here against a specific creation.

Our author, however, thinks quite otherwise. He draws very different conclusions from the succession of beings he contends for, and which, for the present argument, we will suppose to have been established. His theory is, that this succession in time points to an origin of the higher and later forms through the intervention of the lower and earlier. He rejects the idea, that each species was created independently at the fit and appropriate time; but maintains instead, that the successive higher grades have, in the long lapse of ages, been evolved out of one or more primary ones; that the highest plants and animals have actually derived their parentage from the lowest sorts respectively, acquiring an "improved organization" at each step in the ascending scale; that our higher animals may be traced, though perhaps vaguely as to their particular route through the lower marine forms, yet "with tolerable distinctness as they singly pass through the four classes of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals," and through the last class from one stage to another, "until the second highest gave birth to MAN, who is the very highest." In plain language, his doctrine is, that all our lovely flowers and lofty trees, which now at least "yield seed after their kind," are the progeny of humble sea-weeds and lichens; and that men and monkeys, horses and dogs, fish, flesh, and fowl, are but animalcules of a larger growth and a successively more per-

* "This person, and, I am sorry to add, geologists generally, can only fasten upon such particulars as may be made out to be difficulties in the way of generalization." — p. 47.

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fect development! And this monstrous conclusion follows, our author argues, as a legitimate deduction from the alleged fact of the regular succession of the animal tribes in their appearance on the earth, taken in connection with another fact in the history of individual development, which we will presently bring to view!

Still, a serious inquirer, imagining that he has here a clew to the explanation of that unity of plan which runs through the animal kingdom, might entertain this proposition. We are quite willing to consider it, thus far, as a purely scientific question, to be settled by observation and just inference. It is one of the two conceivable views respecting the origin of the animate creation, into which all theories on the subject naturally resolve themselves. It is possible, — it only needs probability and proof. Our ingenuous inquirer, accepting it for the nonce, might say, Yes; the Deity may have fashioned all the living races out of the same fundamental form. When higher animals were required, they may have been made, not *de novo*, from "the dust of the ground," from inorganic material, but the creative power may have been specifically exercised at different times, directly advancing one or more of the lower animals to higher, and again to still higher, stages of being. In this way, if need be, he might say, "They were created by the hand of God, and adapted to the conditions of the period." But the author peremptorily forbids our giving this construction to his theory, in the language already cited (*supra*, pp. 467, 468), by which he replies to this very statement. These "gradations of advance," he strenuously maintains, — that is to say, the evolution of elephants, &c., out of animalcules, — are owing to properties *generally impressed by the Deity upon matter*, at the very commencement of time. Like Geoffroy St. Hilaire, to whom, though he nowhere acknowledges it, and possibly knew it not, he is indebted for all this part of the theory, he may say, "*I take care not to ascribe to God any intention.*" On the contrary, —

"The immediate cause of the development of each line through its various general grades of being is to be sought in an *internal impulse*, the nature of which is unknown to us, but which resembles the equally mysterious impulse by which an individual embryo is passed through its succession of grades until ushered into mature existence. Geology shows us each line taking a long se-

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ries of ages to advance from its humble invertebrate effluents to its highest mammalian forms; and this I have ventured to call the universal gestation of Nature." — pp. 50, 51.

That is to say, all the higher races of plants and animals were not, in any proper sense of the word, *created* at all, but they *grew*. The Deity did not concern himself with originating each species after its kind, according to the common acceptation of Holy Writ, but he made certain monads capable of producing any and all of them! In the whole course of the evolution, no supernatural agency is allowed to intervene. Throughout his writings, our author explicitly teaches, that the creation of species results necessarily from the operation of natural laws, — of laws as strictly natural as those through which the common changes on the face of the inorganic world are brought about, or the decomposition of a carcass effected, and no more than these requiring, either in kind or degree, the intervention of the Deity. He teaches, not only that the origination of species and the production of progeny are equally natural and truly analogous, but in fact, that the two are fundamentally the same. The one is merely a modification of the other. It is "a law to which that of like reproduction is subordinate." If we object, that this is contrary to all observation, that we behold each species producing its like and no other, our author replies, that this does not invalidate his doctrine, and that, if we would observe closely and long enough, startling facts of a different kind might come to light. The animalcules, he says, produce animalcules in abundance, but they now and then produce a polype; the polype produces polypes, and also sometimes a mollusc; one of the latter occasionally engenders a fish; the fish stealthily gives birth to a salamander or a frog; the reptile plays the same trick, and behold a bird; and the unlineal offspring of a bird appears successively as an ornithorhynchus, a kangaroo, and a common mammal. This is no caricature, but a plain statement of our author's doctrine, stripped of much verbiage, but not at all misrepresented. He must be an ingenious man who can caricature it. If our readers call for "the ocular proof" that the species have been thus untrue, they will be surprised to find that none is forthcoming, — that this downright slander is founded on some vague surmises which are worth nothing as testimony, and which ought not to bring the character even of a giddy animalcule under suspicion.

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When they ask for an intelligible statement how the thing has been done, the author of the charge fathers it all upon some "*internal impulse* to us unknown," as in our latest quotation, — or else upon "certain external conditions," equally unspecified, as is intimated in the original treatise,* and affirmed in the preceding citation. But the assertion, though unproved, is nevertheless stoutly maintained. He insists that the earliest species have not only perpetuated their like in ordinary course, but also, by an analogous process, have advanced some of their offspring higher in the scale; and these in turn, by similar impulses or accidents, have given occasional birth to animals of a still higher grade, and so on, until the last and highest result was reached in man himself. We cannot say of Dame Nature that

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man";

she tried it on the animalcules. Thus each successive race, itself boasting of no better origin, has all along been producing not only its legitimate, but also a bastard or monstrous progeny, and, sooth to say, this oft-repeated and equivocal process, this long-descended, unlineal line, terminates in man! Man, the concentration and culmination of endless ages of monstrosity, is the unlineal descendant of a monkey, which was the abnormal progeny of a fox or wolf, which may trace its pedigree rather dubiously through some of the ruminant, rodent, and marsupial tribes to the class of birds, then to the turtle, thence to fish, then to an oyster or some other mollusc, and finally to the minute polygastric animalcule! And this is to supersede the current doctrine, that the Deity originally and specifically created each kind of animal as it now exists!

Those who would consult the genealogical table for themselves, we refer to the author's original treatise, pages 172 and 173; and then, to learn how the requisite changes have been brought about, on the author's first plan, they may read a few sentences beginning with page 159 of the second American edition. They are there told how a fish-embryo, going a step too far, — "the straight-forward part of the gestation being protracted over a small space," — becomes no fish at all, but a reptile; how that, if it had taken one step more just in the nick of time, it would have turned out a

* *Vestiges*, 2d. ed., p. 161.

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bird; if still another, it might have written itself down an ass, or some other quadruped. But we must not insist upon particulars here; for in the Explanations the plan is varied a little, though not so materially as the author would have us suppose. The following ample extract embodies the new view.

"This [later] view suggests that development has not proceeded, as is usually assumed, upon a single line, which would require all the orders of animals to be placed one after another, but in a plurality of lines, in which the orders, and even minuter subdivisions, of each class, are ranged side by side. It also suggests that the development of these various lines has proceeded independently in various regions of the earth, so as to lead to forms not everywhere so like as to fall within our ideas of specific character, but generally, or in some more vague degree, alike. The progress of the lines becomes clearest when we advance into the vertebrate sub-kingdom. We can there trace several of them with tolerable distinctness, as they singly pass through the four classes of Fishes, Reptiles, Birds, and Mammals; the Birds, however, being a branch in some part derived equally with the reptiles from fishes, and thus leaving some of the mammal order in immediate connection with the reptiles. The lines or *stirpes* have all of them peculiar characters which persist throughout the various grades of being passed through, one presenting carnivorous, another gentle and innocent animals, and so on. We have, therefore, in the animal kingdom, not one long range of affinities, but a number of short series, in each of which a certain general character is observable, though not always to the exclusion of the organic peculiarities of families in neighbouring lines, especially in the class of reptiles. According to this view, the matrix of organic life is, speaking generally, the sea. . . . . The arrangement appears to be this: — the basis of each line is a series of marine forms; the remainder consists of a series designed to breathe the atmosphere and live upon land, these being all of improved organization. The classification which this system implies may be said to be transverse to all ordinary classifications. The invertebrate, ichthyic, reptilian, ornithoid, and mammalian characters are horizontal grades, through which the lines pass, and where they send off branches; not separate and independent divisions. In any of these branches, where we have a clear knowledge of the various forms, it is possible to trace the affinities, in conjunction with an improved organization, through genera which are adapted to a partially marine life, to a residence in the mouths of rivers, or on shores and muddy shallows,

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then through genera which are, in succession, appropriate to marshes, jungles, dry elevated plains, and mountains. And it is this series of external conditions and adaptations which has caused that system of analogies between various families of animals which has of late attracted attention. But the immediate cause of the development of each line through its various general grades of being is to be sought in an internal impulse," &c., &c., as already cited. — pp. 49, 50.

"Generally, the first and lowest forms of the orders in a class are marine, and often these are of comparatively large size. We usually see in them a vestige of the essential characters of the class next below. Thus, the perennibranchiate batrachia in their order, the ichthyosauri in the series of crocodilia, and the divers among birds, all exhibit an affinity to fish. The cetacea and phocidæ, which I regard as the immediate basis of the pachydermata, carnivora, and other orders of terrestrial mammals, ought, according to this view, to show an alliance to the reptiles; and such a connection does exist between the cetacea and certain marine sauria; but from the general extinction of the marine reptiles, the linking of the mammals to that lower class is less clearly seen than might be wished. . . . . Exceptions as to the course which development has taken appear to be by no means few. . . . . Thus, for example, the marsupials appear very clearly a development from certain birds; probably the rodent and edentate orders are derived through the same channel.

. . . . . .

"There is a unity in all instances in the moral as well as physical characters of the various members of one stirps; we only see it advancing from low to high characters, just as we see the fœtus of a high animal passing through various inferior stages before it reach its proper mature character. The lines, moreover, being independent of each other, and not quite uniform as to the stages of animality through which they pass, it follows, that, unless we knew of some law governing their different gestative periods, we are not entitled to look for the first occurrence of their various ichthyic, reptilian, and mammalian sections in any order as regards each other, even though we could be sure (which we are not) that we are surveying a geographical region where they all started fair in the race of progressive organization."— pp. 51 – 53.

All trace back their ancestry to the ocean. The terrestrial races all crawled forth from the water, like the frogs of the second plague of Egypt; and in the famous Acarus-breeding experiments of Mr. Weekes, triumphantly detailed in the appendix to put down all unbelief, we come near to

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having the third Egyptian plague realized. In the first scheme, the line ascended mainly as one, yet it was here and there thrown into folds or loops, like the ropes of onions that one sees strung upon the masts of a Connecticut schooner. It was rather cumbrous and intractable, this long line of genealogy. But by breaking it up into an indefinite number of shorter ones, the whole is more manageable, and we shall be much surprised, if the author, with but a moderate use of "extinct links," should fail to trace back the pedigree of any animal whatever entirely to his own satisfaction. The only objection is, that it multiplies the fundamental difficulty by increasing the number of *first steps* in an operation where *c'est le premier pas qui coûte ;* for once show us that an animalcule has become an oyster or a fish, and we will grant it may become a horse. Still, we miss the charming simplicity of the original scheme, where any of the thousands of animalcules which sport "with ample room and verge enough" in a single drop of water was potentially a fish, an anaconda, an ostrich, a horse, and an elephant, and there was no knowing which of these grades was his *ultimatum*, — "the world was all before him where to choose." On the modified plan, all depends upon the route that is taken. If the aspiring animalcule, having attained the dignity of fish, now essay the saurian line, it may next rise to become a whale or a seal. Among the phocidæ two roads are open ; if, as it steps ashore, it takes the pachydermatous route, it may turn out a hog, a rhinoceros, or an elephant ; but it must early take a different course if it would be a bear, and still another if it would end its career as a cat or a lion. A different road, leading through the ichthyosauri, the salamanders, and the diving birds, leads to the opossum and kangaroo, or else to the sloth, or the beaver, as the case may be. But each line has its own *terminus* at the upper or mammalian end, which the animals that have taken that line "in the race of progressive organization," and those alone, may hope to win. We have no means of predicting what route any given infusory or marine animal will take. Whether this is "under law," or pure accident, is unexplained. "All I think that we can expect is, that, in a particular area, where we have reason to believe that the lines have started abreast, they should all reach their various grades nearly about one time."

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Now the practical difficulty is, that those of the existing races which had the earliest start appear to have made no progress at all. Naturalists inform us, that the most ancient living species are some of the polygastric animalcules, and other minute and simple organisms, whose fossil remains have been detected in deposits much older than those which contain vestiges of any other existing animals. Here is a wonderful persistence of character in the very tribes that are supposed to give birth to all the rest. But the author has a proper answer to objections of this sort; namely: — "The probable fact is, that the modification takes place in an offshoot of the original tribe, which has removed into a different set of circumstances, these circumstances being the cause of the change; thus there is no need to presume that the original tribe is at all affected by any such modification." During the interval, these very species of animalcules may have produced quadrupeds and men, for aught we know to the contrary. For the abnormal offspring is often so unlike its parent, not to say its ancestors, that our author admits, "there may be no appearance of a transition from the former species to the present," and he is aware of no signs by which such a transition can be detected. With what grace, then, can he demand from his opponents a refutation of an hypothesis which he admits is incapable of proof? But the wonder is, that these species have not been totally changed in the long lapse of time; that any except very recent animalcules should remain in that low grade. For the present, let us note the fact as good evidence that species of the lowest grade are equally stable and true to their kind with the highest. On our author's theory, he has still to explain how it is, that, where all the lower grades are potential mammals, just as all curates are possible bishops, and where all have apparently "started fair in the race" of preferment, so few should reach the perfect consummation, and so large a portion of the animal species, all equally capable of better things, should "wage with fortune an unequal war," and remain in these undeveloped, rudimentary, unfledged conditions.

But we return to the author's modified view, which might be termed *development made easy*, since it conveniently substitutes a goodly number of short ladders in the place of one long one. It amounts pretty nearly to the same thing as the original scheme, except that it leaves the pedigree of the

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human race involved in much doubt and ambiguity. We presume that all the later steps of the former genealogy are still retained, — that man did not rise with Venus Anadyomene all perfect from the wave. At the seashore, the ambiguity commences. The difficulty is, not to find some route of ascent, but to choose among several, all equally probable. Whether he crawled up from original slime with the reptiles, or soared aloft at once with the flying-fish, or stepped ashore with the wading-birds, and thence

> "on ground
> Walked firm, the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
> The silent hours, or th' other, whose gay train
> Adorns him,"

and so from the lord of the dunghill became the lord of creation, is still a problem. Nor can we ascertain what reptile-ancestor of ours it was, who, when basking in the warm sunshine, and finding that the plumage began to cover his rough hide, might thus have chanted his *nunc dimittis* to the next higher stage of being : —

> Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
> Pelles; et album mutor in alitem
> Superna; nascunturque leves
> Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

But the most instructive aspect of the modified theory is its evident conformity with the old hypothesis of Lamarck. We noticed the family resemblance from the first ; but the development is now complete, and those who did not identify the grub may recognize the butterfly. In thus displaying the familiar features of an old acquaintance, our theorizer saves us some trouble ; for by showing its essential agreement with the leading atheistic scheme of the beginning of this century, we are relieved from the supererogatory labor of a refutation which has been again and again most thoroughly accomplished, both upon scientific and theological grounds, by abler pens than ours. By the theory of Lamarck, as in our author's, the powers and properties with which all matter was originally endowed are *themselves* supposed to have clothed the earth with verdure, and to have peopled it with its countless races of animals, — and to have done this by a series of natural operations, productive, at first, of rudimentary plants and animals, the rough draughts of what, in the course of a long succession of ages, have ripened into the

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present complexity, variety, and perfection of the races of our days. The object of the two schemes is the same, namely, to dispense with repeated interventions of a First Cause; and both reach the same conclusions in a very similar way, as will be seen from the subjoined extracts; which, instead of translating from the original French of the *Philosophie Zoölogique*, we select from the abstract published several years ago by Mr. Lyell, in order that any coincidence of phraseology with the Vestiges may not be attributed to us.

In the Lamarckian view, —

"It is not the organs, or, in other words, the nature and form of the parts of the body of an animal, which have given rise to its habits, and its particular faculties; but, on the contrary, its habits, its manner of living, and those of its progenitors, have in the course of time determined the form of its body, the number and condition of its organs, in short, the faculties which it enjoys. Thus, otters, beavers, water-fowl, turtles, and frogs were not made web-footed in order that they might swim; but their wants having attracted them to the water in search of prey, they stretched out the toes of their feet to strike the water and move rapidly along its surface. By the repeated stretching of their toes, the skin which united them at the base acquired a habit of extension, until, in the course of time, the broad membranes which now connect their extremities were formed. In like manner, the antelope and the gazelle were not endowed with light agile forms in order that they might escape by flight from carnivorous animals; but, having been exposed to the danger of being devoured by lions, tigers, and other beasts of prey, they were compelled to exert themselves in running with great celerity; a habit which, in the course of many generations, gave rise to the peculiar slenderness of their legs, and the agility and elegance of their forms. The camelopard was not gifted with a long flexible neck because it was destined to live in the interior of Africa, where the soil was arid and devoid of herbage; but, being reduced by the nature of that country to support itself on the foliage of lofty trees, it contracted a habit of stretching itself up to reach the high boughs, until its neck became so elongated that it could raise its head to the height of twenty feet above the ground." — *Lyell's Principles of Geology*, Vol. III., pp. 11, 12.

Let this be compared with the passages from the volume under review which we cited near the beginning of this article. Lamarck was well aware of the conclusions which the geologists had already begun to draw; namely, that plants

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and animals of simple organization preceded the most complex. He, like our author, considered the earlier as the progenitors of the later and higher races. Adopting the prevalent idea, that the ocean invested the whole planet long after it became the habitation of living beings, he also looked to the sea as the original home of the terrestrial species, and taught that some of the shell-fish, by "gradual evolution" and "progressive improvement," were at length converted into all the variety of land animals. The "internal impulse" of our author is turned to fuller account by Lamarck; but whether the former has strengthened or weakened the theory by nominally rejecting the idea of appetences creating organs, we shall not pretend to say. Our author supposes the "external circumstances" to operate chiefly upon the embryo or offspring; this same idea, though in a slightly different form, enters essentially into the Lamarckian view, in which the impulse or appetency acts through a long series of generations, and effects a gradual advance in the offspring. When the oyster, or some such shell-fish, first aspired to crawl on land, though the will was father both to the deed and to the organs of locomotion for its accomplishment, yet it was only in the remote progeny that the effort was rewarded with full success.

"There are distinct primary rudiments of plants and animals, and *probably* of each of the great divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. These are gradually developed into the higher and more perfect classes by the slow but unceasing agency of two influential principles: first, *the tendency to progressive advancement* in organization, accompanied by greater dignity in instinct, intelligence, &c.; secondly, *the force of external circumstances*, or of variations in the physical condition of the earth, or the mutual relations of plants and animals. . . . . .

"Now, if the first of these principles, *the tendency to progressive development*, were left to exert itself with perfect freedom, it would give rise, says Lamarck, in the course of ages, to a graduated scale of being, where the most insensible transition might be traced from the simplest to the most compound structure, from the humblest to the most exalted degree of intelligence. But, in consequence of the perpetual interference of the *external causes* before mentioned, this regular order is greatly interfered with, and an approximation only to such a state of things is exhibited by the animate creation, the progress of some races being retarded by unfavorable, and that of others accelerated by favor-

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able, combinations of circumstances." — *Principles of Geology*, Vol. III., pp. 16, 17.

Were there room for further extracts, we would show the operation of Lamarck's machinery in the transformation of the orang-outan, which, "having been already evolved out of a monad, is made slowly to attain the attributes and the dignity of man." So far as there is any difference, the scheme of Lamarck is the more plausible of the two. In both, the "circumstances" act through the parent on the offspring; but the machinery in Lamarck's theory is the more natural and intelligible. The "higher generative law" only interferes with the simplicity of the scheme. But, says the author of the Vestiges, "I also go beyond the French philosopher to a very important point, the original divine conception of all the forms of being, which these natural laws were only instruments in working out and realizing." This advantage cannot be conceded; for Lamarck also allowed the order of nature to have emanated from the Deity. He taught that Nature — a piece of mechanism acting by necessity — is subject to laws ordained by his will. This Nature, too, is obliged to proceed gradually in all her operations, and to begin, just as in our author's plan, by the production of the most simple kinds, and out of them instrumentally elaborate all the more complex.

But, since the animal creation has so long been running this "race of progressive organization," and arriving at such remarkable results, it becomes difficult to understand why so many species of the simplest structure are remaining, why there are still more individuals of infusoria than of all other races put together. We have already mentioned the difficulty. Lamarck meets it by the admission, that nature *is* daily engaged in the formation of rudimental plants and animals; that she *is* always beginning anew, day by day, the work of creation, giving rise to monads by what is termed spontaneous generation; and that the transmutation *is* continually going on, as busily as ever, though those forms only survive that happen to have a fortunate adaptation to the conditions in which they are placed.

This is consistent, but no doubt untrue. Our author, met by the same difficulty, offers a different explanation, totally inconsistent with his theory; namely, that *the life-originating and transmuting machinery does* NOT *work much or to much*

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purpose NOW, BECAUSE *the world is already well stocked with the higher species*. This was animadverted upon, and the consequences of the admission shown, in our former article.* The author, however, is so well satisfied with his singular argument, that he has repeated it in the "Explanations." The peopling of the earth, he says, "is a thing done," and "we are not, therefore, to expect conspicuous examples either of a new origin of life, or a modification of species, at the present day." Doubtless it is a thing done for those that have reached the top of the scale, though not for the rest. But who knows that it *is* "*a thing done*," and that "a vacant globe *is* amply supplied with suitable tenants," in the shape of men, horses, and oxen? Is it the lower animals who are running "the race of progressive organization?" Do they, then, become discouraged and stationary, or remain only "faintly at work," for fear of bringing their humanity or bestiality to an overstocked market? And are they likewise the judges of the "very special and extraordinary circumstances" that now and then make it worth while to move on? Then they are not only wiser than their Creator, according to the terms of the theory, but have vastly more forethought than their fortunate brethren who have already attained the human form divine! The only alternative must be, that it is the Deity who knows that the world is properly stocked. It must be the Deity, then, who, at the fitting period, checks or arrests the operation of "the life-originating machinery." And is not an interposition to suspend a law supernatural? If Deity may thus in the course of time interpose to arrest, why not as well specifically to create? And if the necessity of a single interference be shown, the whole hypothesis falls to pieces. To what purpose have the converts to this scheme been forced to receive this series of gratuitous and most improbable suppositions, all this false science pressed to the most revolting conclusions, for the express object of banishing the Deity from the present world, if, when all is done, even this machinery is insufficient to exclude him?

Our readers have probably seen enough of the transmutation theory, as a substitute for specific creation. Still we must examine, though with the greatest brevity, the remain-

* See *North American Review* for April, 1845, p. 463.

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ing considerations adduced in its support. By referring the origin of each species to the direct creative agency of the Deity, we refer it to an adequate cause, — to the only cause, so far as we yet know, which will account for the facts. Now, those who adopt the other view, and carry the principle *nec Deus intersit* to this length, are bound to show that natural agencies are competent to produce such results as these. The burden of proof rests upon them. Either let them show how the thing may be done, or let them bring instances of direct transmutation before us. Our author attempts both. As to the latter, we have the old story from Virgil: —

> " Grandia sæpe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis,
> Infelix lolium, et steriles dominantur avenæ ";

or, in the version of worthy Master Gerarde, —

> " In furrowes where good Barley we did sowe,
> Nothing but Darnell and poore Oates doo growe."

This, or rather its converse, has been verified of late years, it seems. " A gentleman who travelled in Germany was assured, that if oats are sown early and not allowed to produce ears for the first year, they will change to other sorts of corn." Still, as some people will not be convinced by hearsay, nor believe all the stories brought from Germany, it might be well to try the experiment. An instance is triumphantly appealed to. " The Reverend Lord Arthur Hervey, in the year 1843, sowed a handful of oats, treated them in the manner recommended, by continually stopping the flowering stems, and the produce, in 1844, has been for the most part ears of a very slender barley, having much the appearance of rye, with a little wheat, and some oats." In citing this account from the Gardener's Chronicle, our author has left out certain points which we will supply. We have turned again to the article from which our author has ingeniously chosen his extracts,* in order to confound all skeptics with Dr. Lindley's high authority; and we find that this botanist, notwithstanding some flourishing demonstrations on that side of the question, will not assume a jot of responsibility; but as to the transmutation, remarks, " We are not so *very* sure about the matter, although *we do still hold hard to the orthodox faith in the matter of species* "; — that is, to their permanence.

* *Explanations*, p. 78. The article quoted is in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, August, 1844, p. 555.

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He closes by suggesting new experiments, and very properly suspends all judgment until Michaelmas, 1846 ! Dr. Lindley also records — what our author has neglected to copy — the careless manner in which an experiment that was to fix or unfix our belief in the permanence of species was conducted. " A handful of oats was taken out of a manger, sown in a garden, diligently cared for, and finally reaped." The harvest contained " some oats " ; might not a handful of grain snatched from the Marquis of Bristol's manger contain also some wheat and barley ? The growing grain, treated after such a fashion, would be likely to yield " a very slender barley." And if only oats had been sown, what was to hinder some wicked marplot from scattering a little wheat and barley among it, to diversify the result, and mystify the noble, but not very careful, experimenter ?

Our author lays most stress on the other line of argument. He has a scheme, we have seen, for explaining, on purely natural principles, the origination of new species, kinds, and classes of the whole vegetable and animal kingdoms in all their variety. But has he any vestiges of proof to adduce in its behalf, besides the *historic succession*, which we have already sufficiently considered ? We have shown, that, if this whole class of alleged facts were made out, — which is not the case, — his hypothesis would still be as baseless and gratuitous as before. The whole remaining argument is drawn from the history of *individual development*. It appears, — to make the statement general and comprehensive, — that the earliest embryo state of the higher animals is strikingly analogous to the perfect state of the very lowest animals ; there is a resemblance in form, and in other external characters, which we will not stop to specify. It further appears, that, in their ulterior development, some of the organs of the higher animals pass through stages generally analogous to, or in some sort resembling, the perfect state of the same organs in the tribes next beneath them in the scale. Thus, the brain of a quadruped at first *simulates* the brain of a fish, then that of a reptile, next that of a bird, from which it soon passes to its own proper type and specific form. The same scheme is traceable in the vegetable kingdom. The proper inferences from all this are familiar to the students of modern physiology. The gratuitous and false inference is to be found in our author's volume ; its refutation, in our former article. Our

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readers will not require us to go over the ground again until new evidence or argument is adduced. And it is the less necessary now that the author has varied his ground so as to stultify his own conclusions.

We charged him and his school with forgetting that analogy is very different from identity; with overlooking the turning-point of the whole question, and drawing inferences which are not only gratuitous, but contrary to the whole bearing of the evidence. All observation goes to show, that the specific character is fixed from the very commencement, and that there is no more likelihood of an embryo, than of an old, monkey developing into a man. The character of the predestined oak, for instance, is doubtless as definitely fixed in the earliest rudimental condition as it is in the acorn and the seedling. Its specific individuality — that which is to render it an oak, and not a pine, a white oak, and not a live oak — is fixed long anterior to the development of the specific form; so that the most perfect outward resemblance *then* to some other species does not argue its identity with it, while, on the other hand, its final uniform evolution after its parental kind *proves* directly the contrary. But our author most gratuitously maintains that the early similarity is essential identity, — that a quadruped or man *is* an animalcule, which, by a series of developments, has at length reached the highest grade of corporeal being.

The author now declares, however, that his reviewers, ourselves among the number, have misrepresented him; that he only means, the germs of all creatures are *alike*, not that they are *identical*. "The phrase used in the book was, 'that the embryos of all animals are not distinguishably different from each other,' which is a very different proposition." So it is. But we were formerly under the impression (which the perusal of the new volume has entirely removed) that the author wished to preserve some logical connection between his premises and his conclusions. His theory absolutely demands the meaning which his language plainly asserted. Thus,

"The frog, for some time after its birth, *is* a fish with external gills, and other organs fitting it for an aquatic life, all of which are changed as it advances to maturity and becomes a land animal. The mammifer only passes through still more stages, according to its higher place in the scale. Nor is man himself exempt from this law. His first form is that which is permanent

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in the animalcule. His organization gradually passes through conditions generally resembling a fish, a reptile, a bird, and the lower mammalia, before it attains its specific maturity. At one of the last stages . . . . . he exhibits an intermaxillary bone, which is characteristic of the perfect ape; this is suppressed, and he may then be said to take leave of the simial type and become *a true human creature*." — *Vestiges*, 1st ed., p. 151.

We cannot say much for the writer's candor in his new volume; but he has been baited by critics, and driven to extremities, and we are charitable. The reasoning was, and could have been, nothing but this: — Man's "first form *is* that which is permanent in the animalcule"; *therefore*, man is a developed or advanced animalcule; — which is logical enough, if we put the natural construction upon the whole language. The corrected view is: — The animalcule and the first form of the human embryo *look* alike; *therefore*, man is a developed animalcule! At first, the embryos of an oak and a pine "are not distinguishably different from each other"; therefore, one is the ancestor of the other, or both had a common ancestor in some lichen! We cannot overturn this part of our author's theory more effectually than he has done it himself. Such is the reasoning which is to give a new aspect to science, and to effect "a complete revolution in the view which is generally taken of our relation to the Father of our being"!

The inquiry naturally arises, What is the meaning of the facts alluded to, derived from the progress of individual development, and the many others that natural history abounds in, — some of which, such as the existence of rudimentary organs, have been so abused by Lamarck and our author? Doubtless, this: that living beings have been created upon a foreordained, harmonious plan; that the animals of each great division or class have been formed according to a common type, which may be traced as a basis through the whole; and that the affinities or resemblances we behold, and which so mislead our author and his school, spring naturally and necessarily from this fundamental unity of plan; that the various kinds or genera of each class or order are modifications (not of any animal of this or a lower class, but) of the type or ideal plan which it has pleased the Almighty Creator to follow, — modifications, by express and specific design, adapting each species to the conditions in which it is intended to live. Thus would we account for that unity in the midst of

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diversity which the naturalist observes and admires, when with enlarged vision he sees that all the apparent complexity around him is pervaded by, and based upon, a real simplicity and harmony. It is this view, and not our author's scheme, as he absurdly suggests, that is "faintly foreshadowed" by Plato's doctrine of archetypes or preëxistent models. It is this view which well grounded naturalists have ever delighted to contemplate, as affording the highest evidence of design, — of design at once the most comprehensive and the most special. Did our limits allow a development of the topic, we trust we could show, what some eminent and excellent writers seem to doubt, that the sound doctrine of *unity of plan* is perfectly consistent with that of *special intention* to a discoverable end or purpose. Here, we merely allude to the incomparable advantage of this doctrine as coinciding with the *works* themselves in bringing the Creator directly to view; that he may be "clearly seen" and his attributes illustrated "by the things that are made." And every work of science, rightly begun and continued in this view, is, to adopt the noble language of Galen, "a religious hymn in honor of the Creator"; while our author's futile scheme is but a heathenish incantation with which he would fain exorcise the Deity out of the world he has made.

Nor is this too strong a charge to bring against a system which attempts to thrust the Creator out of the visible universe far back to the remotest verge of time, and to confine him there bound fast by the very laws he ordained. For where will our author allow any direct action of the Deity? Not, we have seen, when "man became a living soul"; not when "every beast of the field, and fowl of the air, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth," appeared; not when the waters were stocked with fish; not even when the first rudimentary animals, the all-prolific animalcules, came into being. We have not yet traced the stream of second causes to its head. These animalcules, the writer teaches, sprang from mere earth, without the intervention of direct creative power: under purely natural and existing agencies, particles of lifeless matter, acted on by chemical attraction, heat, light, and, that last refuge of a hard-pressed theorizer, electricity, came into being and have risen to every form of organized existence.*

* Upon the subject of spontaneous generation there is nothing essential to be added to our former article, until the proper test-experiment is made.

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It would be something to rest here, — to set foot upon the firm ground of direct creative agency, when the round and solid world was first stocked with incipient living things. But the iron chain of *law* is around us, and we are dragged farther backward still, even to the great abyss of "fire-mist," filling all space, before we get a glimpse of any direct operation of the Deity in creation. We are asked to contemplate the universe in the nebular state, resolved into inconceivably thin air, and to imagine that the whole work of creation was potentially done THEN, expressed in the properties then impressed upon matter, — of which every subsequent change, every operation that has since taken place, every form and grade of animate existence, life, sensation, thought, and feeling, and *man* himself, body and soul, are only the *natural* DEVELOPMENT.

There is left to our author only one more step to take in the path he has all along so unfalteringly trodden. To that short and consistent step he is impelled by the accumulated force of his whole argument. He has admirably pushed back the Creator to a point where there is no longer any use for him. Why not suppose that the properties were *always* inherent in the matter to which they have inhered so long, and by which they have done every thing? We have long since got far beyond the Christian's God. Let Him not be introduced at all in connection with such a scheme of creation and no-providence. Our author may have a first cause to satisfy the logical necessities of the case, and he then rests secure in his position, which we have heard well characterized as "the only system of atheism that is possible to a sane mind." In fundamental character, how does it differ from the doctrine of Epicurus? We do not forget our author's declaration, that by *law* he does not mean "a system independent or exclusive of Deity, but one which only proposes a certain mode of his working." It is the very extraordinary "mode of working," if *working* it may be called, that we protest against. When read in the light of our earlier extracts, and contemplated in connection with

Professor Schulze's experiment, which our readers will remember, furnishes a fair case, where, the proper precautions being taken, no infusorial or other life appeared in a solution abounding with organic matter. Let Mr. Weekes manipulate with his solutions under the same precautions, and if he then breeds an Acarus, it will be time to look at his experiments.

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the whole scheme, this is strikingly similar to the adoration of the white elephant by an Oriental people, who carefully imprison their god, give him nothing to do, and then render him divine homage.

We are concerned only with the logical results of the scheme ; and these are quite unaffected by the moral reflections interspersed, which so gild and bedizen the flimsy reasoning, that the whole passes for pure and solid gold with his æsthetic admirers around us. But there is no organic connection between them. These rags of religious sentiment, in which our author swaddles the offspring of his fancy, doubtless render its appearance more becoming in his eyes. Others, with stricter consistency and a different taste, may infer that the child, " when least adorned, adorned the most," would look better as well as more natural in naked simplicity. Contemplating all nature from the ultimate point of view, two propositions alone are possible : there is a God ; there is no God. From the first, the scheme which our author rejects may be consistently deduced ; from the second, the scheme he adopts flows with logical directness.

We meant to devote a few paragraphs to exposing the radical infirmity of our author's mind, — the childish facility with which he is ever deceived by casual analogies. An important and needful dissertation might be written on the use and abuse of analogy, that unsafe guide to those who are not familiar with their way already, though a very instructive and tricksy companion for those who are. Its use affords a good test of high scientific ability. Just analogies, rightly seized, give both happy illustrations and fruitful suggestions. Used indiscriminately or unskilfully, they but " shine to bewilder, and dazzle to blind." To a lively and uncurbed fancy, occupied with subjects like these, all nature is apt to appear like a vision in a kaleidoscope ; where the objects in the field of view, turn them as you will, are always perfectly symmetrical, and are repeated on all sides with every reflection. The discriminating, investigating observer discerns the real state of the case ; but ardent theorizers, if they care to build on fact rather than fancy, would do better with plain glasses. Resemblances, whether casual or intimate, crowd upon our view from every side. The investigator, unless armed with Ithuriel's disenchanting spear, oftener needs to eliminate and exclude than to invite them. But let an in-

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genious person select from the unlimited store, and arrange his analogies to suit himself, and he can prove just what he likes, so far as analogy affords any proof.

We have had experience of our author's success in this respect. Let us notice still another, a crowning instance. Nothing will convince him that the *Arbor Dianæ* and other dendritic crystallizations do not illustrate the laws of vegetation, and render more probable the spontaneous production of plants from mineral matter. He seems to have been puzzled, however, with the fact, that these crystallizations simulate trees, instead of plants of the lowest order. But to his great delight, a mineral fungus has at length been produced. "In a letter of Mr. Crosse to Mr. Leithead, it is stated, that in one of his experiments there grew, in the inside of an electrified jar filled with hydrosulphuret of potash, a mineral fungus, *in the shape of a common trumpet-mouthed fungus which is found on trees.*" Mr. Weekes also by crystallization produced "a singularly beautiful electro-vegetation, *a forest in miniature*, which, by aid of a good lens, presented many extraordinary appearances." He allows that the fungus-looking thing is not a plant, and that the arborescence is neither a tree nor a forest, any more than the cloud upon which Polonius theorized was a camel, a weasel, or a whale. Yet they are "very like," and he insists that the cause of the resemblance must at bottom be the same. Like effects, he reasons, must betoken the same or a similar cause. Let us see. The trees which the sketcher copies with his lead-pencil, or the painter imitates in natural colors, bear a much closer resemblance to veritable trees. Have these phenomena a "common root"? Are like causes here concerned in producing the similarity of effect? The modeller with his trowel constructs from the plastic clay the perfect form of a man. Does this point to "some relation of a very interesting kind, the investigation of which may yet give us a deeper insight than we now enjoy into the mysteries" of the creation of man?

Since our author complains so much of the reception, or rather non-reception, of his *new* theories, by an ungrateful scientific world, we cannot forbear mentioning, at the risk of apparent ungraciousness, that no one branch of his hypothesis *is* new in science. To the *savans*, they have not the charm of novelty. The nebular theory belongs to Her-

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schel and Laplace. The writer's originality consists in his incorrect statement of it in a material point, and his failure to appreciate the real difficulties in the way of its application to world-making. Spontaneous generation and transmutation are too old and familiar to father upon any one in particular. Our author has the credit of omitting some of the strongest arguments that are urged in their behalf, and of pressing some of the most absurd ones. The development scheme is just that of Lamarck, with the modifications of St. Hilaire, sustained now and then by special arguments, which, we allow, these veteran naturalists never dreamed of. All these speculations, if we may judge from the general testimony of scientific men, have been repeatedly weighed in the balance of searching inquiry, and found wanting.

Still the author has claims to originality, which we shall not controvert. Among them is the declaration, that *there* MAY *be a faith derived from his view of nature ;* that, "*immeasurable* as is our distance from God, we are still immediately regarded and cared for by him." Our author will really accomplish something new and strange, when he inverts the whole tendency of his theory, and shows that this important truth is either deducible from, or compatible with, it. Thus far, the only ground of encouragement is, that, although the individual may suffer remedilessly, the race is going on to perfection ; that, when "man is transferred to the list of extinct forms," some perfected form of being may succeed him, just as we have succeeded the extinct saurian and other races.*

Though, indeed, "the faith may not be shaken, that that which has been endowed with the power of godlike thought, and allowed to come into communion with its Eternal Author, cannot be truly lost," it is only because the views which our author has so laboriously (and, we doubt not, honestly) endeavoured to sustain cannot be proved, and will not be logi-

* Somewhat novel, also, is the ground on which he "establishes the universal brotherhood and social communion of man," and strengthens the common dictates of humanity in respect to the treatment of the inferior animals. We are to love each other, not because we are brethren in the usual sense, but because of our common descent from the lower animals ; and we are never to tread upon a worm, not exactly on the principle of the Bramin, who fears he might unwittingly remand the beast-imprisoned soul of an unfortunate ancestor to a worse penance, but rather out of respect to our own remoter ancestors by the collateral *undeveloped* line !

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cally carried out. So far as this scheme reflects light on the hopes of man, all, — to adopt the writer's expressive language, — all is indeed "gone, lost, hushed in the stillness of a mightier death than has hitherto been thought of!"

In conclusion, our author frankly admits, though he deems it hardly necessary to advert to such a fact, "that *nearly all the scientific men are opposed to the theory of the Vestiges.*" To the general reader, it must appear strange that his assent is demanded for a scientific theory that is generally rejected by scientific men. The author has a way of his own for neutralizing the natural effect of the admission. He doubts whether the *savans* understand science. Since he cannot render them tributary to his purpose, his only alternative is to annihilate them, or to reduce them to insignificance. He spares them to be merely "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," and diggers after "minute facts," — useful people, no doubt, in a small way, but whose opinions are of little worth, even in the matters of their own vocation.

"As the case really stands, the ability of this class to give, at the present time, a true response upon such a subject, appears extremely challengeable. It is no discredit to them, that they are, almost without exception, engaged, each in his own little department of science, and able to give little or no attention to other parts of that vast field. From year to year, and from age to age, we see them at work, adding, no doubt, much to the known, and advancing many important interests, but, at the same time, doing little for the establishment of comprehensive views of nature. Experiments in however narrow a walk, facts of whatever minuteness, make reputations in scientific societies; all beyond is regarded with suspicion and distrust. The consequence is, that philosophy, as it exists amongst us, does nothing to raise its votaries above the common ideas of their time. There can, therefore, be nothing more conclusive against our hypothesis in the disfavor of the scientific class, than in that of any other section of uneducated men. There is even less; for the position of scientific men with regard to the rest of the public is such, that they are rather eager to repudiate than to embrace general views, seeing how unpopular these usually are. The reader may here be reminded, that there is such a thing in human nature as coming to venerate the prejudices which we are compelled to treat tenderly, because it is felt to be better to be consistent at the sacrifice of even judgment and conscience than to have a war always going on between *the cherished and the avowed.*" — pp. 124, 125.

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Remembering that the cobbler was allowed to dictate to Apelles in the matter of a shoe-tie, we should imagine that the men who have devoted their lives to scientific researches would be best fitted to pronounce, "each in his own little department of science," both as to the facts themselves and as to their immediate meaning or bearing. When, therefore, the unprofessional reader of the Vestiges learns that Brewster condemns its physics, Murchison and Lyell and Sedgwick its geology, that Cuvier (in advance), as well as Professor Owen, Agassiz, and others, scouts its comparative anatomy and physiology, Whewell its whole logic and philosophy, and every sound-minded man we have yet heard of, its theology and tendency, — why, we ask, should not the unprofessional reader rely upon their independent testimony, in respect to facts which they are the most competent witnesses of, and inferences of which they have the best means of judging? We may go farther, and say, that, in spite of the natural bias of a special pursuit, any such man, deeply versed in a single department, is much better qualified to judge of the whole scheme, than one who, like our author, professes to possess only a superficial acquaintance with any branch of science whatever. Who but the men of research have ever established sound and comprehensive views of nature or have made stable generalizations in any branch of science? Did Newton, Herschel, Laplace, Cuvier, Davy, De Candolle, or Humboldt, give to the world mere naked facts, the germs of great views that had to fall into other minds ere they were developed or grew fecund? Although the charge of "intellectual timidity" will somewhat amuse as well as surprise the philosophers, from its direct opposition to the allegations generally brought against them, it is quite too bad to denounce them at the same time as hypocrites, who habitually avow one set of opinions in deference to popular prejudices, while they cherish another, so that they become at length the dupes of their own double-dealing! It is not on this ground, let the author be assured, that the theory of progressive development finds so little favor with naturalists; but because it is really as repugnant to their reason, and contrary to their observation, as it is to the common sense of mankind, they join the world in general in rejecting it.

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ART. IX. — 1. *The Florentine Histories.* By NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI, Secretary of State to the Florentine Republic. Translated by C. EDWARDS LESTER, U. S. Consul at Genoa, &c. New York : Paine & Burgess. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Citizen of a Republic.* By ANSALDO CEBA, a Genoese Republican of the Sixteenth Century. Translated and edited by C. EDWARDS LESTER, Translator of the Florentine Histories, &c. New York : Paine & Burgess. 1845. 12mo. pp. 190.

THESE volumes form a portion of "The Medici Series of Italian Prose," a title fantastic enough, yet not wholly inapplicable to the Florentine novel which introduces the Series, and to the historical work of Machiavelli ; but in what way suited to designate the treatise of a "Genoese republican," or the forthcoming Autobiography of Alfieri, it is difficult to perceive. But without quarrelling with Mr. Lester for exercising in his own way the paternal prerogative of naming his own offspring, though we think less parade at the baptism would have been in better taste, we are ready to acknowledge our obligation to him for introducing to the American public the valuable Florentine Histories. Not that a work of such merit, stamped with such a name, has gone a begging for an English translator ; but Mr. Lester deserves the credit of being the only American who has undertaken the task.

The works which form the subject of this notice belong to a class that cannot be too well known in our country. Our people have been too much intoxicated with the prodigious success of our great experiment, to study with sufficient care either the causes of our prosperity or the dangers which assail it. So well contented are we with having outrun all former experience, that we are slow to believe that we have any thing to learn. We are the graduates of liberty, and too wise already, we think, to be taught by mere pupils in the school. This prevalent tone of exorbitant self-complacency has of course begotten the opposite extreme, and the minds of some of our best citizens — best but for this — have contracted a taint of despondency, at times approaching disloyalty. Of all the states of the mind, none is less suited to

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cool counsel than either inordinate exultation or deep dejection. The framers of our political system were undoubtedly indebted, in no small measure, for that happy union of cautious apprehension and indomitable hope which characterized them, to their philosophical study of the science of government and their intimate familiarity with the examples of history,— traits, we fear, in which their posterity have not kept pace with them. Such books teach us the worthlessness of patriotic pride without patriotic principle. It is time that we should feel how inevitably, in our political, as in our other moral relations, privilege and duty are set over against one another.

To the citizen of a republic, no history can be more instructive than that of other republics ; and since the fall of the Greek states, no country has been more fruitful than the Italian peninsula in lessons of this sort. Notwithstanding the vast allowances to be made for differences of geographical situation and national character, for the great changes of opinion insensibly produced by the lapse of centuries, for the narrow limits and peculiar organization of the Italian states, we cannot view their fortunes with indifference. Their commercial character forms a strong point of affinity between us ; and wearisome as we find the story of perpetual factions and restless turbulence, of paltry riots and more paltry war, we cannot but read in it a warning of the fatal effects of the disunion of small states, suited by their physical position to have formed a powerful confederacy.

The History of Machiavelli has the rare merit of being the work of a great man, who was a citizen of the state of whose career he treats, and whose life was contemporary with, or closely subsequent to, many of the events which he records. To make it useful to the American student, nothing was wanting but a faithful and easily accessible translation. The American edition is cheap enough, too ordinary indeed for our taste ; and the typography is very far from being satisfactory, either in elegance or correctness. We have examined several parts of the book and carefully collated them with the original. The translation is, in the main, so far as we can judge, executed with some skill and success. There is, however, great inequality in this respect. While the general considerations and philosophical remarks, which introduce the different books, and which are found scattered elsewhere, give evidence of the translator's aptness in remoulding sen-

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tences and periods so as to accommodate them to another tongue, an exercise in which, however, he has sometimes taken too great liberties with the text, the narrative parts are often deformed by a puerile want of constructive art. We are occasionally reminded of a schoolboy's first groping essays towards an epistolary style; where *and*, and *but*, and *he* stand like guideposts at every turn, to carry the reader round the corner.

The province of a translator is an humble and laborious one. We demand of him at least entire accuracy. Though Mr. Lester, in the Florentine Histories at least, has been guilty only of minor sins, he is not blameless. We will cite an instance or two. At page 115 of the second volume, the following sentence appears in the translation: — "The two ways to acquire popularity in a republic should be remembered by its citizens, either by public stations or the *virtues of private life.*" Among these "virtues" is afterwards enumerated "the advancing of fellow-citizens to unmerited honors." The original of the passage in Italic is *modi privati.* At the close of the sixth book, Mr. Lester has succeeded, by his awkward suppression of the word *nipote*, in falsifying the history of the time. On page 118, we have "the renewal of the Catasto *in* 1427." It should be *of*, as the slightest attention to chronology and the context might have shown. At page 168, in the description of a storm in Tuscany, the words, *un ora avanti giorno*, are rendered "an hour before *sunset*"; and a subsequent clause is altered to suit the transfer of the time of day.

Mr. Lester's offences against the king's English are less easily passed over. We have such phrases as these: — "Charles kept a governor *at* Tuscany," — in the manner, we suppose, of "United States Consul at Genoa"; "the *con*ciliation of the duke with the league"; "they compel the state to *aggravate* its subjects"; "having acquired his lost reputation"; "to *refrain* (*frenare*) this jealousy"; "except his fondness for the *pleasures of women*," — knitting and gossiping, perhaps; — "the most renowned and illustrious *civilian* (*uomo disarmato*, i. e. *togatus*)"; "an *army* of about twenty vessels," after the pattern of Gideon's host of old; "his own self-defence"; — "She feigned an attack of a malady, to which she was *accustomed* (*certa sua infirmità*)"; — and last, not least, "An example without a

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paragon," a hit so happy, that it might excite the envy of Dogberry or Mrs. Malaprop. The following is a specimen of ingenious confusion: — "The city, *which* had elected *their* magistrates by lot, seemed to have recovered *her* entire liberty." Mr. Lester has a slovenly habit of omitting the particle *that*; for example, "to indicate their hopes were centred in him"; "their enemies raised so general a commotion, he was forced to condemn them to death." He seems to have adopted no rule in regard to the translation of proper names. We have John and Giovanni, Rinato and Regnier, Angiò and Anjou, indiscriminately.

In attempting to translate the treatise of Ceba on the character of the citizen of a republic, Mr. Lester has ventured beyond his depth. Though the work of an Italian, it has a savor of antique wisdom about it, and is full of "learned instances," which require of the translator something more than a mere acquaintance with the Italian and English languages. Not having access to the orignal, we are unable to form an accurate judgment of the general correctness of the translation. But we have no reason to doubt its fidelity, as in a cursory perusal of various portions we have found but one or two cases, except where Greek or Latin words or historical events are concerned, of palpable error, and those unimportant. But Ceba belonged to that old school of writers who loved to garnish their pages with classical anecdotes and quotations. The number of passages in Latin is considerable, and Mr. Lester in an evil hour undertook the translation of them. They appear in a mass in his supplementary notes, each with a series of English words annexed, sometimes exactly representing, especially if the quotation be very short, the Latin with which they are associated; but in other cases diverging from it at every conceivable angle. Of these passages, at least *sixteen* are mistranslated, and some others seem to escape only by a saving latitude of phrase. The line from Tibullus, in which he justifies his passion for a country life by the example of Apollo,

"Pavit et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo,"

is rendered "Beautiful Apollo *fears* the bulls of Admetus"; only a small confusion of *pasco* with *paveo*. In a passage from Seneca, the rest of which is, so to speak, translated, a line which contains *crevi*, a preterite of similar formation

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with *pavi*, is entirely omitted in English, though given in the original. "Uxore ab Octaviâ abhorrebat," is rendered "he *was abhorred* by his wife Octavia," though such a translation entirely destroys the aptness of the quotation. The distich of Ovid,

> "Non pudet, Alcide, victricem mille laborum
> Rasilibus calathis imposuisse manum,"

is thus burlesqued: "Is not Alcides ashamed that the victor of a thousand difficulties should place his hand upon the polished reed?" a knot of blunders by which Alcides and the victor cease to be identical, the feminine adjective agreeing with the object of the verb becomes a masculine subject, and *calathis* is confounded with *calamis*. In another place, "Me nunc Thressea Chloe regit" takes the form of "*Thressean* Chloe rules me now."

Mr. Lester's attainments as a philologist being so remarkable, we shall not be surprised to find his knowledge of ancient history and geography equally profound. We are introduced for the first time to "*Philopemines*, Captain of the Achæan League." We meet with "*Ottenes*' praises of the beauty of Pappea," and "*Ottenian* luxury." "Cato the *Uticanian*" enters twice; *Tertius e cœlo cecidit Cato*. The "*Epirians*" and "*Samniti*" make their début as historical personages. The sublime example of the self-sacrificing "*Decians*" is extolled, and the scene of the exploit of Horatius Cocles is transferred from the old wooden bridge of the Viri Romæ to "the bridge of *Sublicius*." The "island of *Salamina*" is raised from the deep for the nonce, and Isocrates is made to exhort "*Dominicus*," probably in some new dialogue of the dead; though perhaps, in charity, the printer should bear the burden of the last blunder. The famous "gates of hell" in the hero's execration of the false man, figure in Mr. Lester's embellished version as "the infernal doors."

After these achievements, Mr. Lester gravely assures us, that "he found *a scholastic air* about the work, which he did not wish to disturb"; and expresses the hope, that "he has not dishonored the style of the good Ceba." He deserves credit, however, for the frank confession, "that he has taken some liberties with the text."

The writer has not contented himself with translating Ceba's work; he must needs edit it also. His editorial

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operations seem to have been confined to the composition of a preface, the omission of "some things, as utterly useless to the citizen of our times," and the addition of some six or seven notes, too few for adequate illustration, and too many of their kind. Some of these notes are of a sufficiently sensible, commonplace stamp, while others by their slovenly and colloquial style form a ludicrous contrast to the grave dignity of the text to which they are appended. In the inventory of Mr. Lester's literary apparatus, the stilts have been by no means overlooked. After informing us that "*Abbott* and Astor are names which cannot be forgotten," and speaking of the "golden gates" of the "glorious library of the New York merchant," he adds: —

"If the Astor estate should go undiminished into the hands of his heirs, will they take any pains to heap honor upon the tomb of the man who amassed it? With the income for only one year of that estate, well expended, I'll engage Mr. Astor may write his name in letters of gold upon the last arch that overshadows the last column that distant ages will find standing among the ruins of New York."

Mr. Astor can surely well afford the sacrifice of a year's income, and a pension besides, to this lucky prophet, for an *elixir vitæ* of such amazing power. Ceba mentions with praise the great care taken by Themistocles to remember and salute by name each of his fellow-citizens. The note of the translator is as follows.

"We have three very striking instances of this in our own country among our contemporaries. General Jackson never forgot a man or his name. Mr. Clay has been known to recognize persons and call them by name after a separation of many years; and John Quincy Adams, who knows every *thing*, knows everybody; and never forgot a thing or a man in all his life."

Without pausing to indulge our admiration of the wonderful fact thus recorded of Mr. Clay, we cannot but express our surprise that the translator should have dared to dedicate a book betraying so much ignorance to the very man who is said to know every thing.

In the preface to the Citizen of a Republic, the translator, with a faint sigh of resignation, informs us that "he is conscious that he has sacrificed his own style." We turn to the close of the preface to the Florentine Histories for a glimpse of the unfortunate victim.

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"The two millions of young men who are now beginning to read and to reflect form the great link that unites our beginning with our destiny. From them will come all we hope for, and all we fear. To them I confide these Histories, and I do it with unshaken confidence, — for I will not believe they will ever suffer the broad fields of our virgin soil to be pressed by the tyrant's foot, — they will not suffer this glorious continent, where the hunted spirit of Freedom has taken shelter, ever to be given up to the spoiler."

Such spasms as these, it was indeed a merciful act to bring to a speedy termination. The translator presents us with the following picture of Machiavelli's History upon its travels.

"These records have slowly travelled from the sweet vale of the Arno to the hot banks of the Ganges and the frozen base of the Ural, — from the silver sands (?) of the Guadalquivir to the clear lakes of Scotland. We now commit them to the keeping of that New World discovered by Machiavelli's friend and neighbour; and in a few weeks they will be read by our brothers in the deep woods beyond the Mississippi, and along the garden banks of the Sabine."

The reading public, we have no doubt, on the garden banks of the Sabine is about equally numerous with that at the frozen base of the Ural. But does Mr. Lester suppose that the Florentine Histories never before appeared in the New World?

Mr. Lester dedicates. Nor are his dedications merely inscriptions, briefly and simply significant of respect or affection. They are quite elaborate. For this species of composition we confess we have no relish. It is artificial, ostentatious, sometimes insincere, and often grossly selfish. The *thing* being granted, we find no particular fault with the dedication of Ceba's work. That of Machiavelli's Histories, dated "Genoa, Palazzo Lomellini, Strada Balbi," is in a ridiculously fulsome and swollen vein. In comparing this last with that by Machiavelli himself, which follows it, we are struck with the truth of Mr. Lester's remark, that "dedications have changed with the ages."

Though we have found no small reason to complain of Mr. Lester for the imperfect manner in which he has executed his task, we deem it but justice to him to own, that he seems to have undertaken it with an honest wish to incite his young

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countrymen to the study of these excellent works, and to furnish them with the means of pursuing it. In his notes and prefaces, he manifests a desire to raise the tone of thought and sharpen the sense of duty among his fellow-citizens. We would commend him to a more prudent estimate of his own resources, and, in his future translations, to a scrupulous avoidance of all foreign works about which he finds "a scholastic air."

Erratum.

On page 44 of this volume (*N. A. Review* for January, 1846), in the sentence quoted from Professor Stuart, 7th line from the bottom, for *passive* read *jussive*. The sentence will then be read as follows: — "Professor Stuart, of Andover, thinks the Hebrew for 'shall be shed' is 'the most *jussive* form which the language admits.'"

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New Publications Received.

The Library of American Biography. Conducted by Jared Sparks. Second Series, Vol. VIII. The Life of General Charles Lee, by Jared Sparks, and of Joseph Reed, by Henry Reed. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 12mo. pp. 439.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. No. X. The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headley. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 138.

A Defence of Capital Punishment. By Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., and an Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment, with special Reference to the Penalty of Death. By Tayler Lewis, Esq. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 365.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XXXVI. Lectures on the English Poets. By William Hazlitt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 255.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschökke. By Parke Godwin. Part II. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

Sketches from Life. By Laman Blanchard. Edited, with a Memoir, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. In two Parts. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo.

Explanations: a Sequel to "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." By the Author of that Work. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 142.

The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp. By George B. Cheever, D. D. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 214.

Physical Education and the Preservation of Health. By John C. Warren, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 90.

History of the English Revolution of 1640, commonly called the Great Rebellion; from the Accession of Charles the First to his Death. By F. Guizot, Author of History of Civilization in Europe. Translated by William Hazlitt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 515.

Self-Formation; or the History of an Individual Mind: intended as a Guide for the Intellect through Difficulties to Success. By a Fellow of a College. First American from the London Edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1846. 12mo. pp. 504.

Elements of Moral Philosophy, on the Basis of the Ten Commandments; containing a Complete System of Moral Duties. By Leicester A. Sawyer, A. M., President of Central College, Ohio. New York: Mark H. Newman. 1845. 12mo. pp. 335.

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The Christmas Holydays in Rome. By the Rev. William I. Kip, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 334.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. First American Edition complete. With a Biographical and Critical Notice by G. G. Foster. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1845. 12mo. pp. 750.

The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems. By Henry W. Longfellow. Cambridge: John Owen. 1846. 12mo. pp. 151.

Thoughts of Blaise Pascal, translated from the French. Preceded by a Sketch of his Life. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 12mo. pp. 384.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany: Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men, being a Gallery of Literary Portraits. By George Gilfillan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Puritans and their Principles. By Edwin Hall. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1846. 8vo. pp. 440.

An Address on the Annexation of Texas, and the Aspect of Slavery in the United States in Connection therewith: delivered in Boston, Nov. 14 & 18, 1845. By Stephen C. Phillips. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1845. 12mo. pp. 56.

The Poems of Alfred B. Street. Complete Edition. New York: Clark & Austin. 1845. 8vo. pp. 319.

A History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa. By Archibald Alexander, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. Philadelphia: William S. Martien. 1846. 8vo. pp. 603.

Life and Trial of Dr. Abner Baker, Jr., a Monomaniac, who was executed October 3, 1845, for the alleged Murder of his Brother-in-law, Daniel Bates. By C. W. Crozier. Louisville, Ky.: Prentice & Weissinger, Printers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 152.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading: Godfrey of Bulloigne, or the Recovery of Jerusalem, done into English Heroical Verse, from the Italian of Tasso, by Edward Fairfax. Reprinted from the original Folio of 1600. To which are prefixed an Introductory Essay, by Leigh Hunt, and the Lives of Tasso and Fairfax, by Charles Knight. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

Table Talk: Opinions on Books, Men, and Things. By William Hazlitt. Second Series, Part II. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 218.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By W. Gilmore Simms. Second Series. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

The Panidea: or an Omnipresent Reason considered as the Creative and Sustaining Logos. By Theoptes. Boston: Thomas H. Webb & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 176.

Correspondence between H. M.'S, Minister of Foreign Relations, and the U. S. Commissioner, on the Case of John Wiley, an American Citizen, imprisoned at the Instance of Viscount W. de la Perrotiere, M. D., a French Subject. Printed at the Government Press, Honololu. 1845. 8vo. pp. 153.

Memoir of James de Veaux, of Charleston, S. C., Member of the National Academy of Design. By Robert W. Gibbes, M. D., of Columbia, S. C. For the Benefit of his Family. Columbia, S. C.: T. C. Morgan. 1846. 8vo. pp. 258.

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Grammatica della Lingua Maltese, spiegata secondo i Principj delle Lingue Orientali e della Lingua Italiana, dal Canonico Fortunato Panzavecchia. Malta: Tipografia di M. Weiss. 1845. 16mo. pp. 317.

The Elements of Reading and Oratory. By Henry Mandeville, Professor of Moral Science and Belles Lettres in Hamilton College. Utica: R. Northway & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 443.

The Singer's First Book, consisting of Simple Rules and Easy Music for Common Schools. By J. and H. Bird. Second Edition. Cambridge: John Owen. Small 4to. pp. 38.

Discourse on the Life and Character of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore: made by John P. Kennedy, before the Maryland Historical Society, December 9, 1845. Baltimore: Printed by J. Murphy. 1845. 8vo. pp. 50.

The Method and Influence of Theological Studies: a Discourse before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, August 5, 1845. By Rev. William G. T. Shedd. Burlington: University Press. 1845. 8vo. pp. 52.

The Unitarian Annual Register for the Year 1846. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 60.

Fragments of Medical Science and Art: an Address delivered before the Boylston Medical Society of Harvard University. By Henry J. Bigelow, M. D., President of the Society. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 54.

An Address on Temperance, delivered in the Town-Hall, Brighton, December 21, 1845. By Frederic A. Whitney, Minister of the First Church. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1846. 8vo. pp. 22.

Report on the Schools and Asylums of Great Britain and Paris for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb, and the Insane. By William Chapin, Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Blind. Columbus: C. Scott & Co., Printers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 61.

A Letter to the so-called "Boston Churches," which are in truth only Parts of One Church. By a Member of the Same. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1846. 8vo. pp. 24.

Remarks on Europe, relating to Education, Peace, and Labor, and their Reference to the United States. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 42.

A Refutation of the Slander and Falsehoods contained in a Pamphlet entitled Sally Miller, with the entire Evidence in the Case on which the Supreme Court decided she was entitled to her Freedom. By John F. Miller. New Orleans. 1845. 8vo. pp. 70.

The Proceedings of the Convention for Bible Missions, held in Syracuse, February 18 and 19, 1846. Syracuse. 8vo. pp. 24.

Lecture on the Connection between Geography and History. By George S. Hillard. Boston. 1846. 12mo. pp. 38.

Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life, during a four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas. By Herman Melville. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

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